

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. 2.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1893.

NO. 1.

MANY APPOINTMENTS.

EX-SENATOR EUSTIS NAMED FOR MINISTER TO FRANCE.

J. G. Jenkins of Wisconsin succeeds Judge Gresham on the bench—Wade Hampton for Commissioner of Railroads—James J. McAlister Marshal of Indian Territory—Other appointments.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—The president yesterday sent the following nominations to the senate:

James B. Eustis of Louisiana, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to France.

Theodore Runyan of New Jersey, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Germany.

John E. Risley of New York, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Denmark.

J. G. Jenkins of Wisconsin, to be United States circuit judge for the Seventh judicial district.

Walter Dabney of Virginia, to be solicitor of the department of state.

Charles B. Stewart of Texas, to be judge of the United States court for the Indian territory.

Ernest P. Baldwin of Maryland, to be first auditor of the treasury.

Thomas Holcombe of Delaware, to be fifth auditor of the treasury.

Wade Hampton of South Carolina, to be commissioner of railroads.

United States marshals—David Guyton of Mississippi, for the Northern district of Mississippi; William H. Hawkins of Indiana, for the district of Indiana; Almer Gaines of Arkansas, for the Eastern district of Arkansas; James J. McAlister of the Indian territory, for the Indian territory.

To be United States attorneys—Frank N. Burke of Indiana, for the district of Indiana; Clifford L. Jackson of the Indian territory, for the Indian territory; Joseph H. House of Arkansas, for the Eastern district of Arkansas.

Postmasters—Arkansas—Julius W. Lancaster of Danville and Jesse H. Hoots at Russellville; Nebraska, W. L. Berry at Madison; Wyoming, S. A. Kester at Lander.

Presidential appointments.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—President Cleveland yesterday sent to the senate his first batch of presidential postmasters, and the first name on the list was that of Robert B. Brown, to be postmaster at Meadville, Pa.

Mr. Brown, in addition to being the first Democratic appointee to a post-office under the present administration, has, at the outset, broken the rule said to have been laid down by the postoffice department that newspaper men would not be appointed to office. He is the owner and editor of the Messenger, a Democratic weekly published at Meadville, and has also shown his ability as a "chickster."

William McAdoo of New Jersey to be assistant secretary of the navy.

Edward B. Whitney of New York to be assistant attorney general, vice Abraham X. Parker, resigned.

Charles W. Rice to be chief engineer of the navy.

William H. Aldridge to be a passed assistant engineer of the navy.

AN OUTRAGE BY SOCIALISTS.

They Storm a Meeting of Catholics and Assault the Priest and Worshipers.

PAUL, March 21.—Socialists at Roubaix yesterday stormed a hall in which Catholics were holding a private meeting. They spit on the crucifix, broke it into fragments and tossed the pieces into the congregation. The priests hoping to allay the excitement, began to intone anthems. Their calmness only aggravated the ugliness of the mob. The priests were attacked, knocked down, carried to the doors and thrown into the streets, while some of the rioters drove out the men, women and children of the congregation. Others smashed the furniture in the hall. Many women and several men were severely injured by being knocked down and trampled while the rioters were ejecting them. The police did not arrive in sufficient force to control the mob until after the hall had been emptied of the Catholics and all the furniture had been destroyed.

AN AWFUL ACCIDENT.

A Pittsburgh Iron Worker Pierced Through by a Bar of Red Hot Iron.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 21.—Henry Pomering, an employe at the Pennsylvania tube works, met with a horrible accident yesterday. He was engaged in conducting a bar of red hot iron through the rolls, when it slipped from the tongs.

Before the man was aware he was struck in the stomach with the bar, receiving a terrible injury. Mad with pain, he seized the bar with his hand, burning his fingers to a crisp, but he struggled in vain to free himself from the awful instrument of torture.

Only by the aid of his fellow workmen was the man removed from the bar, which had penetrated his stomach and was roasting him internally. He was taken to the Homeopathic hospital, where he will die. He is 27 years of age. He retained consciousness all through his terrible ordeal.

OFF FOR HONOLULU.

Special Envoy Blount Sails on the Revenue Cutter Rush.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 21.—Ex-Congressman James H. Blount, commissioner to Hawaii, accompanied by Mrs. Blount and Ellis Mills, stenographer of the state department, as secretary, arrived from Washington yesterday morning, and shortly after noon started for Honolulu on the United States revenue cutter, Rush. Commissioner Blount was seen for a few minutes before boarding the Rush, and upon being requested to say something about his mission replied:

"My mission, so far as instructions are concerned, is a secret one, and in regard to these instructions I am absolutely unable at present to impart any information to the public. I would like to do so, but I can not."

Ed Little Ruled Out.

ABILENE, Kan., March 21.—Judge Humphrey has declared that Ed Little had forfeited the county attorneyship by accepting the Cairo consulate. O. L. Moore has been appointed attorney temporarily.

COURT VS. LEGISLATURE.

Minnesota's War on the Coal Combine Productive of Result.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 21.—The excitement over the conflict between the legislature and the coal combine is so great that hardly any other topic is discussed. The joint legislative committee and the officers and attorneys of the coal combine spent yesterday in preparation for the legal battle which began Saturday before Judge Egan.

Richard A. Walsh, the member of the committee who has charge of the letter-book of John H. Rhodes, head of the combine, having been summoned to appear in court. He admitted that he had possession of the book but he refused to give it up, and read to the court the resolutions of the legislature authorizing the committee to keep it.

At the time Walsh was taken to court the senate was considering the house joint resolution instructing the investigating committee to retain the letter book. The house resolution was finally adopted by a vote of 34 to 39.

In the house an even warmer debate was indulged in, and threats of impeachment of Judge Egan for detaining an officer and a member of the legislature, were freely expressed.

Various methods of procedure were proposed and finally a call of the house was ordered and Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Wells was instructed to bring into the house the body of Representative Walsh, detained illegally by the district court. The greatest amount of feeling was expressed and several speakers advocated the passage of resolutions instructing the governor to call out the militia to enforce the orders of the legislature.

When Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Wells appeared in the court Judge Egan was about to announce his decision. The appearance and demand of Wells for the custody of Walsh disconcerted the judge so much that Wells and Walsh walked out without any attempt at detaining them, as also did Sergeant-at-Arms Smith, who had been under arrest since Friday.

At the afternoon session of the district court Judge Egan made the legislature's victory complete by deciding that his court had no jurisdiction over members or officers of the legislature and could not compel them to give up the books of the combine in their possession. The latest sensational turn of the case was taken last evening when John J. Rhodes brought suit in the district court for \$50,000 damages against the joint legislative committee and the officer alleging that they kept from him his property and ruined his business.

SWEPT BY A HURRICANE.

Portions of Australia and Surrounding Islands Visited by a Tornado.

SYDNEY, March 21.—This island has just been visited by a most destructive hurricane. Large numbers of the natives are said to have perished and extensive districts were devastated.

New Caledonia with neighboring islands, the most important penal colony of France, was storm swept and particularly are anxiously awaited as to the destruction of life and property at Noumea and other points. The New Hebrides have but few white inhabitants, but among these are missionaries from America and Europe.

The hurricane was the worst one ever experienced in the region. It raged incessantly for three days and the rainfall was enormous. Half of New Caledonia is flooded. In the Hebrides, ten persons were drowned. The loss of property was at least \$120,000. Most of the settlers were ruined.

PREPARING FOR THE OPENING.

Secretary Smith Taking the Preliminary Steps in the Cherokee Strip Matter.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—Secretary Hoke Smith is making preparations to carry into effect the act ratifying the agreement with the Indians ceding to the government the Cherokee strip in the Indian territory. In a letter to Principal Chief Harris, the secretary advises him as to what steps are necessary to be taken on the part of the Indians and suggests that he call the national council together to take such action as to allotments and other details as they may see fit. In a letter to Governor Sney of Oklahoma the secretary asks for information and suggestions as to the establishment of the number of counties and other matters connected with the proposed opening of the strip to public settlement.

NO HOPE FOR THE NARONIC.

The Missing Vessel Surely Lost Off Newfoundland.

LONDON, March 21.—All doubts as to the fate of the missing White Star liner Naronic have been dispelled by the arrival of the steamship Coventry at Bremen yesterday. Captain Wilson reporting that on March 4 when off the banks of Newfoundland he sighted a white life boat with the name "Naronic" painted on her stern. Another Naronic boat was also found nearly turned bottom upward. Both were south by west of Able Island on the banks of Newfoundland. There is a chance that the occupants of the boats were picked up by a passing vessel as there was evidence that one of the boats had only recently been occupied. That the Naronic is now at the bottom of the ocean cannot be disputed, but the cause of the disaster is still a matter of conjecture.

The President's Birthday Quiet.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—President Cleveland was 56 years old Saturday and he celebrated the day in the same way he passed nearly every day since his induction into office. For three hours he was busy receiving official seekers and their congressional friends.

SQUIRE ABINGTON DEAD.

The Noted English Sporting Patron Succumbs Suddenly to Pneumonia.

NEW ORLEANS, La., March 20.—George A. Baird, commonly known in sporting circles in which he was most prominent as Squire Abington, died at the St. Charles hotel here Saturday morning from pneumonia.

Baird first secured international notoriety about a year ago when he, having succeeded Fred Gebhardt of New York as Lily Langtry's favorite, broke into her rooms at a French resort late one night and after a jealous quarrel, knocked her down, blacked her eyes and kicked her severely.

Baird was a very wealthy Scotch-Englishman, who owed his prominence principally to his sporting proclivities, being little known in commercial or political circles. He had vast estates in Leicestershire, England, and in West Fife, Scotland, besides owning valuable property in London.

TREMONT TEMPLE DESTROYED.

The Famous Boston Religious Edifice Consumed by Flames.

BOSTON, March 21.—Fire broke out about 7 o'clock yesterday morning in Tremont temple on Tremont street, opposite the Tremont house, and before noon the entire structure was gutted, entailing a loss roughly estimated at \$375,000. Fireman Patrick Dunn of engine 36 had a leg broken and another man, name unknown, is reported to have been seriously injured.

Tremont temple, which was originally a theater, has been one of the most conspicuous public buildings of Boston in the current generation.

Since 1863 it has been celebrated all over the country as the largest Baptist church in New England, if not in America, and the headquarters of that denomination.

Spain Shows Her Teeth.

She Will Resist Any Interference in Relation to San Domingo.

MADRID, March 21.—The cabinet met in extraordinary session yesterday in consequence of a report that French troops had landed in San Domingo. The question of America and French interference in San Domingo continues to cause much excitement in Spanish political circles.

The ministry is, it is understood, determined to resist any aggression either upon the part of the United States or France in San Domingo, but the report that the French had landed troops there does not appear to have occurred.

RILLED BY THE CARS.

SALISBURY, Mo., March 21.—Rome, Mo., a colored boy about 12 years old, was run over and instantly killed by a passenger train here.

NEWS NOTES.

The clergy and the law are waging war on the drinking "joints" of Osage county, Kansas.

Paddy Brennan, who is matched to fight Jufus Sharp, was arrested for training in Missouri.

John Dillon, in a speech at Glasgow, says that Ulster will meet its match if it comes to battle over home rule.

Thomas Helm of Austin, Texas, offers \$500 to any one who will secure his appointment as postmaster at that place.

The right of a saloonkeeper to eject female crusaders from his premises is to be tested in the Illinois supreme court.

Charlie Mitchell says the late Squire Abington presented him with the \$10,000 to make the match with Corbett.

In Mexico an elopement was successfully carried out, the groom and six friends, disguised as brigands, carrying off the bride.

Dr. G. S. Light, an eccentric physician, who lived the life of a hermit at Pine Bluff, Ark., died at Covington, Ky. He was wealthy.

At Connersville, Ind., Sandy Jerviss shot and killed Frank Hamersher and wounded Jack Lewis, who had attacked him on his way home.

Chiefs Arthur and Sargent of the brotherhoods of engineers and firemen have been sued for damages by the Ann Arbor road for ordering a strike.

A comparison of appropriations made by the present Missouri legislature with those of previous years shows a marked retrenchment at the present session.

Rev. E. C. Gill, arrested at Kansas City on a charge of embezzling from an insurance company, was recently pastor of a church at Malta Bend, Mo., where he is reported to have done some crooked life insurance work.

The president's policy as to appointments, especially as regards the weight to be given endorsements of congressmen, is a bitter dose for senators and representatives. There are nutcrackers that senators may retaliate when confirmations come up.

J. H. Turner, a San Francisco real estate dealer, is charged with swindling his creditors out of \$100,000 by bogus real estate deals.

Reports from Missouri, Illinois, Kansas and Indiana on winter wheat condition show unfavorable prospects in the three last named states.

Rose Gallagher, a domestic, was burned to death in Philadelphia while trying to save her money from a burning house.

At Swedesboro, N. J., Father Treacy has rebelled against the authority of Monsignor Sattoli and Bishop O'Farrell and defies them openly.

At Cass City, Mich., Carl Stevens murdered James Sheridan in a brutal manner apparently without cause.

The riotous convicts in the Massachusetts state prison have been disarmed and all their plans for escape have been frustrated.

A STREET CAR TRUST.

Capital is the latest in the line of proposed combinations.

New York's reform club is preparing a tariff reform bill, which, it expects, will go before the next congress as an administration measure.

Clothing manufacturers of New York have notified the cutters that unless they recede from their position by March 22 they will inaugurate a general lockout.

John Ortilly, a rich bachelor of San Francisco, has died and left \$1,000,000 or more to his brother, Michael, who is a wanderer and cannot be found.

At least \$100,000 worth of stone buildings will be under way in Winfield within thirty days. The bells of the Walnut valley is putting on her beautiful garments.

A man of considerable prominence in Leavenworth in the early '50's died in Leavenworth county poor house the other day at the age of 80 years. His name was Isaac House.

The normal school of Oklahoma has made the right kind of a start by choosing for its president George W. Winans, the late superintendent of public instruction in Kansas.

A woman in Osborne county kept account of her egg sales last year, and found they amounted to \$300. A good farm wife and a lot of industrious hens make a profitable combination.

The Atchison council makes an appropriation of \$25 a month for the public library in that town. It is the burning ambition of Atchison to become as literary as Baldwin City.

Emmett Dalton saved the tax payers of Labette county several thousand dollars by pleading guilty. There are men outside of the penitentiary who have done worse things than that.

When Emmett Dalton entered the penitentiary at Lansing he appeared to be as gay and careless as if he were doomed to live in Kansas for only ninety-nine minutes instead of ninety-nine years.

The city of Coffeyville has just finished \$5,000 worth of macadamizing and turned over bonds to the contractor for that amount. That is a good deal better advertisement than the Dalton bank robbery.

A Pennsylvania family of ten persons settled the other day in Lincoln county. The first thing they will do will be to build a big red barn and the next thing will be the construction of a big white house.

Alamont is to have a county high school, and the bill providing for the establishment was urged through the legislature by a woman—Mrs. Lucy Pitt, wife of the late public instruction in Labette county.

A settlement in Seward county which thought it was doing big things last year when it raised 100 acres of small grain, will harvest this year 1,200 acres, and that is a sample of the increased average all over the western part of the state.

JULES PERRY DIES SUDDENLY.

The Famous French Statesman Succumbs to Disease Without Warning.

PARIS, March 18.—Julius Francois Camille Perry, the celebrated French statesman, recently elected president of the senate, died very suddenly yesterday.

M. Perry's death was caused by heart disease. The affection of the heart from which M. Perry suffered was due to the effect of a bullet striking a rib near the base of the heart at the time he was attacked by Auersin in 1887.

A County Treasurer's Note.

MONROVIE, Mo., March 21.—The county court yesterday examined the accounts of N. G. Matlock, county treasurer of Randolph county. It is claimed that he is \$6,000 or \$7,000 short. No definite report has been made public, but it is believed that the shortage, if any at all, will amount to \$5,000. Mr. Matlock was formerly sheriff of this county and has been twice elected to the office of county treasurer. He is an old resident of this county.

A story is current at Rome that the pope's physician, who recently died, has poisoned.

VERY LONG SLEEPS.

There Is Nothing New or Strange Under the Sun.

"I noticed a suggestion some time ago that science might yet make it possible for a man to go to sleep in the first quarter of one century and wake up in the last quarter of the next," said Colonel Jeff McLomere, as he pulled away at a big, black cigar.

"The writer probably got his idea from the account given by Sir Claude Wade, who relates that while residing at the court of Loothiana he saw a fakir resuscitated after being wallowed up for six weeks in a brick vault without the possibility of receiving a breath of fresh air.

"I was inclined to doubt Sir Claude's story until I witnessed a feat fully as remarkable among the Yaqui Indians in Mexico a few weeks ago. An old widowed squaw had a daughter, a rather comely girl of 14, who had an unpleasant habit of going into trances whenever she counted her beads, mother and daughter being devout Catholics. The girl would lie like one dead until her mother uttered some cabalistic words over her and applied a crucifix to her lips, when she would revive on the instant, apparently none the worse for a lapse into a state of coma. The mother took service in a family

quite a distance removed and left her daughter with the tribe. The latter soon passed into a trance, and all efforts to resuscitate her were unavailing. A messenger was posted off for her mother, but returned with the answer that she had accompanied her mistress to Monterey. The girl lay for several days motionless and was at last pronounced dead and consigned to the grave. A month later the mother returned, and learning what had happened, proceeded to dig her child up. The body had not changed in the least since being consigned to the grave, and when the cabalistic words were repeated and the crucifix applied to the lips the girl started up, and, after partaking of a cup of water, accompanied her mother home."

REFORMING A PARROT.

The Scheme Did Not Work in an English Parish.

A Pittsburg parrot who spent a part of last summer in England tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance.

A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing, at frequent intervals:

"I wish the old lady would die."

This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it.

"I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two birds had become accustomed to each other the bad bird remarked:

"I wish the old lady would die."

Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added:

"We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.

A Remarkable Eagle's Nest.

Some Swiss papers relate that a sportsman recently succeeded in capturing in the Savoy Alps an eagle's nest, after killing the mother bird. The nest, which was large enough to hold several persons, was made of thick branches covered with straw and rubbish, and in it lay, fast asleep, a young eagle, the following remains of a feast: Fresh and stale meat, a recently killed hare, twenty-seven chickens' feet, four pigeons' feet, thirty pheasants' feet, three chickens' feet, eleven chickens' heads, eighteen heads of grouse and other wild birds, and remains of snakes, squirrels, rabbits, marmots and other game. Truly a royal feast!

The Law as to Apron Strings.

"Apron strings must be let alone," said Judge Emmentrot the other day to a reading jury. "People have no business with other men's wives, whether in a playful way or any other way." This bit of wisdom was spoken at the close of the trial of Isaac Gross for assault and battery. A month ago Augustus Pottelger met Mrs. Gross on the street and playfully untied her apron strings. Gross saw the proceeding from across the street, walked over promptly, and knocked Pottelger down. The arrest of Gross followed, but the judge told the jury to acquit him, which he did, and the costs were put upon the man who untied the apron strings.

His Field.

An old gentleman, after the funeral of a relative, in the West of England, was listening with rapt attention to the reading of the will in which he unexpectedly proved to be interested. First, it recounted how that a certain field was willed to him; then it went on to give the old gray mare in said field to some one else, with whom he was on anything but friendly terms, at which point he suddenly interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming indignantly: "Then she's eating my grass!"

Next Able Liner Has the Floor.

In answer to a prize offered by a French paper for the best example of microscopic writing, a constant reader sent in the whole history of Christopher Columbus written on an egg.

Another wrote on the back of a cabinet photograph Francois Coppoe's novel of "Henriette" of 19,000 words. The prize was won by a man who sent in the contents written at length of the first two sheets of a great newspaper written on a postal card.

ERECTED HER TOMBSTONE.

Eccentricity of Character Displayed in an English Graveyard.

A remarkable, but perfectly reliable story comes from Wales which throws a strange light upon eccentricity of character. In the graveyard of the parish church at Churchstoke, a small village in Montgomeryshire, there is to be seen a gravestone which bears an inscription recording the death of a maiden lady who, nevertheless is actually living in the village referred to, and within a short distance of her tombstone.

Her brothers and sisters digged in the

early part of this century, and a single stone announces their deaths. It stood undisturbed until 1880, when it was removed, and at that time the lady referred to, who was then in her 68th year, gave orders to a local stone mason to insert her name at the foot of the stone. This was done, but he was rather surprised to receive a further order to add the words "Died 1889." At first he hesitated, and afterward complied with this request, although he did not credit his customer with any remarkable degree of prophecy.

Year after year passed by, and when 1889 came the eccentric lady was still living, perhaps contrary to her own expectations. The epitaph now confronts her every time she wends her way to church service. So robust is she that since 1889 she has visited America, and apparently derived considerable benefit from the voyage.

The following is a copy of the inscription on the stone:

"In memory of Edward Lockley, stonemason, son of John and Mary Lockley, who died July 30, 1843, aged 30 years. Also John, their son, who died December 7, 1846, aged 33 years. Also Thomas, Richard and Joseph, their sons, who died in their infancy. Also Sarah, their daughter, born August 8, 1819, died 1889."

WASN'T CONFIDENTIAL.

His Mistake Was in Thinking That He Could Keep It From Her.

Now that her husband was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary for poisoning his mother-in-law she declared she would insist upon a divorce as provided by statute.

He reproached her with lack of affection, but she was obdurate. He pleaded, but her heart was like stone.

"What a spectacle!"

The few minutes during which they were to be left alone were almost spent and he was becoming frantic.

"—of devotion it would be were you to wait patiently for my release. What a rebuke to the world's condemnation."

She tossed her head impatiently.

"Deliberately—"

She spoke with seeming nonchalance.

"You have destroyed the confidence that should subsist between husband and wife. You—"

He would have interrupted, but her glance commanded silence.

"Went to work and killed me with-out saying a word to me about it."

Then the guards came and led him away.

NOT HIS FATHER.

He Wouldn't Be Called "Papa" in Business Hours.

It is whispered among a certain gay young set but lately entered into society that one of its members, a college graduate, but a regular "mam-ma's boy" for all that, is feeling a trifle sore over an episode that marked his first day in business.

His father, the president of a prominent insurance company had made a place in the office for his son, and the young fellow was eager to take it. It so happened that his first dip into the great sea of worldly ambition occurred on the same day as a meeting of the directors of the well-known corporation.

Being sent on an errand to the president, the young hopeful burst into the room where the magnates were assembled and in the familiar parlance of the home began "Papa—"

The august president with a look of absolute horror, turned to the agitated messenger, and to the intense amusement of the others present, and to the everlasting chagrin of the dodolet, roared out, "I'm not your father—at least in business hours."

A Lucky Cat.

Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt's cat, Koko, is said to have cost, counting original price paid and cost of importation, close upon \$1,000. He was born in the palace of the mikado, and is the most beautiful, as well as the most costly cat in this country. Of unusual size, he is like a maltose cat in color and intelligence. His mouse-colored coat is like heavy satin, so rich and showy and sleek. Every morning he has his bath and is combed and fed before he is allowed to present himself in Mrs. Vanderbilt's rose-colored morning room. His breakfast of cream and grilled bones is served in a delicate china bowl and soup plate, very like those used by children for their oatmeal. One of Koko's accomplishments is the delicate way in which he partakes of his meals. He never spills a drop of cream or touches the delicate carpet with a piece of meat or bone.

Curious Request.

The Italian journals state that a wealthy person of Florence, just deceased, has left a singular will. It declares that the greater part of his fortune shall go to the man with the largest hump on his back in all Tuscany, and that the person entrusted with the duty of selecting him shall be themselves twelve humpbacks. To recompense the latter for their trouble he directs that, in addition to traveling expenses, each shall be presented with a gold medal, bearing the effigy of Esop, their prototype.

THE PEOPLE.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

CYRUS CORNING, Editor.

A CHANGE.

THE PEOPLE was established at Paola, Kans. Feb. 13, 1892 and was run in the interest of the reform move, and as a reform paper, advocating the principle of the Omaha platform, it was intensely ANTI-FUSION. It regarded fusion between the People's party and the democratic rank corruption—a public proclamation that the leaders of both parties had sold out in advance of the election. In the language of the Ottawa Journal we regarded fusion as "political prostitution." Every candidate who favored and worked for fusion had slaughtered his manhood at the beginning of the campaign and served notice upon the people that if elected he would be in the market for boodle and that the scum of the two parties would receive his highest consideration. The people, imagining themselves reformers, honestly inclined, were easily humbugged and were led to the sacrifice as a lamb is led to the slaughter. It does not now in the light of after events, require much good common sense on the part of the masses to see they were humbugged and that never did the old party membership take the doses prepared by their leaders with greater submission and more grace than did the People's party gulp down their infamous fusion pills.

We have removed THE PEOPLE to the Capital of the State where we can have better chances of observing the movements of the political contestants and be thus better prepared to furnish the reading public the truth. THE PEOPLE will hold to the course marked out in the beginning and fearlessly fight fusion as the rock on which every reform movement has stranded and the rock on which the Populist movement is now stranding.

We have long been of the opinion that the little hope for relief to the people through political methods, especially those now being advocated, hence we shall largely give our attention to voluntary co-operation as illustrated by the Labor Exchange and in connection with the Labor Exchange we shall advocate the Initiative and Referendum as the only political method through which the people can better their condition through political action.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of all fair minded men who want to know the truth and want the truth to prevail, and who do not believe there is more merit in a fusion or Populist hypothesis than there is in a plutocratic chief.

In political organizations the masses never shape the movements. A few who have managed to catch the party ear, do the shaping, and if they go off wrong then all is lost and chaos throws its mantle over all.

The Labor Exchange offers the widest possible field for useful employment for the thinking active women of our country who see the evils crowding upon the race as the product of vicious and bungling systems, and who desire to aid in destroying those evils and removing the causes.

It is not possible for two political parties, with opposite views, to FUSE in a political campaign without losing their moral standing, if they have any. When a professing reform party undertakes this bold game its downfall is swift and certain. There has been no exception to this rule, and in the very nature of things there can be no exception. Men who do not know this are neither fit nor competent to lead reform organizations, nor are they safe men to hold office.

Ninety-five per cent. of the business of this country is carried on by means of checks, and entirely without money. Corporations issue these checks. In almost all cases FAITH is the foundation of the check. Why can not the people issue their own checks, based, not on faith, but upon the varied products of labor, and labor itself, operating through the Exchange? If this should be done could there ever be a scarcity of the thing which the people have been led to call money?

Suppose all the "capital" (money) in this country should take wings and fly away, would wealth thereby be destroyed? Would humanity starve and perish from the earth? Would labor be unable to produce? Perish the thought that makes men the cringing slaves to their own creations.

The rightful use of the opportunities of nature is man's capital which will fill the homes of the industrious with peace, plenty and abundant prosperity. Only go to work, money or no money.

For the benefit of those who don't know, especially lawyers, we will state that the Labor Exchange is not a stock company, that it does not issue stock, that it can not issue any debt or interest bearing obligation. It can never go in debt or put any liens upon any of its property, hence there can be no liability attaching to any of its members. Examine its charter and look into the manner of its operations, then you will know for yourselves and be satisfied.

ESSENTIALS.

Honesty of purpose and firmness of action are the essentials among reformers. Where these are lacking, but little good can be accomplished. As a rule men know better than they do. They are apt to yield their convictions of right to the demands of policy and before they know it they are floating down the stream of destruction with lightning speed.

Political organizations and political schemers rely, not upon the intelligence of the masses, but upon their power to delude and deceive the voters.

Shrewd and far seeing policies promise success; they must be pursued. Tricks, trades and bargains will bring party victory. All that is necessary is to cover the deal so as to make it appear as the poor man's friend and the harbinger of better times. It is done, and the battle is fought out. The poor man is then permitted to celebrate his victory by tramping in the streets, hurrahing for his party boss who fixed up the deal, shooting off fire works purchased by his masters for the purpose of amusing him and making him a "patriot," and in short, making the night hideous.

If relief comes not from the industrial burdens, as promised, the humbugged masses are kept in line, and their hearts fired to do valorous deeds for party, by charging the delay upon the opposite party.

Thus it is the farce is played every year.

And year by year the debt and poverty burdens grow more galling upon the backs of the producing masses.

A knowledge of these facts and the exercise of the manly virtues lead to the adoption of the Labor Exchange as the way out.

WHY WE ADVOCATE THE LABOR EXCHANGE.

For years we have been of the opinion that the people could not reach the object sought for, namely, reform, from the ills which everywhere crowd the industrial forces, through political organizations. Observations and experience serve only to intensify that opinion. Political organizations, like armies, are officered. These officers, like officers of the army, think themselves superior to party membership. The membership are only tools in their hands to be used to gain a victory. Upon their shoulders hang heavy responsibilities—the overthrow of the enemy. For this, and this only, do they plan. It is a political machine pitted against political machine. The membership are expected to dance as the strings are pulled. Platforms serve only to keep the masses of membership in line. Once in power the generals commanding the victorious army revel in the tax drawn from the people as gracefully as did those whom they conquered. A study of political history confirms our statement. If reform comes, if vicious systems give way to wise, just and life giving systems, it will be because the people do their own thinking and their own acting.

In the Labor Exchange we find industrial emancipation, not only for this people, but for all the people's of the earth. As we view it, the Labor Exchange is a benevolent institution. It gives employment to the needy, giving to them the full product of their labor. It gives full value of the thing produced to the producer. It absolutely extinguishes that wicked and delusive thing called MONEY, the thing which in all ages has been the tool of robbery in the hands of designing men who find it far easier and much more pleasant to eat their bread in the sweat of others faces than it is to toil themselves. The "method of account" money is made to take its place, issued by the Exchange.

Behind this kind of money—better than gold—is labor, or the product of labor, or both. When labor or the products of labor are in the hands of the Association LABOR CHECKS—the method of account—money—is in the hands of the depositor. When these checks go back into the hands of the Association to be redeemed in purchases they are canceled.

Under such a system the people make their own money in just such quantities as the state of their industry and business needs, and no more, no less.

There could be no such a thing as "inflation" or "contraction." Under it debt and interest would be unknown. Employment would take the place of idleness, tramps would be converted into producers and general prosperity would take the place of universal poverty.

Under the old system now prevailing and through political methods, it requires a majority of all the votes of the land to make such changes as will

give labor its due consideration in the structure of government.

Under this new system an intelligent minority can cause the sun of prosperity to shine upon the land.

It takes a long time to educate the masses, and while this is being done the substance of the people will be wasted and industrial slavery firmly established.

The thinking minority are anxious to learn and to them are committed the hopes of the race.—New Era, Council Grove, Kansas.

THE WAY OUT.

Reformers have been agitating labor questions for many years; much effort has been put forth in this direction. Brainy and good men have been engaged in this work, and yet today the money power is stronger than ever before and the people are much poorer. The work of dispoiling labor goes rapidly on. The machinery of desolation is all in the hands of those who live in the sweat of other people's faces. The masses are all desiring relief. Some in search of it go from one political organization to another while others seek to build a new organization pledged to specific reforms. The education of the masses up to that degree which will bring a majority of earnest, honest and intelligent men into one organization which will break down un-natural barriers to trade and industry and permit wealth producers to enjoy their natural rights is a herculean task, the like of which has never yet been accomplished, nor is it likely to be. While the few are teaching political axioms the few, the rich and powerful ones, are sowing the tares and they are springing up with marvelous rapidity on every hand. If an organization, with political aims, is built which promises good to the people it is quickly honeycombed with the vicious, the scheming and the unreliable who are quick to don the robes of the righteous while they plot for the enemy or reach out after the salaries and emoluments of office. All this is apparent even to the superficial thinkers. Monopoly, holding possession of the fort, entrenched behind laws and customs made sacred by usage, is well prepared to stand the direct assaults of the poor unorganized and undisciplined producing classes, many of whom are now tramps, wage serfs and tenants.

What is now most needed is intelligent action, and before this can be had there must be clear and conscientious thoughts as to causes, conditions and WAYS AND MEANS. When causes and conditions are understood then the ways and means are all important. The latter feature will constitute the express mission of the Exchange. We believe the way out is clearly within the reach of the people, not hard to be understood and easily put into operation, and that, too, without the building of political organizations which requires vast out lay in time and money.

The Labor Exchange is not a secret organization neither is it a political one. It is not a stock company neither does it require capital to set it in operation. It is not some cunningly devised trap into which men are enticed for the purpose of handing them into some political organization to become the base upon which 2x4 office hunters can climb up on to suck the public teat. It is a business organization, pure and simple, in which the principles of voluntary co-operation can have free and full play.

In the Labor Exchange all meet on common ground under a new life giving system built by themselves in spite of congress, legislatures, presidents, governors and corporations; here every man's interests are carefully guarded and rendered absolutely secure.

Through the Exchange the old, with all its vast and far reaching evils, is made to give way for the new, giving security for natural rights, the blessings of industry in their fullest measure and the highest possible development of the race.

Before the Kansas legislature could get remedial legislation into operation in the slightest degree, the intelligent reformers of this state could get the Labor Exchange into operation in every trade center in the state, and this itself would bring redemption in its widest sense to that debt cursed people, and what is true of Kansas in this respect is true of every state in the Union.

Reform is essentially the child of education. It can not be bounded by party lines. It can not grow in partisan soil. Partisanship and reform are the antipodes. They can not be made to harmonize. Specific ends may be reached through party organization, but in reaching those ends party man-

gers are sure to forage upon the people. The long line of history proves it. The condition of the country is a living illustration of this fact. The word "patriotism" has a feeble meaning when tested through political organization.

What ever the money power can do it will do, is but the expression of a truth old as is the history of the race. What can it do? It can appropriate to itself through laws and systems now in force, our homes, our lands and the products of our industry, before we can grow a political power wise enough and strong enough to change those laws and customs. Thinking men can see this. The Labor Exchange contains the only solution of the vexed and distressing problem.

The quicker it is applied, vigorous and extensively, the better it will be for this people.

Money in its true sense is simply a "method of account." As such it could never "appreciate" or "contract" in value.

When we discard the barbarous money methods now in operation and establish the "method of account" in money, there will be no more money panics, fluctuations in "prices," business and industrial ruin. VALUE would take the place of "price," that most delusive term, and would remain stable. Men could then plan and calculate with some degree of certainty, whereas now all is chaos and confusion, notwithstanding mother earth bountifully responds to the touch of industry and brings forth enough to generously supply all the wants of man.—New Era.

The Labor Exchange has been chartered with Central Branch office at Council Grove. Work will be immediately begun in the thorough organization of the State. The Charter provides for nine directors. Those for the first year are: Dr. J. H. Bradford and J. T. Butler of Morris county; J. V. Randolph of Lyons county; N. Robbins of Ottawa county; S. T. Cherry of Labette county; E. Z. Ernst of Johnson county; F. H. Clayton of Shawnee county; M. Lamphear and Cyrus Corning of Miami county.

The present financial system has proven to be very profitable to those who have put themselves in position to use it. Through the Labor Exchange the people so co-operating are able to adjust this system to meet their own wants, shorn of all harmful results to others. Ninety-five per cent. of the business of the country is done by check. Behind these checks there is nothing but faith, and it is this faith in the ability of issuers of the check to pay them that floats them. Behind every labor check issued by the Exchange is labor or the commodities of labor, and this makes them perfectly safe and reliable. A knowledge of this fact creates confidence in them, hence they will float as readily as bank checks, notes or government currency.

So far as the New Era shall engage in political warfare it will favor the principles of the Omaha platform. But it will not be deceived by a name. To crystallize principles into law requires the proper agencies at work. Political parties, like armies, must be properly and fully officered, or they cease to be PROPER AGENCIES and must fail in making good their pledges to the people. The People's party is commonly supposed to be the friend of the Omaha platform, and generally speaking, this may be true, but so far as Kansas is concerned, it is NOT TRUE. Never was a political party in the hands of more incompetent management than the People's party of Kansas. That management must be turned under or the party is doomed to defeat.

No time should be lost in organizing local branches of the Labor Exchange. Relief is now at your door. All that the most sanguine of you have been expecting to get through political action you can get without it through the Labor Exchange. Let go of your neighbor's throat, give him a breathing spell and take one yourself; look about you and set reason to work. If you will do this you will have no trouble to find a God-given base upon which both you and your neighbor can securely stand and enjoy the blessings you so much desire. Don't be so anxious to boost some poor devil into a fat office. Don't spend so much time and money in such foolish business. Ten chances to one this hungry office seeker, as soon as he is able to munch at the public crib, will forget all about you, even though he poses as a reformer and wears the robes of a saint. Such work don't lighten the taxes, relieve industry, facilitate production and exchange nor feed your Moloches and the babies.

The Popularity of Stevenson.
(Washington Special.)

No vice-president within the memory of the old politicians ever possessed the popularity already acquired by Vice-President Stevenson. It is becoming very marked, and more than one public man shakes his head in a mystified way and declares that it must mean something. Readers will remember that the statement was made about six weeks ago that Vice-President Stevenson was after the

presidential nomination of '96. Apropos of that statement and the present pronounced popularity of the vice-president is the discussion on the subject made to-day by a senator who is an old time friend of the vice-president and, too, his well wisher.

"I have watched a good many vice-presidents," he said, "but I never saw one who became so popular as Stevenson in a whole term, let alone one week. What does it mean? Nothing, except that Stevenson is after big game and has aimed high. In short he wants to be the next president and he believes that popularity will not hurt him a little bit. He has not only kept open house and received everybody who has called, but has gone out into society and cut quite a dash there. I am glad to see it. His ambition is a laudible one. There is nothing to be ashamed of, and let me tell you there has been many a president of less ability than that possessed by Stevenson. Of course it wouldn't do for him to come out this early as a candidate. But he is one, nevertheless, and you make a note of what I say, and in the early part of '96, when candidates are sprouting you will find that I am right."

The New Election Law.

From Council Grove Guard.
The law passed by the legislature prohibiting the use of money and corrupt practices at elections is now in full force, having been signed by the governor and printed in the official paper. Its provisions are very stringent, and it will be extremely dangerous for any candidate for office to make expenditure other than that necessary for public meetings, printing, postage, telegraphing, office rooms for actual bona fide use by political committees, clerical assistance in committee work, flags, transparencies, compensation and expenses of public speakers. The act does not prohibit voluntary work for or on behalf of any candidate for public office. The new law reads:

"Any person who shall lend or give any money or other valuable thing to any other person to induce him to cast his vote either for or against any candidate for public office, or any person who shall lend or furnish any money or security therefor to any other person or persons to be used for any of said purposes; or any person who shall directly or indirectly give or procure or promise to give any money, gift or reward, or any office, place or employment upon any agreement, that the person to whom such gift or promise shall be made, shall work for the election of any person to any public office, shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$100 or more than \$1,000, or by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than two years or both. It shall be unlawful to hire, or to lend or pay, or promise to pay, any money, or thing of value, to any person to work at the polls on any election day in the interest of any party, ticket or candidate.

"It shall be unlawful for any candidate for public office to distribute or give away any intoxicating liquors or cigars on election day; or at any time to authorize any person to distribute or give away any intoxicating liquors or cigars for him or in his interest.

"All acts forbidden to be done by any candidate shall be equally unlawful if done by any member or officer of any state, district, county, ward or township committee, or any club, organization, or association engaged in promoting the success or defeat of any party, or other organization, who shall or personally authorize the payment of any money for any purposes forbidden by this act, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$500 or by imprisonment not exceeding one year. Every person who shall be a candidate at any election shall within thirty days after such election, file with the county clerk a detailed statement of all monies loaned, expended, paid or promised to be paid by him, or by any one to the best of his knowledge and belief, in attempting to secure the election to such office. Such statement shall show the name of every person, committee, club or other organization to whom or to which any money, compensation or pecuniary reward of any kind has been promised. Every state, district, county, city, ward or township committee, or any club, organization or association engaged in promoting the success or defeat of any party or candidate to political office, shall have a treasurer, and shall cause to be kept a detailed account of all moneys received by it, and within thirty days after any election shall file with the county clerk a statement of all its expenditures, showing in detail from whom said moneys were received, to whom paid, and the exact nature of the services rendered in consideration thereof. Any person not a member of any such committee, club or organization, who collects or disburses funds of value, exceeding \$5 in the aggregate for the purpose of promoting the election or defeat of any candidate, shall file and verify a statement of the same kind required to be filed by treasurers of committees.

"Any person elected to office who shall be proven in a contest of such election or in any other manner provided by law to have violated any provisions of this act shall forfeit his office, and said office shall be declared vacant.

There is no question as to the checks of the Labor Exchange passing current among the members of the Exchange at their face value, and they will circulate outside to the extent to which they can be used by the outside parties receiving them, and since they can be freely used they will freely circulate.

Prosperous Farming.

There was a time when farming was considered to be an occupation to be accepted when all else failed, to be resorted to when a lack of intelligence, education, energy, or business qualification drove him from the so-called higher avenues of trade and commerce. Then the farmer was considered as the slave and hireling, the hewer of wood and the drawer of water. His ignorance was made sport of, his prejudices were appealed to. He did not have the privilege of an education. His demands and protests were disregarded and derided; but the conditions have changed—general education has been disseminated throughout the land, the school-house has been planted on every hill top. The Agricultural College has been erected within the state, the means of education has been placed within the reach of every person. The farmer's family has equal advantages with every other family: art and music, literature and science, have been placed within their reach—until the farmer's home may be adorned with all the embellishments of refined and intellectual society.

The successful farmer is, in the estimation of many people, the farmer who owns the most land, who raises and feeds the most cattle and hogs, who sells the products of his land at the highest prices, who buys the necessities of life at the lowest price, and thus, like the snow-ball, the farther he rolls the larger he gets. Many persons consider Jay Gould as the most successful business man of the age, and if judged by the single standard of money alone, this opinion may be correct, but when we think of the throbbing brain, the aching heart, the tired limbs, the feverish body, the consuming ambition, that brought an untimely end at an age that ought to have been the full vigor of the prime of manhood, we must consider his life a failure, and class him among the slaves of fitful ambition that, moth-like, are allured to the consuming flame which attracts and then destroys.

The time has come when the agriculturist must step in to the ranks alongside his fellow students of law, medicine, and theology. The foundation of his education must, like theirs, be laid in youth while the eye is bright, the memory clear, the perception quick, and the enthusiasm unbounded. He should be educated not only in the ordinary branches, but in philosophy, chemistry, botany, and geology and he should have a thorough knowledge of plant and animal life, of the laws of production and reproduction, and of the food necessary to promote animal and vegetable life. He should know and recognize the different species of grain and grasses, note their condition and give them such care and attention as will tend to their highest development; and at the same time deaden and destruction to their arch enemies, the poisonous weeds and bugs.

He should keep himself in touch and sympathy with the marts of trade and commerce, so that he may know the productions of the world and its demands. We live in an age of progress and development. Invention and machinery are changing the status of farm labor to such an extent that the successful farmer must supply his farm, his house, and his barn with the latest improved machinery for planting, cultivating, and harvesting his crops, for decreasing the labor in the house, and for taking care of the stock upon the most economic principles.

He should house and protect his stock, grain, and implements. His stock should be bred and raised with a well-defined result in view, and to this end all scrub stock should be rooted out. His house, barn and outbuildings should be built and arranged for convenience, health, and comfort. He should keep an accurate account of his receipts and expenses, and should take a correct invoice at least once each year of all his property, both real and personal, and keep a summary of the same for reference and comparison from year to year.

There is no success without effort. Work is neither disgraceful nor unhealthy, but intelligent effort and educated labor will bring about far greater results than unremitting toil without any well defined plan of action or ultimate end to be attained. There are many lines of success in agriculture, and very few are able to make a success of all the lines. So I say to the young man, choose the line that suits you best, learn all you can about that line; make yourself master of the situation; choose the best; study its needs; its present, past, and future; improve it and cultivate it; aim high, and get the best results possible, and success will crown your efforts. The successful farmer of the future will not be measured by the number of acres in his farm, nor by the size of his bank account; but he will be the farmer who has the best improved farm, the neatest and most convenient buildings, and the most productive land, the best bearing orchard and vineyard, the best horses and cows, the finest sheep and hogs, the largest turkeys and chickens, the happiest wife and the prattiest children; whose home is the brightest; whose deeds of charity and benevolence extend over the widest range; where intelligence, education, and energy are the corner stones; where industry, economy, and enterprise adorn the portals, and where peace, happiness and contentment crown the edifice.—T. C. Honnell, before the Brown County Farmers' Institutes.

Professed reformers ought of all people to be open to receive the truth. They ought to demand within themselves consistency of action and be content with nothing less.

E. B. Whaley, one of the most vicious and vindictive republicans in this county, is chief clerk in the auditors office.—Topeka Populist.

Reader, how does the above strike you? The "auditor" is Van Prather, an Allianceman and a supposed Populist.

Why take the time to organize political party clubs when relief is so far away through political methods. A Labor Exchange can be organized with as little labor and when organized it will yield immediate blessings to the people. Boys, henceforth put your time where it will count.

The Topeka Populist, published by a veteran reformer, who has stood the tests of time and quailed not when the army was smallest, when the fight was hottest, when the clouds were darkest, is still in the van fighting monopolies and skinning Populist leaders who have been, and are now, making merchandise of principle that they may luxuriate at public expense. Go on, Brother Smith, the truth alone can purify and make the people free.

GATHERING CLOUDS.

From Topeka Populist.

If our people shall learn by their late tribulations that it is the height of foolishness to send men to the front who have never manifested brains or nerve enough to make enemies the lesson will not be entirely lost.

The republicans and democrats of this city are making active preparations for the city campaign, but the Populists were sold out by Lewelling they do not seem very enthusiastic.

We do not care a fig for the supremacy of the People's party if that supremacy does not involve the enactment of the principles of the Omaha platform into law. It is the reforms we are after, and we are a populist only because we look for reform from that source.

A public office is not a private snap, but it is fortunate for some folks that they went to school in boyhood with Governor Lewelling. This is the only consideration which made Mr. Pray police commissioner of Kansas City, Kan. The glory was not retroactive, however, as Mr. Pray could not conscientiously vote for Mr. Lewelling.

GRAND WORDS.

Chairman H. E. Taubeneck, of the National Committee of the People's party, uttered the following grand words during an attempt of some supposed reform leaders to draw the People's party into the democratic party under the disguise of fusion. But our "reform" leaders ignored his grand words, and today the flag, the emblem of the reform movement is trailing in the dust. The leaders betrayed the trust that was placed in their keeping, and today they stand before the eyes of man as traitors to a righteous cause. Mark well what Taubeneck says:

"FUSION mean confusion and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get. We want every democrat and republican to come with us and we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we can't afford to secure either voter or office by bartering away our principles. The very moment we use them as trading stock and peddle them around to the highest bidder to secure an office we will sink into oblivion and we ought to. There is but one thing for us to do 'Keep in the middle of the road.' Hold the black flag and neither give or accept any quarter.

Any one who expects any of the old parties to give us any financial reforms by fusion in my opinion, is a mental deformity."

The above shows the standing of the National head of the People's party. With this contrast the rank inconsistency amounting to corruption of the head of the Kansas division of the People's party. To be a Populist of the National stripe subjected one to the charge of selling out to the republicans here in Kansas.

Wonderful State!
Wonderful sweep of reform!

We have received the first volume and number of the New Era, by Corning Bros. We give blow their address to the people, and wish them success in their new undertaking.

To the Reading Public, Greeting:--

THE NEW ERA is established for the express purpose of bringing to the attention of the general public the immense benefits to be derived by all classes of useful occupations from the establishing and operation of the Labor Exchange. What the Exchange is and what it will do for the people will be the subject for discussion in the columns of this paper. We are getting tired of building party politics in the hopes of getting relief from the evils which every where afflict the business and laboring classes. Many years have been spent in this kind of work, yet the evils have been aggravating and relief seems vanishing as we gave on down the stretch of time. Party machinery seems to be infected with the virus of fraud or loaded down with the intricacies of gross incompetency. The old is derided, or condemned, yet the new, when once in sight of the promised land, takes on the villainy of the old, while it poses as the saviour of mankind. Recent facts, not yet dry upon the pages of history, prove the force of the above statement. Hence we must go beyond the pale of party politics for relief. Truth is the essential and the New Era will strive earnestly to give it, unmixed with falacies and party dogmas, to its readers. Yet do not imagine we shall ignore party

action, or pass in silence political frauds not even those who imagine that as reformers they can combine with satans to whip the devil and thus usher in the millennium for labor. The subscription price for the NEW ERA is \$1 per annum. We trust the public will give this enterprise a generous support and that every one will hold themselves in readiness to explore the depths of truth as we shall open the door. The NEW ERA will not create personal and party antagonisms; it will not array neighbor against neighbor nor fan into flames of livid heat the political fires which should have ceased to burn long since.

The NEW ERA in behalf of the Labor Exchange welcomes all mankind to enter her door and partake of her wonderful grandness. Democrats, Republicans, Populists and Prohibitionists will find therein a home for all and over and above them will float the emblem of Liberty, for one and all.

Respectfully Yours,
CORNING BROTHERS,
Publishers.

The Wheat Crop Outlook.

[Kansas Farmer.]
The season of sudden changes of temperature over bare wheat fields, the season of anxiety and speculation, is now at hand. In the country at large it is believed that a somewhat smaller acreage was sown during the fall of 1892 than in 1891. The winter has been cold, but on account of the protection of the snow not an unusually severe one for the wheat. The effects of the alternate freezing and thawing of the last ten days has not yet been reported, but in the nature of the case cannot have been other than detrimental to the young plants.

In Kansas late sowing has caused a backwardness of the crop, and the unfavorable fall prevented the seeding of as large an acreage as would otherwise have been sown.

In the eastern three-fifths of the state the young plants are vigorous and present a good prospect. In the western, especially the northwestern portion of the state, the winter has been exceedingly dry and the weather has been milder than in the eastern part. In the western counties the custom of sowing very late prevails more and more each year. This year seeding continued until January and even into February. At this date, however, the wheat in this region, whether sown during the fall or late in the winter, is all in the same condition—it lies upsprouted in the ground, and must so remain until the spring rains moisten the soil. If these shall come early a fair crop will probably be produced.

The present situation is such as to render impossible a repetition of the enormous fall wheat crops of 1891 and 1892 in the United States, while in Kansas the great crops of last year is unlikely to be exceeded and may not be equaled.

The Initiative and Referendum is the only political method which can possibly benefit the people. With this system in operation the people could not be ignorant of the nature of the laws under which they live and there would be no danger of their being weighted down by law.

Fusion between the People's and democratic parties in the last campaign in Kansas completely destroyed the usefulness of the former. As a reform organization it is on the level with the party with which it combined. It can claim no reason for living. Through its fusion deal it brought its worst elements to the front from Governor down the line. Its committees betrayed their trust. Its candidates, those who were privy to the infamous deal, sold out in advance of the election. Fraud has become the prominent ingredient in their make-up. By virtue of the unholy alliance the elective officers have for the most part surrounded themselves with a set of political adventurers whose only claim to recognition is check and a willingness to barter away the rights of the people. Fusion means boodles, fraud and corruption.

INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.

BY W. F. BRUSH.
The present condition of political affairs in this country, more especially here in Kansas, appears to demand the closest scrutiny and the arousing of all the conservative forces in the commonwealth to avert the most disastrous results growing out of a maddened and intensified zeal for partisan supremacy, whose only ambition is its success at the expense of every individual within the influence of the fundamental law of the state and the happiness of its every citizen.

It is a well established fact in history that great danger lies in the diminution of conservatism, and when the body politic becomes torn asunder by maddened factions, fratricidal strife is the inevitable result, with all the horrors of civil war. It is true, too, there are

reasons somewhere anterior to the beginning of these unfortunate conditions, and as we can only judge of the future by the past, a better understanding of like circumstances of those who have entered the threshold of national existence and passed on and off the historical stage of nations. Every patriotic citizen should endeavor to understand the conditions that existed which brought with the Declaration of American Independence by our Revolutionary forefathers, and then thoroughly master the principles set forth in the preparatory paragraphs ending with these words: "To prove this, let the facts be submitted to a candid world."

The Swiss historian informs us that the new constitution, promulgated April 22, 1798, first enunciated a series of general principles. They are now universally understood and clearly established, but were absolutely foreign to the spirit of the old Confederation. The sum total of the citizens was declared sovereign; the form of government was to be a representative democracy; religious liberty and the freedom of the press were guaranteed; all hereditary powers and titles were abolished, as well as the last remnants of feudal tenure of land. The natural liberty of man is unalienable; it has no other limits than the liberty of every other man." Such was the condition of the Swiss freeman that his happiness seemed assured and that the whole people would now attain all that they had been struggling for, for more than five centuries—liberty—each man hoped for a home of his own, and a fair share of the fruits of his toil, but no. The French Army made his meadows, fields and sun-kissed mountain slopes the great battle ground with the contending armies of continental Europe. Late in 1799 a French ambassador wrote his government: "The small Cantons are a wilderness. As our troops did not obtain a single ration from France, everything was eaten up six months ago, even before the 25,000 Russians invaded this devastated region. Urseren (one small state) alone has fed and lodged in one year 700,000 men. The richest Cantons are all oppressed by requisitions and have succumbed under the load of quartering men and feeding soldiers and horses."

The French army remained in Switzerland until 1802, "a curse to the exhausted country," and it is perhaps justice to say that no better illustration in all history can be found confirming the truthfulness of "Rich men declare war and the poor man fights its battles."

The reader will observe that the principles enunciated in the Swiss Declaration of 1798 were, in import, similar to those found in the American Declaration of Independence, at least so far as the rights of the individual were concerned. After peace had been declared in Europe in 1815, the Swiss people began to gain courage, and as time went on it became apparent that a democracy whose law-making power lay wholly within a representative or delegated body, as ours of today in this country, it could not long exist without being more or less influenced by scheming and designing men, and that special and class legislation crept in, and often times when tested by the established rules of the judiciary, resulted in favor of the aristocracy few to the detriment of the producing and poorer classes. The far seeing patriot readily realized the rapid centralization of civil power with all wealth, and felt that the results of the unfair distribution of the fruits of labor, meant that the rich were growing richer and the poor more poor, confirming him in the belief that the sad portrayal of the poet Byron would indeed again be a realization:

"Here is the moral of all human tales,—
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First, freedom and then glory—when that falls

Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism last;
And history with all her volumes vast
Hath but one page!"

It was during the civil troubles in 1830 in France that the opportunity again came for political regeneration in Switzerland on pure democratic lines. The Swiss historian, McCracken, says: "In true Teutonic fashion, the people came together in open air assemblies to formulate their demands for further rights, and, when necessary, to make arrangements for enforcing them. It was a magnificent movement, leaving a striking likeness to the revival of political thought amongst the farmers of the United States in the Grange and the Alliance. There were the same wrongs of special privileges to redress, the same organized oppression from the middle class living as non-producers on their interests, and the same political tyranny of the politicians to break."

Gains were steadily made from year to year until a crisis came in 1847, having much resemblance to that of our civil war of 1861.

In 1848 a new Constitution was adopted whose positions were a little

more near the present fundamental law than any of the preceding constitutions had ever been. This national compact was the foundation of the Initiative and Referendum, though it is true that the little Canton or state of St. Gallen had in 1831 taken steps for a direct government. What does the Initiative and the Referendum mean, says the reader? Without a careful study of the Swiss constitution for a complete understanding, it means simply this: That all citizens within the confines of government have equal rights absolute; that all civil power is within the people; that every citizen shall have a voice direct in determining the rules of action for himself and his fellow man; that the people shall originate plans for their government, and in order that all may present their views the one with another, they select delegates representing all the people; these delegates convene, compare the ideas advanced by their fellow citizens, and when agreement or non-agreement is had, report such actions back to their respective constituents and they further consider the action of the general council and determine by vote whether or not the same shall be adopted as a rule and guide for their government.

It does seem to work a hardship on the professional partisan politician who entertains and practices, "To the victor belongs the spoils," and in practical politics there is, and can be, no honesty.

It destroys the hope of the plutocrat to buy up a legislature and ride into the United States Senate. It does bar the legislative hoodler, and it does tend to educate the masses in the science of economical government, and for the betterment and happiness of all patriotic citizens.

KANSAS MATTERS.

There are now only 103 counties in the state.

The wheat season has been brought to a close at Emporia.

Lots of land is changing hands now in Franklin county at \$10 an acre.

A Hiawatha woman plays the piano with rare skill at the age of 70 years.

Barbers are still known in most sections of Kansas as tonsorial artists.

There is a Peace creek in Rice county in which the Baptists immerse their converts.

The orders are away ahead of the output with the brickmakers of Independence.

A slice of strawberry shortcake costs twenty-five cents in Topeka. It's the land that makes it dear.

The biggest township in Kansas is Garfield, which has recently been annexed to Finney county.

Oskaloosa wants a trade association that will make a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

Over twenty head of antelope pastured on the wheat field of a Kearney county preacher all winter.

A Kansas colored boy is getting a start in life by hauling oats straw to Atchison for a dollar a load.

A number of Kentucky families are now passing through Kansas in the direction of the Cherokee strip.

Mr. Ingalls recently delivered a lecture on Shakespeare at the Midland college in Atchison for nothing.

A Morton county man has laid the foundation of his fortune by purchasing a sow and three pigs for \$15.

A fine herd of Buffalo, owned by E. M. Hewens of Chautauqua county, will be taken to the world's fair.

A Hiawatha man whose wife made him sleep in the wood shed recently got a divorce. The wife paid for it.

George R. Peck is a man who will be remembered brilliant and genial even in Chicago. His is no merely provincial name.

If there is luck in odd numbers Kansas will be better off since she has but 103 counties than she was when she had 106.

Atchison's latest wonder is a Missouri river catfish which weighed 130 pounds after it quit flopping around on the scales.

Preston has the mumps and the grip and there is some talk among the young men of the town about organizing a brass band.

An Atchison family which has an assortment of dogs recently traded one of them off for a head of cabbage and a bushel of potatoes.

Mr. Reinhardt, the new president of the Santa Fe, is a brother of Reinhardt, the eminent artist, and shares with him the artistic taste.

There is a bachelor in Atchison who has never been in love, but that doesn't go to say that the women in that town are all freaks.

A couple at Whiting who have lived together for forty years and raised a large family have separated and divided up their possessions.

A man living near Pittsburg experimented last year on ten acres of ground with garden truck. He cleared \$1,000 and is going in deeper this season.

About 1,700 varieties of the flora of Kansas have been collected for exhibition at the world's fair. Botanist B. B. Smythe is preparing the display.

Cawker City, with a healthy situation, pure water, a low rate of taxation, freedom from debt and \$700 in its treasury, thinks she is strictly in it.

The Sunflower orchestra of Garden City celebrated its first anniversary with a calico ball. Good lively calico always makes a person think of sunflowers.

In Winfield the other night the question was debated as to whether the ox was more useful to mankind than the horse, and the judges compromised on the bicycle.

The town of Meriden, which is fourteen miles distant from Topeka, can easily be seen from the dome of the state house when the wind is in the right direction.

THE CONJURER.

Into the world from far away,
Where the year is always turned to May,
And the wind sounds soft as a lark aloft,
Conjurer came once on a day.
Many a mystic spell he knew
Wherewith to turn gray skies to blue;
To make dull hours grow bright as flowers,
And tasks that are old turn light as now.
A touch of his magic wand, and lo!
From empty hands sweet favors flow,
Where naught but sorrow seemed to grow.
Out of the stormy sky above
He brings white Peace, like a heavenly dove,
His might is sure and his art is pure,
And his name—the conjurer's name—is Love.
—St. Nicholas.

NESBITT.

When Nesbitt came across lots on a cold, breezy morning, it was like the approach of a ship under full sail; for, on such mornings, he wore an old great-coat with ample skirts, that fluttered out on each side and aided or impeded his progress, according to the way of the wind. The waist of the coat was long, and was fastened with a row of brass buttons; the sleeves were short and tight, and his long, thin arms snugly encased by them, finished as to his hands with bulbous-looking fringed mittens, looked like overgrown tadpoles. His hat or cap was often a memento of somebody's bygone gentility, and was of felt, plush or silk, just as it happened; sometimes too large, and sometimes too small; and occasionally bell-crowned, with the least suspicion of a gloss. Then he talked about his Spanish blood, for there was a dash of it in his veins, as well as an admixture of Indian. He gave evidence physically of the different nationalities of which he was composed. In clearly-cut features and a certain dignity of manner, might be traced the Spanish blood; while Indian characteristics showed in the erect, wiry figure, and in his gait; in phraseology the Yankee leaven was plain enough.

Nesbitt was expert as a trapper. Perhaps a thrifty housewife of the neighborhood, after having labored patiently with a brood of turkeys, bringing them safely through all the ills to which turkey flesh is heir; after having made endless cottage cheese for them, dosed them with peppercorns, snuff, sulphur, what not, had seen them arrive at the condition of plump, finely grown fowls, roosting night after night on a well-constructed row on the barnyard fence and congratulated herself.

"Why? Where's my lead-colored hen turkey?" she anxiously questions her better half one morning.

"Don't know; haven't seen her," returns Farmer Dobson.

"Somebody has stolen that turkey!" says she excitedly.

"Oh, nonsense, 'stole it' more likely something caught it."

The next morning another is missing, then another—the housewife is in despair; she meant to buy a silver plated cake basket with her "turkey money"—a basket that should be the envy of her neighborhood—something must be done! She decides to appeal to Nesbitt, and wonders she hadn't thought of it before.

"I reckon it's an owl," says that oracle.

"An owl! Why, an owl couldn't kill one of those great turkeys."

"Oh, yes'm, yes'm; one o' them ar' big owls wouldn't think nothin' o' carryin' off one o' them ar' turkeys."

So he set a trap and caught the poacher, an immense owl; and the housewife's heart was full of gratitude and peace.

It was like going to Wonderland to go to Nesbitt's house on a long winter evening and listen to his stories. At such times, broken-legged stools, rickety chairs and inverted nail kogs were brought forward and occupied by an eager and delighted audience. It was like being in a "burning fiery furnace" though, for in honor of the occasion he was wont to heat the old "Buck" stove seven times, taking off the top, filling with wood and "chinkin' in" with chips until the heat reached what he considered a hospitable degree. Then such marvellous narratives as were related! He was given to exaggeration. He was geographically all astray; but the "boys" didn't care for that, and almost began to think he was right and Mitchell wrong.

Sometimes, on a hot summer day, he would stop at the end of a row in the cornfield, push back his tattered straw hat, wipe his heated face with his shirt-sleeve, lean on his hoe-handle to rest, and relate something like this:

"It was in 1843 when I sailed up the river St. Lawrence right out into the Gulf of Mexico. By thunder! What banks them ar' was—all o' 300 foot high? th' boat was driv' around right at the foot of 'em, and durned if we didn't hev a tussle ter climb 'em." As he waxed eloquent he dropped his hoe, gesticulating vigorously, brandishing his brawny arms as he told of hair-breadth escapes and hand-to-hand fights with "bars" and "painters." And all the while the boys stood around with wide-open eyes and mouths agape.

If, in haying-time, he stopped to sharpen his scy; the scy was the signal for a gathering; for his resting-spells were usually productive of a story, or of some rare bit of information.

"It's nothin' ter find a bee tree," he'd say. "Do ye see that ar' beech? Waal, he's a-goin' ter one. Th' best way ter find 'em is to take a little box an' put honey in half on it, an' ketch a bee—ye'll find 'em on thistle or clover tops—an' put in t'other half; then, when he's had his fill o' honey, let him go; pretty soon he'll come back an' bring a pardner, then kerry th' box along a ways, then let 'em go an' they'll come back with a half a dozen. By this time ye're most to th' woods; now just set that ar' box on a stump, an' there'll be so many on 'em come ter it, that yer ken line 'em right straight ter th' tree."

"Talkin' o' honey," continued Nes-

bitt, "makes me think o' methiglin. Now that ar' is a mighty cur'us drink, don't hev any effect on a feller till a long time arterwards. One winter, when I was a-choppin' down ter th' boiler, I was a-comin' along, purty cold an' tired arter my day's work, an' jist as I was goin' by th' squire's he called me in ter rest, an' hev some methiglin to warm me up. I didn't know what sort o' stuff 'twas, an' drank a mess on it; an' ef ye'll believe me, I didn't feel it till twenty-four hours arterwards, when, by golden, ef I wa'n't so durned drunk I couldn't walk straight!"

Nesbitt had great reverence for his ancestors, and invested their belongings—which were largely imaginary—with remarkable qualities. Not that he meant to be untruthful, but his imagination was vivid, and exaggeration was a part and parcel of his nature. Especially did he delight to talk of his "father's father's" possessions. A gentleman after using a spy glass to see if the cattle on a distant part of the farm had broken through the fences, handed it to Nesbitt, who, after looking through it, remarked graciously that it was a good enough glass, but not such a "telescope" as was his "father's father's." "Why," said he, "ye could see th' eternal line through it jist as plain as ye ken see that ar' clothes-line!"

Nesbitt was a student of nature, if not of books. He watched the clouds and could tell you what they portended; that "a curdled sky never goes twenty-four hours dry;" that

Red at night,
Is th' sailor's delight,
Red in th' mornin',
Th' sailor takes warnin'.

If the farm hands were out in the hayfield on a doubtful morning, Nesbitt would shade his eyes with his great brown hand and cast a scrutinizing glance around the horizon. "I dunno, I dunno," he would say, shaking his head. "Th' robin's a singin' fur rain; th' cuckoo's cried three times, th' maple leaves ar' a' showin' their linin', an' I guess 'twon't be much of a hay day." Then the farmer would hasten to have the hay raked into windrows and bunched, for he had more faith in Nesbitt than in the barometer.

Nesbitt could tell you the nesting-place of the birds, the color and size of their eggs and their habits. "Th' patridge can't be tamed," he'd say, "it's wild, like an Ijuna; ye may bring a patridge chick to th' house an' feed it, an' tend it, an' it'll droop an' die; it's spert's what ye can't tame. Ye can't tame a jay, nuther." He knew where the lady-forn grew, and the spotted "lady-slipppers"; where the ground nuts were thickest; and in their time, the wild cucumbers and grapes. If you had an ailment, he had an "arby" that was a specific for it; and could compound of "black-cherrytree an' prickly-ash bark, dandelion and dock roots an' ass-pirilla," a most invigorating "spring syrup." He loved even the simplest flower; and out in the sugar bush in boiling-time, he would stop when gathering sap to pick a bunch of claytinias, which he would hold in his great brawny hand as tenderly as the most delicate lady would have held them.

"They're purty things, ain't they?" he'd say. "See all them ar' cur'us little streaks—th' Old Gentleman Above knows how ter mark 'em off, I tell ye!"

He did not use the phrase irreverently; indeed he meant to be most reverent, but there were occasions when he was, instead, ludicrous. A young man visiting in the neighborhood returned from a fishing excursion with a string of very small fishes. Nesbitt, after looking at them rather contemptuously, remarked sarcastically: "Them ar' ain't much each fishes as th' Old Gentleman Above had on th' mount."

But the time came when the old hunter's keen eyes grew dim, when the stalwart frame became bent, and his stop faltered; he was wasting away with an incurable internal disease; but how patiently, how heroically he bore his affliction! When he became confined to the house he was asked by one who was in the habit of visiting him occasionally and reading to him, if he was any better.

"Not much, not much!" he answered, shaking his head wearily. "An' these 'ere pleasant days make me feel so oneasy like. I want to take my gun an' git out inter th' cool woods. Th' bumble bees, they buzz inter th' window; the butterflies go a flutterin' by, and sometimes I drop off ter sleep, an' dream I'm out in th' hay-field a pitchin' on; or I'm down by th' deep brook a fishin' arter trout—then I wake up suddin like, an' my pain comes on agin."

Poor old man! there he lay, uncomplaining, save that he was "oneasy." "Are you at peace in your mind?" he was questioned.

"Yes, yes," he said, his dim eyes momentarily brightening, as he put one thin hand on his heart and raised the other to his head; "here's where I'm most comfort'ble. I think an' think 'bout it in my poor way. I don't know nothin' 'bout churches an' rosaries, any more than ther's Methodys an' 'Piscopels; but I do believe th'rs an' Old Gentleman Above w'at'll take care o' all on us." He looked solemnly upward, continuing: "My leetle gal, she's thar, an' I'm a goin' soon, an' I know he won't turn me away because I'm a poor, ignorant, uneducated man. So ye see I ain't afraid; an' I hope it won't be long first."

It was not "long first," for Nesbitt was gathered in with the leaves and the fall fruition one mild October day, and laid to rest by tender hands, and mourned by those who recognized the noble heart in the rough exterior. Who will be uncharitable enough to think that he was turned away.—Ada Marie Peck, in the New England Magazine.

ALWAYS.

There is always a stick to make,
And always a stick to take;
There is always a link to find,
And always a link to bind;
There is always a page to read,
And always a page to lead;
There is always a rift to mend,
And always a rift to bind.

There is always a weight of care,
And the cold, harsh blame to bear;
There is always a fear unshed,
And the gentle word unsaid;
There is always the doubt, the fear,
And always the scorn, the jeer;
These little things, oh, patient soul,
Make up life's grand, life's wondrous whole.
—New Orleans Playmate.

A MASQUERADE.

The date of this occurrence is not important; in fact, it is just as well untold. I was on the hotel run for a morning paper in St. Paul at the time, and glancing over the Ryan register one afternoon, I saw the name of Mrs. George Trehune. It was written in the long, angular scrawl affected so extensively by women of the dramatic profession, and although I had never before heard of Mrs. Trehune, her signature attracted my attention. There is more of instinct than any other sense in selecting from a long list of signatures those of people worth interviewing. Mrs. Trehune's slapdash characters set me wondering what sort of a woman she was, and nothing was easier than to find out, so I handed my card to the clerk, pointed to the room, number 205, and awaited the return of the bell boy.

In five minutes, or thereabouts, he informed me that I was to "go right up," and up I went.

"Come in," called a voice, in answer to my tap on the door. I entered. Near the open fire in an armchair sat a young woman. She wore a white gown of that soft caressing wool that so invariably sets off well the wearer's charms. Rising as I entered, she advanced toward me, and her manner betrayed at once the well-bred woman. I took a mental photograph of the face and figure before me. The former was oval, well featured, set with a pair of lustrous dark eyes, and framed in curls of an indefinable color—half golden, half brown. The latter was tall and shapely.

"Pray be seated," she said, as I began to explain why I had asked for an interview. "Oh, yes," she went on, "I know why you came. I have several friends in the profession, and in fact have the greatest regard for daily newspaper writers. They are equal to almost anything."

"You flatter the craft," I answered. "Some of us are very retiring, I am."

"I hope you are not, sir," said my charming vis-a-vis, leaning impulsively forward as she spoke. Her elbow found support on the arm of the chair, her chin rested on her shapely white hand, and her large, dark eyes looked straight into mine. It was an embarrassing situation, and I confess I hardly knew what to make of it. With an effort I met the gaze of this strange young woman, and said, inquiringly, "You dislike nervous people?"

"I should hate myself if that were the case," replied Mrs. Trehune, "for I am all nerves. Oh, dear, dear, if I only dared to do it."

With a sudden whisk she was out of the chair and pacing back and forth on the carpet like a caged lioness. There was very evidently something wrong with Mrs. Trehune. Why, good heavens! she was sobbing.

"My dear madam," I exclaimed, "if I can be of any possible service—"

"Oh, I dare not ask it of a stranger," she protested, throwing up both hands dramatically. "And yet," she added, "none but a stranger would do."

The sight of the tears had scattered my self-possession to the winds. I was ready now to fight a duel or two if necessary in defense of this mysterious young person.

"Ask anything you like," I said, desperately. "I'll do it."

"Will you?" whispered Mrs. Trehune, coming hurriedly toward me. "If you will do what I ask I can never do enough for you in return. Mine is a case that requires immediate and skillful action. You will have to use all your finesse, for I have not time to explain matters fully. You must be patient, then, and finally exasperated. Do you understand?"

"Certainly," I answered promptly. Crazy as a March hare was my inward reflection.

"And will you do this for a stranger?" inquired Mrs. Trehune. "Command me," I replied.

"Then listen," she said drawing her chair near mine with an apprehensive glance at the door. "I am not Mrs. Trehune. I shall be this afternoon if all goes well, but at present I am Clara Talbot. I have run away from my home in Chicago to marry Mr. Trehune. He is of Kansas City, and was to have met me here. I have received a telegram from him to say that his train is several hours late. Never mind why it was necessary for me to run away. It is a family matter. My people have never seen Mr. Trehune. I met him at the house of a friend in Europe last year. They wanted me to marry another man. I fled yesterday after telegraphing George to meet me here. My father followed me. He is in the hotel now," (another glance at the door) "his card preceded yours. I sent word that I was dressing, and he is waiting down stairs. When I read the name on your card—a newspaper man—I conceived this plan: Will you be my husband for half an hour?"

I started up like a scared jack rabbit. "Good gracious, madam," I exclaimed, "I don't know enough about you to do the thing successfully."

"Oh, try," pleaded the brown-eyed fugitive, "please try."

"I'll do it," I said, desperately, and the next instant there was a crash. The door flew back, and in burst an old gentleman with a very red face, from which a couple of small eyes snipped angrily as he dashed his hat and cane down on the center table, using the latter as a sort of a rostrum, he glared straight at the girl and began to rave, ignoring me entirely.

"Well, madam" (in a tone of concentrated fury), "what the devil do you mean by this disgraceful escapade?"

My temporary wife glanced hopefully toward where I sat, within easy reach of the old gentleman's cane. Summoning all my fortitude I arose and looked the irate parent straight in the eye.

"I shall have to request, sir," I said, "that in addressing this lady you will remember that respect is due her as my wife and your daughter. You must show her that respect, sir. Do you understand?" raising my voice a little on the last few words.

"Oh," shrieked the venerable pater literally dancing with rage. "So you are the blackguard who has inveigled my daughter into this d—d idiosyncrasy. By Gad, sir, I've a good mind to thrash you?" and the cane was raised threateningly.

"I hope you will change your mind and improve your language," I went on as calmly as possible. "Your present conduct will result in scandal."

"Scandal be d—d, sir. What could be more scandalous than the present state of affairs?" he cried.

Things went on in this way for ten minutes, until the old man howled himself hoarse, and I could hear the bell boys tittering in the hall outside. Then he gradually calmed down, and as a last resort tried the sympathetic dodge on the terrified young woman. The latter had hardly spoken a word throughout the scene. She was too badly frightened, I think.

There were tears in the old gentleman's voice as he turned to my supposed wife. Had she not always been well treated? Was not her mother the best of mothers? Had he not been the most indulgent of fathers? Was not her home one of luxury? etc., etc. Yes, she admitted each clause in the indictment as it was checked off.

"But, father," she sobbed, "I loved him so very much, and—oh, I could not marry that other."

"Where was that wretched marriage performed?" he inquired savagely.

"Milwaukee," answered the girl, in a great hurry.

"I'll have it dissolved, by Gad, I will!" swore the enraged pater, getting noisy again.

"Let me remind you, sir," I said deliberately, "that your daughter is of age" (I was not sure about it); "that we are legally married, and that any amount of talk will not alter the fact. I must also suggest that as our train leaves for the South at 4 o'clock we have little time to devote to this sort of thing."

"Oh, what! adding insult to injury!" he roared. "Well, I'll leave you here for the present, but you will hear from me, sir," shaking the cane in my face. "I'm not the man to submit tamely to a rascally abduction of this character. You're a scoundrel, sir, a d—d scoundrel," reiterated my angolic father-in-law, and with this choice parting shot he retired, slamming the door after him.

"How did I manage it?" I inquired, turning to where the future Mrs. Trehune was sitting. She had fainted. Just like a woman! She had the nerve to go through a scene like this undisturbed, to all appearance, and then when the danger was over, she must spoil it all by an exhibition of weakness. I rushed to the water, poured a glass of it out and approached the young woman. She was recovering, though, before I reached her, and in an instant sat up.

"How can I ever repay you?" she asked. "You did it superbly, and George will soon be here now" (glancing at her watch). "My dear sir," she went on, "I cannot tell you how grateful I am. I shall make Mr. Trehune call at your office this evening and thank you personally."

My engagement as Miss Talbot's husband was evidently at an end, so protesting that I would willingly have done twice as much for her, I withdrew. Trehune came in late in the afternoon, and they were married by the rector of Christ church. The Kansas City young man called on me in the evening and insisted on my going to supper with him and the bride. We had a jolly little spread at the Ryan cafe, and I have never set eyes on either of the Trehunes or the venerable Mr. Talbot of Chicago from that moment to this.—Chicago Herald.

A Sudden Rise in Price.

I had an experience in sudden rise of prices last Sunday morning that was positively startling. It was in a hotel in the city where I was breakfasting late—very late. I had ordered among other things an omelette, and had eaten it with much pleasure, for it was a good one, and to which I proposed to pay thirty-five cents, as the bill indicated. When the check was presented, however, I noticed that the price was fifty cents, and I expostulated. "Quite right, sir," said the head-waiter, who had come to the aid of his subordinate. "Omelette is thirty-five cents at breakfast time and fifty cents on the lunch bill. You ordered it during breakfast time, when it was thirty-five cents, but you ate it during lunch, when the price was fifty."—Boston Home Journal.

Perhaps He Thought He Did.

"I think Cadbury is a liar. He told me he saw all Boston in one day."

"Of course he lies, or else he took things more closely than Truth."

BUSINESS HABITS.

Girls Should Be Taught Them From Early Years.

Whether a woman is poor or rich it behooves her to acquire methodical business habits keeping her little accounts accurately and knowing to a cent just what she does with her money, whether she has 10 cents or \$10 to expend on her own little personal wants. An allowance is the first step toward this end if, at the same time, it is impressed upon her that every sum spent should be set down with unflinching regularity.

In black and white one notes how much more easily the money can be spent, how quickly it goes, and just what foolish little nothings have lured it from our pockets. Without setting down each item, it is ten chances to one that you will conclude you must have lost some money when you cannot see how that ten-dollar bill went when you only bought such a very few things. The neat little figures are a genuine restraint, besides instilling a habit and system that will be of great value if ever fortune smiles and a great estate comes to your hands, and still if greater economy is a necessity and the dollar has to be forced into doing duty for two.

Unless the accounts are kept accurately and the cash made to balance every evening, you had better not attempt any book-keeping at all, for slipshod methods are worse than none and only confuse everything rather than help matters. If anything is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and there is nothing so productive of future good as the habit of looking carefully out for the pennies when school days are the only trials and the allowance of fifty cents a week goes for candy and pickles. If this plan is once established in childhood, the girl will grow to womanhood with a clear knowledge of where her money goes and what she has to show for it.

FRANCE'S CANAL SYSTEM.

It Is Practically Free From Tolls and Covers Fully 8,000 Miles.

Interior navigation has long held a prominent place in the traffic of France, and it is not surprising to learn that the length of navigable waters in that country is 8,000 miles, of which 650 miles are returned as tidal, 2,100 miles navigable without works, 2,250 canalized rivers and 3,000 miles canals.

The state looks out for all but seven per cent of this network, which is, therefore, practically free from tolls. This system of inland navigation has cost about \$300,000,000 for construction and purchase and \$25,000,000 for commissions. The annual cost of maintenance is about \$2,500,000, or \$325 a mile, which covers all expenditures whatsoever. The number of vessels employed on the water-ways is between 15,000 and 16,000, and about twenty-six per cent have a capacity of 300 tons or more, while more than half have a capacity exceeding 100 tons. Moreover, about 2,000 foreign boats use the French canals each year.

The motive power is now almost furnished by draft animals, although a few steam tugs are used on the Seine, the Oise and some other rivers, and steam cargo boats are occasionally met. Cable towing and tow locomotives are also used in a few places. The average cost of moving a ton of freight one mile is stated to be .046 on rivers and twenty-five per cent less on canals.

In Love With His Princess.

A pretty love story concerning the late Dowager Queen Olga, of Wurtemberg, was published in Stuttgart. Forty-eight years ago, when she was the greatest beauty at the Russian court, Prince Baratski, an officer in the imperial guard, fell in love with her. When he learned that she returned his love he became alarmed, obtained an audience with Czar Nicholas, and, falling on his knees, implored pardon for his audacity for having loved the daughter of his sovereign.

Pleased with his honorable conduct, the czar created him field marshal and made him governor of the Caucasus. One year later the Grand Duchess Olga was married to the Wurtemberg prince. Baratski acquired some fame in the Crimean war, but never recovered from the moroseness following the disappointment of this love.

A Smart Girl's Lecture.

A 16-year-old girl reads a lecture to the young men in a Maine paper. She exclaims: "Why do the young men of Edgecomb do so much loafing? Go to work! Push ahead! I am but a young girl; I have clothed myself and got money in the bank, and only 16 years of life. I lay up more money every year of my life than any boy or young man within a radius of three miles of my home. When they get a dollar they go to a dance and go home a dollar out. My father is able to support me, but I choose to support myself. I advise all girls to cut clear of those loafing boys. Give them a wide berth, and never marry a man unless he is able to support you. And never put your arm through the handle of a rum jug."

A Question for Scientists.

Dr. Richardson, an English physician, who has investigated the matter, says that the men who work in the Paris sewers are as healthy as the average, and no other 800 men in Paris are so free from zymotic diseases. This leads Dr. Richardson to ask: "Do sewer men gain an immunity from contagion by their occupation, or are we as sea as to the mode of communication of the spreading diseases?"

A Poet Lariat.

The Punctatuney Spirit says: "No, we do not want a poet laureate in this country, but a poet lariat would be a good thing with which to tie poets up to a tree or lamp post or other convenient object." Jefferson county bards must have been working double-turn on holiday gems for the inspection of the editor of the Spirit.

OF TWO ANCESTORS.

A Woman Inherited the Instincts of the Coward and the Hero.

Among the women in and about Boston who know who her great grandfathers are is one whose ancestors played prominent but widely different parts in the battle of Concord.

One was appointed to lead the yeomen, the other was one of the yeomen to be led.

When the cry of battle sounded the leader, the man to whom the troops looked for direction, deserted them. At the last moment his fear overcame him and he fled.

The other ancestor, seeing that the troops were without a commander, rushed from out the ranks and shouting: "For God's sake, fire!" made himself the leader the men needed.

From the time this woman was a little girl in short dresses she had repeatedly heard this story and had been proud of the brave man, and oh! so ashamed of the coward. As she grew into womanhood she found in her nature parts of both ancestors.

"Let me tell you how I often feel," she would say. "For instance, when I go to a party I am happy in anticipation until I get to the drawing-room door and catch a glimpse of the guests within and the hostess standing stiff and prim to receive me."

"There comes over me a terrible fear and the runaway ancestor in me says, 'Take to your heels, Annie, you can never face these people.' I'm on the point of obeying this impulse when 'For God's sake, fire!' takes full possession of me. With a bound I attack my hostess and the battle's won."

BATTLES FOUGHT ON SUNDAY.

Historical Engagements of Waterloo, Bull Run and Chickamauga.

Many of the most famous battles of history have been fought on Sunday. To go no further back than the beginning of the present century, the Globe-Democrat cites the battle of Eylau, won by Napoleon on Sunday, May 8, 1807, by Napoleon over the Russians and Prussians, and the battle of Friedland, June 14, 1807, won by Napoleon over the same allies, were both fought on Sunday. On Sunday, May 31, 1800, Napoleon was defeated at Essling; on Sunday, May 2, 1814, won the victory of Lutzel, and on Sunday, June 17, 1815, was overthrown at Waterloo. Wellington, besides Waterloo, won several of his greatest victories on Sunday, being victorious at Vimereira, in Portugal, August 21, 1808; at Fuentes de Onoro, May 3, 1811; at Orthez, February 27, 1814; at Tarbes, March 20, 1814, and at Toulouse, April 10, 1814, all these battles being fought on Sunday. During the civil war in this country the first battle at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, was fought on Sunday, and the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, ended on Sunday. Vicksburg was surrendered on Saturday, July 4, 1863, and formally occupied on Sunday, the following day, and on the same day Lee began his retreat from Gettysburg. Petersburg fell on Sunday, April 2, 1865, and on the following Sunday Lee surrendered.

JIM-JAM VALLEY.

A Beautiful Vision of Paradise Among the Mountains of California.

"In the Jim-Jam valley, in California, there are many wonderful and reasonable mirages," said John E. Owens of New York. "It is named Jim-Jam valley because of the curious and strange sights seen there. The valley is about forty miles long and thirty miles wide. Not a soul lives within its territory. Mountains capped with snow all the year surround the valley. In it the eye sees lakes, green trees, bubbling springs, and even lilies growing in the marshes. Contrast these with the rugged mountains that surround you, and the picture is one of indescribable loveliness and beauty. You imagine that no paradise, ethereal or heavenly, could surpass it. In the distance there are beautiful lakes with lovers paddling softly over the calm waters; fantastic craft and beautiful water nymphs show themselves. Weird and somber figures gleam at you from all directions, and dimly outlined forms of all colors, shapes and sizes may be seen.

"Occasionally there is a storm in the valley. Forked lightning leaps from the mountain tops and in its light you see strange animals, different from any you have ever heard about before.

"These mirages strike the observer with awe, and few men who see them once care to repeat the visit."

Preaching Monkeys.

The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest and makes a signal with his forepaw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregreve, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings, but no other traveler has confirmed the statement.

Anecdote of Sherman's Son.

A detachment of soldiers was told off to take charge of young Tom, now Father Sherman, while crossing the pontoon bridge across the Potomac when the armies of the country were coming to Washington to take part in the great review there in 1863. He was then about eight years old.

One of the men asked him if he expected to grow up as smart a man as his father, the general, and he promptly answered "No."

"Why?" was the next question. "Well," he replied with the same readiness, "there are plenty other men who have grown up, and why ain't they as smart as my father."

THE GOLDEN EXCEPTION.

She lifts back the window-curtain;
He closes the gate below;
She smiles—a coquette, I am certain;
His eyes take a tender glow.
Will it be this way after marriage?
Will they play at sweethearts through life?
Listen, you who true love disparage:
They have flirted for years—this is his wife!
—New England Magazine.

A FLASH IN THE PAN.

It takes a tough man to stand it when you Texas fellers drop a link an' strike an all-day gait. Y' think that because a man's punched cows in th' North he don't know an 'apple-horn' from a 'Visalia,' or a 'rope' from a 'lass,' or either of 'em from a 'necarte.' I s'pose, now, y'd look at me red-eyed if I was t' tell y' that I've done as much twinnin' amongst th' chaparral as I have on top o' th' bunchgrass, an' flopped my lip over th' chuck in a greaser's adobe as often as I've pounded my ear in a Montana shack.

Now jest s'pose a man—not me, but another feller—t' be peaceably shakin' in' along on his mustang over one o' them big mosas down there, when out from th' gates o' a hacienda he was passin' rode a beautiful creature, not sixteen—they ripen early down there—with black hair, languishin' eyes, an' a figger t' set fire t' th' heart o' any vaquero that over colled a rope, an' dashin' up t' Bill Snooks turned loose her pleadin' dark eyes on him, an' said:

"Does th' caballero ride t' th' rancho o' Senor th' Intendant o' th' herds o' th' Blazin' Brazos?"

"Good Lord!" said Bill Snooks to himself, "this lays over me." But t' hor he said in his softest voice, a good deal spoiled by pretty steady "singin' to 'em" for a number o' years:

"Sl, senorita, y' can bet yer sweet life he does."

"An' will he charge himself with this, to me, letter o' life an' death, an' deliver it safely into the hand of one Don Henrique Martinez at that rancho?"

"That little cuss, Hen Martin, fer th' whisky! George, what luck some men do have!" said Snooks ag'in to himself. But, bein' short on Spanish, he had t' git off pretty much th' same old gag t' her.

"Sl, senorita, y' can bank on Hen—on Don Henrique's gettin' it all right."

"An' I shall t' th' Senor Caballero my thanks o' th' most deep, an' prayers t' th' Holy Mother of Heaven!" with which polite remark th' lady wheeled her horse an' vanished as sudden as she came.

Martin was a man o' simple habits, an' easy t' find. He was stretched in a hammock under a big cottonwood, with a cigarotte in his mouth, a dirty French novel in his hand and a whisky cocktail close by. He was a handsome little cuss, born and bred in Boston, where most o' th' company stockholders lived, and though his services wasn't very valuable it was understood t' be worth all it cost to his friends t' keep him safely caged 3,000 miles away from home.

Snooks havin' delivered th' letter, Martin chuckled away his cigarette and perched t' read it, not noticein' that Bill was still standin' there. Now, as I told y' Bill's affections had taken such a strong delawett against th' lovely senorita that not havin' much fear o' Hen Martin before his eyes he jest naterally stayed there t' see what'd happen; an' in about a minute Martin jumped up, an' pitchin' his novel after his cigarette yelled out: "Oh, Lord, what a fix! What an infernal fix!"

"What's up?" said Bill. There bein' nobody else there he took th' view that Martin must a spoke t' him.

"Up!" said Martin, lookin' at Bill sort o' wild like. "Everything's up! I'm up, up a tree! Look here, Bill, y' saw that girl that sent me th' letter? We're in love, Bill; married in love! An' at last she's consented t' go off with me. Listen. One so adored! Bother, that's not it. Um, um, here you are:

"Meet you on foot, at 9 to-night, by th' broken cross where th' roads meet, an' fly—t' be parted, never!"

"Well," says Bill, "what's th' matter with that? You'll fly, o' course, an' everything'll be lovely."

"Oh, Bill, I can't! I haven't got any money! I'm dead broke, strapped, clean busted! I got my quarter's pay on Friday, an' Willy th' Kid an' Black Joe cleaned me out at draw before night. Oh, curse th' luck! Bill, what shall I do? I love her so! An' she'll die with shame an' disappointment, fer she loves me just as hard. Oh, Bill! Bill!"

"How much'd it take?" said Bill. "About five hundred. Jest th' lot I dropped at those cursed cards. Enough t' go North an' live on till we can bully her uncle out o' some more. She's an orphan an' rich. If I was once married he couldn't keep her out o' it long."

"I'll lend it to y'," said Bill.

Martin pulled himself up an' glared at th' other with a blink o' manly spirit in his eye. "I didn't suppose you'd go t' baitin' me now, Bill," said he.

"Baitin', be blowed!" said Bill. "I'll give y' a square check on the Stockman's bank in Dallas for 500 good states dollars."

Martin looked hard at him. "Bill," said he, "d' y' mean it?"

"Sure," said Bill Snooks.

"Where'd y' git it?"

"Saved it up. Meant t' quit punchin' an' go in for sheep on my own hook."

"An' now y' offer t' lend it t' me?"

"On th' dead straight," said Bill.

"An' give up yer sheep? Five hundred in sheep'll make a man o' y' in a few years, Bill. A feller like you that can work."

"Yo—s; I s'pose it would. But what's th' odds, long's th' 're happy? As she's happy, that is. Take th'

money, Martin, an' go along. Sheep-ranchin' 'll last, I reckon. Y' can pay me, y' know."

"Pay y'! Why, Bill; ye shall have a hacienda stocked with full-blooded merinos. Oh! Y' shall be paid—in money! but th' kindness of it! Well, it's no talk, Bill; but I shan't forget it. An' now, if y' do mean it, Bill, I must hustle! I've got t' fix up some little things here, and hunt up a horse that'll carry her."

"That's so," said Bill. "Her letter said 'on foot,' didn't it? Y'd better take Cringo."

"Bill! Your little racer, that y' set so much by."

"Well, I don't s'pose y' want t' put 'er on no bench-legged plug, tho't'll lope all day in th' shade o' a cottonwood tree. An' now, Martin, look here; you'll want somethin' t' go on; here's a dozen greaser dollars for change; I'll give y' a check for th' five hundred, so y' can git it in Dallas, or y' can tell th' old man that y' won it off o' me, an' he'll cash it for y', he knows it's all right, an' then I'll ride over t' Las Casas an' hunt up a woman's saddle, an' there I'll feed an' rub down Cringo, an' have him at the crossroads, as fresh as paint, at five minutes before 9. O' course you'll be waitin' fer me there, an' when she comes, an' is once up, there ain't a horse in th' country that Cringo can't show a clean pair o' heels to."

At the time set Bill Snooks rode his racin' mustang, "Cringo," slowly down the trail from Las Casas toward th' broken cross where th' roads met. There was a touch o' sorrow in his heart, fer Bill loved th' little mustang better'n anything else 'n th' world—except th' lady o' th' hacienda; but he hadn't long t' think about it before a little veiled figger came creepin' down th' trail, an' a soft voice whispered: "Thou art waitin' fer thy so late Ninita, but my uncle—." Here Bill was obliged t' explain th' situation, an' cursin' Martin under his breath for a cowardly sneak t' make th' flutterin' little creature wait, he begged her as politely as he knew how t' mount th' bay horse, an' th' Senor Martinez would be with them in a'most no time.

"Ah! he has sent you with a horse; so kind, so thoughtful!" as, touchin' her little arched foot t' Bill Snooks' big brown hand, she sprang t' th' saddle. "But listen! I hear th' tramping o' horses. It must be he, yet they seem many. Senor Caballero, if there be danger I look to you for protection!"

"With my life, senorita!" said Bill. Addin' to 'self "fer God's sake, Bill Snooks, keep yer gun in yer belt, an' yer mouth shut, till y' see what'll do her th' least harm!"

By this time th' clatter o' hoofs had stopped, an' plumb in front o' Bill an' th' senorita pulled up Don Juan Felipe Aguado, th' uncle an' guardian o' th' lady; an' Mr. Warren Maitland—usually known among th' boys as "th' old man"—th' manager o' th' Blazin' Brazos cattle company.

"The Senorita Ninita, beg!" cried Don Juan, almost knocked out o' his saddle by th' shock.

"Bill Snooks, you here!" put in old Maitland in a voice like the beat o' a bull-calf under the brandin' iron.

"What does this mean, senorita?" thundered Don Juan.

"An' what is—! What on earth are you up to, Bill?" yelled Maitland in the same breath.

"If my uncle will listen," said the senorita, at last.

Bill hed bin dumb, not knowin' in th' least what she meant t' take, an' feelin' sure he'd only put his foot in it if he tried t' talk. "If my uncle and the Senor Maitland will listen, it means that I am about t' become th' wife of a caballero so noble, so brave an' honorable, that my family can but feel gratified by the alliance. I speak of th' Senor Don Henrique Martinez, who will on th' moment arrive t' claim me for his bride."

"But if this be true," said th' Don, "how comes it that I find you here with this common vaquero, an' mounted upon his horse—which I recognize as from th' track o' th' race?"

"Don Juan," put in old Maitland, "My nephew, Mr. Martin, would, I have no doubt, feel flattered at th' idea of an alliance with th' family o' th' Senor Aguado; but I am in a position to state with certainty that he has not at this time anticipated or prepared for th' honor. I left him at th' rancho, somewhat overcome—indeed, I will not hesitate t' speak plainly—dead drunk—having spent th' afternoon at cards an' lost heavily—a sum received in payment of an old gambling debt. I need not say that it gives me pain t' speak of these habits, so degradin' t' my young relative—but better so than t' believe him capable o' attemptin' th' abduction o' a child—fer y'r niece is little more."

"As for you Snooks, I won't allow myself t' use harsh language in th' presence of a lady. Here's a month's wages; yer bounced from th' payroll o' th' company, an' I know my friend th' Senor Aguado will join me in sayin' that th' faster y' make tracks from this part o' th' country th' better."

"Don Juan will no doubt escort his niece home. You can mount yer own horse, an' as neither his people nor mine will be likely t' feel very friendly if he gets out, better fan him a little on both sides till y' git over th' line."

What became o' th' senorita? Quon sabs. If it hed o' bin Bill Snooks that she was willin' to run off with, things would have ended different. As it was, Bill was scooped. He traveled North by long stages, joined a cattle drive at Abilene an' never stopped till th' snowies was belower him o' th' Canada line nigh t' sight.—San Francisco Examiner.

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. 2.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1893.

NO. 2.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

CLEVELAND SAYS THAT ONE WILL BE CALLED.

The consideration of a tariff bill and the repeal of the Sherman silver purchase act the object—Lincoln and Grant Not to be Reappointed—Senator Roach to be Investigated.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—President Cleveland told a senator yesterday that an extra session of congress would be called in September. The first work that will come before congress will be the consideration of a tariff bill and a bill to repeal the Sherman silver purchase act. Secretary Carlisle will soon be engaged in the work of drafting a tariff bill for submission to the committee on ways and means when congress convenes. Some indignation was displayed by the Democrats when it was suggested that the administration would present a tariff bill. Secretary Carlisle has subdued this rancorous feeling by explaining that he would only submit the necessary data for a tariff bill. Bills which Secretary Carlisle will receive from political and other organizations throughout the country will be accepted as suggestions only.

Presidential Appointments.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—The president has made the following appointments: State—Samuel E. Moss of Indiana to be consul general of the United States at Paris; C. W. Chancellor of Maryland, to be consul at Havre; Allan B. Morse of Michigan to be consul at Glasgow; George F. Parker of New York to be consul at Birmingham. Treasury—Senator Norman of Indiana to be an assistant surgeon in the Marine hospital service. Justice—Felix A. Reeves of Tennessee, to be solicitor of the treasury; William H. Scammon of Wisconsin, to be United States district judge for the Eastern district of Wisconsin; Albert E. Fall of New Mexico, to be associate justice of the supreme court of the territory of New Mexico; George J. Dennis of California, United States attorney for the Southern district of California; Joseph S. James of Georgia, United States attorney for the Northern district of Georgia; William L. Gary of Georgia, United States attorney for the Southern district of Georgia; Frank L. Everett of Georgia, United States marshal for the Southern district of Georgia; James Blackburn of Kentucky, United States marshal for the district of Kentucky. Interior—Samuel A. Fisher of Massachusetts, to be assistant commissioner of patents; Robert E. Wilson of Mississippi, to be registrar of land office at Jackson, Miss. John S. Seymour of Connecticut to be commissioner of patents. Elias W. Lamoreaux of Wisconsin to be commissioner of the general land office. William H. Simms of Mississippi to be first assistant secretary of the interior. Edward W. Dowers of Washington, D. C., to be assistant commissioner of the general land office. Henry C. Bell to be second commissioner of Denison. George H. Lorton of Tennessee to be United States circuit judge for the Sixth judicial circuit. Frank E. White of Nebraska to be United States marshal for the district of Nebraska. Max Judd of Missouri to be consul general of the United States at Vienna. John J. Carter of Louisiana to be collector of internal revenue for district of Louisiana.

Will Investigate Senator Roach.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—After numerous conferences among themselves, the Republican members of the senate have decided that they will insist upon an investigation of the charges that have been made in the public prints relative to the character of Mr. Roach, recently elected a senator by the legislature of North Dakota, and now occupying a seat in the senate as a delegate. It is said they will protest against adjournment of the extra session until this matter has been brought before it.

The Kansas Muddle.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—Crouch of Kansas has gone home and Overmeyer and Mitchell still hold the ground already won. Rossington and Harris are now on their way to join them. So far Cleveland has given no practical recognition to either the Overmeyer or the Martin side, and if the truth must be told both Cleveland and some of the cabinet people have clearly and plainly said they are getting decidedly sick of the Kansas muddle.

Lincoln and Grant to Go.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—Cleveland yesterday put a story to sleep about the British and Austrian missions. It was traveling as a story that Ministers Grant and Lincoln would not be removed and Democrats appointed to these posts. Cleveland said that while these two diplomats bore historic names, he would not avoid appointing their successors as soon as their terms came around.

Office-Seekers Shut Out.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—As the result of the cabinet meeting to-day the following order has been issued: Executive Mansion, Washington.—By direction of the president the offices of the members of the cabinet will not be opened on either Tuesdays or Fridays—cabinet days—but will be closed on those days until otherwise ordered. This has become necessary for the unimpeded and more efficient transaction of the business of the government.

HENRY T. TURNER, Private Secretary.

The Fastest in the World.

PHILADELPHIA, March 27.—Uncle Sam's new armored cruiser New York made her trial trip Saturday and proved herself a perfect warship in every detail. In a run of four consecutive hours she maintained a speed of 30.33 knots per hour, reaching as high as 30.47 as the water deepened. This is the fastest time ever made by a war vessel in this or any other country.

Tom Watson Fined for Assault.

AUGUSTA, Ga., March 27.—A report reaches here that ex-Congressman Watson has been fined in the court at Thompson, his home, for striking and drawing a pistol on Railway Agent Palmer about a dispute over the payment of freight. Palmer will bring a charge of carrying concealed weapons against Watson.

KANSAS MATTERS.

An Atchison county farmer is feeding 5,000 head of sheep.

At Osage City a new co-operative store with a capital of \$50,000 is soon to be started.

Good government land can still be had in Gray county for the payment of the filing fee.

A Newton woman has just completed a point lace "Jocite" which she values at \$500.

Arkansas City hotels are enjoying a largely increased business on account of the strip opening.

An Independence lady has an invitation to the inaugural ball held in Washington March 4, 1895.

One Salina firm paid out \$11,000 to the farmers of Saline county last month for poultry and eggs.

Newton has a barber who bears a striking resemblance to Paderewski, but he can't earn \$40 a minute.

The seniors of the Kansas university are going to have a "pot-latch" on class day, whatever that may be.

The Third Presbyterian church congregation of Topeka will soon commence on a new place of worship.

The sun of prosperity has risen upon Chanute and it is a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Mrs. Ella W. Brown of the law firm of Brown & Brown of Holton is the attorney for the state equal suffrage association.

Lots of people who live out along the Central Branch make a living raising chickens, which they ship East and to Denver.

A monument for the soldiers of Johnson county will be placed in the cemetery at Olathe and dedicated on memorial day.

The city council of Stockton borrowed Cawker City's chicken ordinance and is going to protect the industry of raising garden truck.

The business men of Newton have a thrifty plan of allowing their awnings to remain exposed to the weather until they fall to pieces.

There is not an empty business house of any kind in Burlington. That shows what may happen in a town that has never had a boom.

Hattie Horner, the sweet singer of the Walnut valley, writes poetry good enough to appear in the Arena, a way-up magazine published in Boston.

A Kansas man has just turned up at Chicago whose wife has worn mourning for him for five years. Black must be mighty becoming to that woman.

A Harvey county farmer didn't think much about going to the world's fair until he found a double egg which was laid by a wild goose on his farm.

It is rumored that Strong City and Cottonwood Falls are to have another railroad. At present there is only one line by which people can get out of town.

Coffeyville has secured the necessary bonds and will have its big flouring mill. That town seems to get everything it goes after since it "got" the Dalton gang.

When the chancellor's residence and the new library and the scientific hall are completed the Kansas university will have nine buildings, exclusive of the coal house.

A Havensville man had to pay \$32.40 for three turkeys and two chickens sent from Pennsylvania. The transportation problem is still a live issue in this country.

The farmers of Cowley county always begin to sow their oats as soon as the students of the Chilocco Indian school sell their winter clothes to the rag men of Arkansas City.

One of the big conservatories at the Kansas agricultural college is to be devoted entirely to the culture of roses. That will make Manhattan a great place for visiting girls.

Eudora is feasting on home grown lettuce, and not lettuce with your new fangled French dressing, either, but lettuce wilted with hot vinegar and ham gravy. Yum, yum, yum!

Kansas is always doing the unexpected thing. They had a bank failure out there the other day and one of the bank officials actually lost heavily by the collapse.—Chicago Times.

The Columbia chorus of Topeka and the Columbia chorus of Emporia are vying with each other in the quality of their social texture and the resonance of their vocal properties.

Wichita has found a dumping ground for its garbage. Now, if it will fight off of premature cumber and green apples, it may get through the summer without a visitation of cholera.

Improvements to the amount of \$10,000 will be made on the mill property at Cottonwood Falls this spring. A new dam will be built, the building enlarged and new machinery put in.

Frank A. Waugh, a McPherson county boy and graduate of the Kansas agricultural college, has been elected to the chair of horticulture and entomology in the agricultural college of Oklahoma.

The cost of operating the Soldiers' Orphans' home at Atchison is less than that of any of the eight charitable institutions in the state. The expense during the month of February was only \$1,250.

Forty-two Kansas high schools and seven academies fully prepare students for entrance into the Freshman class. Besides these there are twenty-three which do not fall short more than three terms.

Ten or twelve of the normal boys at Emporia have applied for positions on the world's fair police force. The normalites are mostly from the country, and when it comes to muscle rate as "A No. 1."

A BOLD BANK ROBBERY.

A CANEY, KAN., BANK LOOTED BY OUTLAWS.

The Notorious Desperado, Henry Starr, Outdoes the Dalton Gang—Ten Men Held Up in Broad Daylight While He and a Half-Breed Companion Make Away With \$2,500.

CANEY, Kan., March 28.—A bank robbery, which was not only one of the most daring in the annals of crime on the border, but was at the same time one of the most unique, was committed in this town about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. So quietly was it done that outside of the ten men who were quietly stood up in a row no one in the town knew it until it was over and the robbers had departed with their booty.

The officials of the bank were busily engaged in their work at the hour mentioned when on looking up they were surprised to find themselves covered with revolvers in the hands of two masked robbers, one a half-breed Indian known to be the outlaw Ed Newcomb, and a white man who was recognized as the notorious Henry Starr. Cashier Perry Hollingsworth, Assistant Cashier H. A. Scurry and Judge McEnery, vice president of the First national bank of Coffeyville, were the three men in the bank, and Assistant Cashier Scurry took refuge in the vault and closed the door behind him, but Starr ordered Hollingsworth to open the vault or die.

He then told Scurry to open the safe, which he did, and at the point of a gun, emptied \$3,000 in bank bills and gold into a wheat sack held by the Indian. The robber then went through the money drawer, securing about \$500. They had previously secured the Winchester and revolver that were lying on the cashier's counter, and there was no opportunity for those inside to alarm the people passing by the open door of the bank. Before they finished their work there were seven patrons of the bank dropped in one by one to make deposits, and each one was compelled to throw up his hands and march behind the counter.

The robbers, while at work, laughingly told the frightened officials and merchants that the Daltons were not all dead by a—of a sight, and that they were going to pay the bank across the way a visit.

They then had the nerve to march these ten men out into the back yard of the building, which is enclosed by a high board fence, and locking the rear door of the bank, walked hurriedly out of the front door into the street, where they had their horses tied. Mounting them they rode rapidly south into the Indian territory, lying two miles south of Caney. It was fully ten minutes before a posse was organized and in pursuit, and the chase was exciting, the pursued and the pursuers riding like the wind across the level prairie.

MANY WOMEN WILL VOTE.

Thousands of Them Registered for the Kansas Elections.

TOPEKA, Kan., March 27.—The registration for the municipal elections in Kansas, was remarkable for the heavy registration of women. Thousands of them are now qualified and ready to vote at the elections which will be held in every city in the state April 4.

The registration in the principal cities of the state, was as follows:

	Total	Women	Men
Kansas City, Kan.	11,708	3,482	8,226
Leavenworth.	6,065	2,384	3,681
Emporia.	1,438	525	913
Fort Scott.	8,723	1,387	7,336
Lawrence.	3,400	1,000	2,400
Topeka.	10,000	4,000	6,000
Atchison.	8,000	2,000	6,000
Wichita.	7,829	2,401	5,428

WILL RUSH THE WORK RAPIDLY.

Governor Seay Receives Instructions to Survey and Lay Off Counties.

GUTHRIE, Ok., March 28.—Yesterday morning Governor Seay received instructions from the interior department to at once lay off the new counties on the Cherokee strip, establish townships and have same surveyed. He began work yesterday afternoon and it will be rushed through in a spanner which will bring joy to the hearts of all the homeseekers.

How of a Tornado.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 27.—The damage done by Thursday's tornado in the Mississippi valley is enormous. The telegraph wires are still demoralized; reports are coming slowly from the storm districts and it will be several days before the full extent of the disaster will be known. The death list now foots up twenty-three, while the list of injured will run up into the hundreds. The property loss is \$2,000,000.

"Weekly Pay" Act Unconstitutional.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., March 28.—The supreme court has decided that the "weekly pay" act passed by the late general assembly is unconstitutional. The decision was by Judge Black. The decision has caused considerable feeling in the mining districts of the state.

First Suit Against the Coal Combine.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 28.—On complaint of Richard Walsh, John J. Rhodes, general manager of the Minnesota bureau of coal statistics, was arrested on the charge of perjury yesterday. He was released on \$5,000 bail. This is the first arrest growing out of the war on the coal combine.

Dead in the Pulpit.

APULENE, Kan., March 28.—R. W. Abraham Bear, a Dunkard preacher, collapsed dead while offering prayer in

the pulpit Sunday. He was quite aged.

Dining Car Rates Raised.

CHICAGO, March 28.—Western roads have decided that commencing April 1, meals served in dining cars will be charged for at a rate of \$1 per head, instead of 75 cents. Eastern roads have been charging \$1 per meal on their cars and so have those west of the Missouri river. This proposed action will put all lines on the same plane.

Wagon-Workers Strike.

BOSTON, March 28.—The long-threatened strike of 500 carriage-workers of this city for nine hours a day with ten hours' pay was inaugurated yesterday.

The Man Who Killed Morgan Dead.

EMPORIA, Kan., March 28.—Major C. C. Wilcox died here last night. He was an officer of the Thirtieth Tennessee infantry and commanded the party at Greenville, Tenn., that killed the noted raider General John H. Morgan. He removed to this state in 1877.

Made an Important Decision.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—The supreme court of the United States yesterday declared its opinion that the United States could not condemn the property of private corporations without considering in the proceedings the earning capacity thereof.

HIS LIFE A TRAGEDY.

One of the Survivors of the Donner Party and His Rollo.

A gray-bearded, weary-looking man of giant size came down from Calistoga lately, and registered at the Russ house, in San Francisco. He had with him a peculiar looking bag of buckskin, which he handled carefully, as though its contents were of priceless value, and did not rest content till the yellow bag was in the safe. The old man was W. C. Graves, and his life has been an eventful one. He was one of the celebrated Donner party, who were lost in the Sierras in the terrible winter of 1846-7 while trying to reach California, suffering unheard-of privations. Out of ninety-three people forty-seven perished from cold and hunger. The party came to a stop on the edge of Donner lake, November 1, 1846, and it was March 5, or four months and four days, before all those yet alive started away. Mr. Graves was at the time 13 years old. He started out about March 1 with the first relief party. His father had previously died while trying to get relief. Before his mother started with the remaining emigrants on March 5 she hid what silver money she had. Edward Reynolds, a prospector for gold quartz, found the silver coins two years ago, after the long interval of forty-two years. Mr. Graves secured them and those were what he had in his yellow bag. They consist of over 100 coins of the value of \$154. A majority are fifty-cent pieces of the United States. Besides these there are Mexican dollars, Bolivian, French, Belgian, West Indian and Argentine coins. The old pioneer told how his mother died in the mountains on her way out and alluded graphically to their imprisonment in the snow.

SAID HER PRAYERS.

A Young Lady Who Would Not Waste the Time Between Acts.

A pretty young lady who lives in New Orleans is very religious, and would not for the world get to bed without saying her prayers. Also she is very fond of the theaters, and never misses a chance of seeing a good play. The other night at the theater her escort noticed that between the first and second acts she was preternaturally quiet. All his efforts at conversation met with monosyllabic replies, and so far as pretty eyes can glare, her eyes glared at him reproachfully. He felt snubbed and hurt, and when the second act came things were no better. Manfully, however, he tried to thaw his icicle lady out, but even reference to supper after the play had an unhappy effect. Every time he spoke it seemed to break her all up. Finally, fairly blazing with wrath and almost crying, she turned to him, saying: "For goodness sake keep quiet! I've been trying to say my prayers between every act. I know I shall be so sleepy when I get home, and this seems such a good chance." It is needless to say the young man sat mute, dumbly hoping that in her sweet orisons she would remember him.

The Clerks Stared.

A friend of mine is perfectly devoted to music. She means to be an opera singer some day, but a little while ago she went to a store to buy some plain thread to do some plain sewing. She asked for white thread and then took up a conversation with an acquaintance.

"What number?" said the girl.

"Eh?" exclaimed the comic opera singer, and went on with her talking.

"What number?" again asked the girl.

"Oh, Opus fifty," was the reply.

Then she said if the clerks were going to stare like that she wouldn't deal there, and went to another store.

Little Known of the Hanging Gardens.

If possible, tradition and history have told us less about the "Hanging Gardens of Babylon" than they have

about the other six or seven wonders of the ancient world. Herodotus does not mention them; Pliny only casually alludes to their former existence, and the scriptural account of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar ignores the subject altogether. Popular accounts, however, would have us believe that they were made of huge baskets of earth (the baskets themselves of iron and brass 400 feet square) hung on gigantic arches which were erected for that purpose near the royal palace at Babylon.

The Newspaper of the Future.

Mr. Edison thinks that eventually all newspapers will be set up by a combination of the phonograph and the type-setting machine. Editors, he says, will read off into phonographs all the copy brought in, editing it as they go along. The compositor will put the cylinder with his "take" on another phonograph, and, listening to the dictation of the machine, will translate it directly to the keys of the mechanical type-setter.

Can a Fish Be Frozen?

Somebody told Dr. W. T. Herring of Georgia that it was impossible to freeze a fish to death, but he was not fully convinced and decided to test the matter. He tried it, putting two young carp in a jar and allowing it to freeze almost solid, except about a tablespoonful about the little fish. The fish did not seem to mind it much, and as soon as the ice thawed out they swam around as lively as ever.

A Progressive City.

A judge in a rough-and-ready but ambitious town, had occasion, or thought he had, to comment severely upon the heinous crime of horsestealing, and thundered forth: "For century after century, that dread command, 'Thou shalt not steal,' has rolled along the ages. It is, moreover, a standing rule of the court, if not yet a by-law of our progressive and soon-to-be-incorporated city!"

A PERSISTENT HEN.

Even in Its Cooked State It Was a Dis- mal Failure.

Mr. Jones is of Lynn.

After months of thought he went into the hen industry on a small scale. He secured a batch of chicks from Mr. Smith, and then asked the ages of the various members of his new family. Smith admitted that one of them was peculiarly old.

"I bought her three years ago," he said, "and she was old then."

Jones kept hens until he was tired. The most venerable of the lot was always "too old to kill," but never an egg did she release. Jones sold his brood, the venerable one and all, to Mr. Alley.

Jones' wife wanted a fowl the other day for a friarise. The butcher was appealed to. He didn't have a fowl, but he would get one. He did. Jones' wife boiled it for four hours, but it was not eatable. Jones suggested that she reboil it the same afternoon, and she did, but the fowl was still far from tender. The next day she boiled it some more, and it remained unpalatable. It had to be thrown away.

"Where did you get that fowl?" asked Jones of the butcher.

"Bought it from Alley," answered the man of meat. "He said he would give me a fresh one."

"I thought so," said Jones, who had reached the conclusion—and was right—that he had paid a dollar for the infirm hen that he had been glad to sell to Alley for twenty-five cents.

NO GETTING OUT OF IT.

The Fates Were Against Them and the Ring Was Unbroken.

There were tell-tale furrows in the powder that besprinkled her cheek. She had been weeping, beyond the shadow of a doubt. She shivered and grew sick at heart when the chap for whose footsteps she had been listening all the evening rushed impetuously forward and kissed her hand.

"How angelic!"

He pressed his lips fervently upon her third knuckle.

"—in you to send for me."

She smiled sadly.

"Yes," she murmured in a voice heavy with emotion, "I have decided to revoke my refusal. I will marry you."

An ethereal joy transfigured his countenance.

"Oh, heaven!"

It was the grateful cry of a happy soul.

"—be praised."

With streaming eyes he gathered her yielding form to his breast.

"And did you find," he warily demanded, "that you loved me after all?"

"No."

It was as if an arrow had pierced his heart.

"—but I did find that I couldn't get your engagement ring off my finger, do what I would, and I was left with only one alternative."

Go West, Young Man.

Nozo Pomura, a Japanese gentleman now in this country, says: "We have organized in Tokio, a society called 'The Going to America society.' Its object is to facilitate Japanese travel to the United States during the exposition. As I say, the travel will be very

large. We have made arrangements with the Pacific mail steamship company and the American and Japanese railroads to such an advantage that a person in Japan can visit the fair and spend about six weeks in America for 700 yen, or a little less than \$500. Hundreds of my people have already made their arrangements to come and the lists are growing rapidly every day."

Possessed Voltaire's Heart.

The lovers of the curious coincidence will be interested to know that the heart of the great hater of priests and nobles—Voltaire—was in the possession of the bishop of Moulins, M. de Dreux-Breze, when he died recently at the age of 82. The bishop was the youngest son of the grand master of ceremonies in the court of Louis XVI. The church dignitary inherited the heart of the great scoffer from the Marquis de Villette, to whose family belonged the house on the Quay Voltaire, in which the Ferney philosopher died.

For Etiquette.

An elderly lady in a modest manner leaned over the counter of a West end drug store, says a Baltimore paper, and, pointing to a letter with a Columbian stamp, asked: "Will you please tell me if these stamps are good for just common use?" When assured that they were so intended, she bowed politely and remarked as she left: "I didn't know; I thought they were to be used, perhaps, for etiquette." "I have to answer that same question ten times a day," said the clerk, "but I wonder what she meant by etiquette?"

Censorship of the Press.

When Rome was still under the papal rule a play was once submitted to the prelate charged with the revision of manuscripts to the press. The first scene represented a restaurant and an actor sitting at a table and calling to a waiter:

"Waiter, a beefsteak!"

The scrupulous censor wrote in the margin: "Note—When the piece is played during Lent the actor, instead of calling for a beefsteak, will order an omelette."

Curiously Rewarded.

Some travelers were recently visiting in an elegant private garden at Palermo, in Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings they came to one upon which was written, "Non asperite," that is, "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very unavailingly proceeded to disobey the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door a strong jet of water was squirted into their faces.

NEWS NOTES.

The manufacturers of playing cards have organized a trust. Only one company is outside of the combine.

Heavy rains have caused the inundation of several towns in Southern California.

Louis Schilling was found murdered in his meat market at Kalamazoo, Mich., with his throat cut and a hole in his head.

John Stein escaped from the Marshall, Mo., jail by prying the bricks out of the wall.

Lincoln's monument at his grave in Springfield, Ill., is scarred and mutilated by relic hunters.

Ocean competition caused a loss of \$1,000,000 in the earnings of the Southern Pacific road for 1892.

Robert M. Philera, a farmer living near Effingham, Kan., committed suicide by hanging himself.

It is said the Standard oil company is backing a scheme to wipe out the middlemen in the oil business.

The colored people of Guthrie have issued a call for a new political party to secure protection and advancement of their race.

A Chicago syndicate of capitalists is contemplating the establishment of an extensive packing house plant in the City of Mexico.

Ex-President Harrison has declined the presidency of the University of Indiana, being engaged for the Leland Stanford university.

The "Jingle Bob" herd of cattle of New Mexico numbering 13,000 has been sold to the "Turkey Track" ranch in the Texas panhandle.

The financial situation of Chili has been greatly relieved. The government will take up the forced loans of Balmaceda, amounting to \$9,000,000.

Mrs. Caroline Hagan, wife of Charles Hagan, a member of the fire department of Dayton, Ohio, in a fit of jealousy dashed a bottle of vitriol into her husband's face.

The Southern Pacific has virtually obtained control of the Aransas Pass road, evading the Texas law of railroads purchasing competing lines, by getting it through the Pacific investment company.

Nicholas H. Meyer, traveling collector for a Chicago firm, was arrested in New Orleans for embezzlement. He had lost several hundred dollars on the races.

The body of an unknown young man was found on the railroad track north of Olathe, Kan. The man had been cut in two by a train.

THE PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

CYRUS CORNING, Editor.

EVA L. CORNING, Associate.

Going from one evil to another can never work the redemption of the people from debt and wage slavery.

The base of a check is as good as the base of a bond and the check is far more valuable than gold. It performs all the functions of money, but, unlike money, it can not be cornered and spirited to the centers to the detriment of the people.

Corporations, seeking only the prosperity and riches of their own membership, have laid the foundation of reform. Let the people appropriate and use for themselves the improved business methods of corporations then very soon the forcible transfer of property will cease.

Through the Exchange system the profits now going to speculative individuals and corporations go direct to the association for the profit of all the members. The check carries with it, to the member, an evidence of an ownership in the accumulated profits of the Association, hence it is more valuable than its face value in gold.

Treasurer Biddle don't like straight Populists. He says: "They have drawn the fire of the enemy and I can't afford to have any of them around my office." Quite a number of these men are on Mr. Biddle's board and perhaps they would be doing him a favor by withdrawing.—Populist.

In the Exchange the products of labor, labor itself and land are made the base of checks which perform all of the functions of money; in this way the people are able to supply themselves with a genuine circulating medium. In the Exchange all the useful classes are welcome—the business and laboring man—and there is no politics there to fan the prejudices, rouse antagonisms and drive people away.

We want to keep continually before our readers this one fact, the Labor Exchange is not a secret organization neither is it political, nor can it be made so. It is simply a benevolent Co-operative association through which the membership may so utilize the present financial system as to furnish themselves with that which performs fully the functions of money, free from the evil effects which are inherent in our present law-made money.

Like the partizan and bigot do not condemn in advance of investigation.

If the needs of business demand more money then the Labor Exchange is just what the people want. To the extent that certificates of deposit, or labor checks, are issued and circulate, the volume of money is increased, and no thanks to congress or corporations. Why spend our time and money and waste our energies in trying to capture the political machinery of the country when such a possibility is far in the future? The objects we seek can be better accomplished almost immediately through the Labor Exchange. Give it your study then we are sure it will receive your support.

The financial system which has for years crushed out of business all men of moderate means and ordinary opportunity, and crowded them into the ranks of wage-earners already full to overflowing, which has especially protected and built up those giant aggregations of wealth already strong enough to encroach on the rights of others, is the fundamental difficulty and must be removed.—Populist.

The Labor Exchange will largely remedy these evils, and cause Kansas, the bright star of the nation, to bask in the sun-light of a free and happy people.

If the effort put forth by the fusionists in Kansas to beat the republican party and oust the hoodlums had been expended in establishing and operating the Labor Exchange within the state, Kansas would now be on the high road of prosperity. And if to this effort be added the exertions of the republicans to hold their own redemption of the state from the savage clutch of a vicious system would now be complete. Even the efforts of misguided men led on by knaves and thirteen story fools to force a bloody revolution if expended, in the time and money lost, upon the Exchange, would have laid broad the foundation upon which to build a higher civilization. Intelligence backed by honesty is the true base of reform.

DANGER AHEAD.

If it is true that this congress is owned by the money power and that a new one cannot be made with most favoring conditions under four years, and that it will take nearly a year there after to get the benefits even in the smallest degree, of the wisest and best laws which can be framed, then is it not evident that desirable reforms, through political organizations, even the best of them, are a long ways in the future.

And what will be the condition of the producing people by the time a political vehicle could reach its destination?

And sadder still, will not the condition of the people be such, before that time can arrive, as to preclude the possibility of reform through political methods?

The consideration of this question in the light of present surroundings will serve to stimulate honest efforts to find the way out.

We believe that the Exchange furnishes the only way out, and to it, and its methods, we invite the careful attention of all.

Prompt action is needed to avert great national danger.

THE NEW THOUGHT.

Perhaps no thought was ever presented to the public which has gained force in so short time as the idea of the Labor Exchange.

The intelligent, desiring more the good of the general public than the political aggrandizement of self turn intuitively to the Exchange as the only means of relief from the burdens of vicious systems. Letters from all parts of the country are pouring in commendatory of the plan.

Under the Exchange, and its adoption and successful operation is a matter of the utmost simplicity; there could never be such a thing as a "money dearth," or fluctuation of prices. Debt could not grow nor could usury ravage the field of industry. Under their operation of the Exchange there could be no such thing as a mortgage or a bond, it matters not if every dollar of gold, silver and paper money should be by law called in and destroyed.

The "method of account" money issued by the Exchange would always be enough to meet the wants of business, no more, no less, and always in the proper hands.

Such a money, and so issued, could never be cornered nor counterfeited.

And when its mission is performed like a postage stamp, it dies.

The performance of other labor, the creation of new commodities from the base of a new supply of this money, but just enough to meet the wants of business made necessary by this labor and these new creations.

Where is there any chance for the speculator, the grain gambler, the gold broker and the usurer under such a system?

POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

From The New Era, Council Grove.

The friends of the Exchange do not lose sight of the force of law, but on the other hand they clearly see it. Law has given to money the sting of death. The virus of this sting is coursing through the veins and arteries of the nation. Industries languish. A speedy relief must come or the fate of Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome will be ours. That relief will never come to us through law. The best that law could do would be to repeal its iniquity. Before this could be done a higher type of intelligence must prevail among men. There is not a labor, or political organization in existence which is even attempting to build an educational light house for the nation, to say nothing about kindling the fires that shall illumine the world. Yet the Exchange will have no war either upon labor or political organizations. In so far as they are right the Exchange will be with them, and when it must diverge from their course it will be with the most kindly feeling and only to make brighter and shoot higher the flames of intelligence.

The friends of the Exchange will strive for the repeal of vicious, unwise and unjust statutes and will ever be found working with whatever organization honestly works with that end in view.

But in the mean time it will be seen that the mental and productive energies of a minority operating through the Exchange will be the power behind the throne.

THE REDEEMER.

Legislation has conveyed to the dollar dangerous power. This power is now, and has been, at work for years, transferring the wealth of labor into the hands of a speculative, non-producing class. Through the dollar a "price"

is created and that "price" is kept bobbing up or down as best suits the avarice and greed of the manipulators, but this rising and falling of "price" is what does the mischief on the side of labor. The Exchange, put in operation will thoroughly eradicate this destroying evil without even so much as the operation of the law. Behind each labor check is a permanent value which can neither expand or contract. Labor checks are simply certificates of the ownership of that value. He who gets these certificates, gets that value, nothing more, nothing less. The cornering these checks, withholding them from use, could do the schemer no good, but would have the very reverse effect. Destroying or concealing a part of them could not lower the value of all the property or any part thereof for which the whole of the checks we issued and thus enable the manipulator to carry away said property with the balance of the checks left in sight.

With the Labor Exchange in operation; no trick or artifice could be employed, not even those so successfully in use now, to rob the producer of his earnings.

With the members of the Exchange there would not be heard the cry of scarcity of money more than there would be of scarcity of production. Indeed the eye of every member would be fixed upon his productions, or the productions of the people rather than upon money.

Time and again have reformers asked, "Why should producers be poor while those who toil not, neither do they spin, are loaded down with riches?"

They should not, but will be just as long as the people lose sight of the true functions of money.

The Labor Exchange solves the riddle. It is the noon day sun lighting up the dark and waste places and bringing to the people redemption from the slavery of the money power.

ACT WITH PROMPTNESS.

From The New Era, Council Grove.

In the discussions preceeding and following political contests the home seems to be lost sight of. Even the foundations of an ideal society and of a representative form of government seems to be ignored. If debt is deplored, at the same time it is fostered and hedged about by protecting laws; if interest is denounced as being wrong, it is only proposed to shave it to smaller dimensions if tenantry is looked upon with alarm as an evil sapping the life of civil and individual liberty, laws are maintained which force the increase of the evil, and woe be to him who dares to suggest so much as even their repeal. We go into spasms over the fearful condition of wage workers, and point with tearful eyes to tenement houses and their starving occupants, to the constantly increasing unemployed, and the criminal classes, yet we insist that the machine shall grind whose operations give birth to these evils.

Home owners untrammelled with debt, honest upright and industrious, form the strength of nations.

Cut off the right to the soil, or in-cumber the individual with debt, then you have the elements of slavery established and working the ruin of the people.

Our system of finance does this.

So far as we have seen Palativides only have been offered as a remedy.

Patch work won't do. Cutting down evils is void of merit. Eradicate them.

Build on principle. Remember that humanity, like the plant, can develop only when in the midst of proper surroundings. It is the business of the true reformer to see these surroundings exist, that they exist in the hamlet now and not in the dim and misty future. Don't wait for the law to do what you, by the exercise of intelligence and honesty, alone can do. When you have a way out of evils and difficulties use that way and with all possible haste. It is a crime to let others suffer by your delays.

EFFECT OF MORE MONEY.

If the value of currency was double it would be equivalent to a reduction of taxes. It would double the value of every farm. It would double the value of live stock. It would double the value of every bushel of corn.

It would double the value of every ton of hay. It would double the present rate of wages. It would lift the fire of every furnace and give employment to millions of idle men.

It would build new railroads and develop new sources of wealth that have hitherto lain idle.

It would erect new factories that would manufacture out of raw material produced in the country hundreds of things that we now buy in foreign lands.

It would give employment at remunerative wages to millions of men in the factories, workshops and mines, who in turn will buy the products of the farm at a living price.

It would set every wheel in motion, every forge to blazing, and every farm would be worked to its fullest capacity to supply the demand for provisions for the great army of workmen employed in other occupations.

It would break the force of the money power and secure and equitable distribution of the

profits of industry to those who produce the wealth of the country.

It would enable the farmer, the mechanic, the miner and every man who earns his bread "in the sweat of his face," to educate his children and at the same time to improve his life.

It would annihilate crime, and improve the moral condition of the people, promote temperance, increase the happiness of the industrial masses and insure national prosperity.

It would work no injustice to any one, and benefit everybody except the money lender, the speculator and the idle parasites who contrive to secure themselves good positions and a large salary attached.

Let the voice of the people proclaim, with one accord, through the land, that we must and will have an increase in the volume of our currency.—Advocate, Elipsey, Ala.

The above are some of the supposed effects resulting from a reasonable increase of the volume of money. But how is this increase to be brought about? The politician says "through political action"—congressional legislation. By the present congress. No; but by a congress elected by a reform party, and for the specific purpose of securing an increase of the currency. But how long will it take to secure such a congress providing even that the utmost harmony prevails among the people resulting in an absolute solidity of the whole vote for this specific purpose? Four years and not sooner.

And then the Supreme court, granting that it is plutocratic, will stand between the people and their desire. So at best through political methods with the advantages all on our side, an increase of the currency is many years in the future. Whatever the money power can do it will do, is a truism as old as the governments of men. What can it do? It can contract the currency, deepen debt, cut off the ability to pay and force the transfer of all mortgaged property before we can reach the law making power so as to make it effectual. Is there then no remedy? There is. We need not longer pursue the old beaten paths which mean loss of time, money squandered and wholesale poverty for the masses and comfort, opulence and power for the few who manage the political organizations, make the statutes and issue the orders.

The Labor Exchange, by utilizing the present financial machinery, by issuing its certificates of deposit, or checks, upon the deposit of labor or the products of labor, and by making them redeemable in purchases at their face value, and the members agreeing to receive them as fully and as freely as if currency, to be canceled when received by the Exchange making the issue, can do all that reformers are asking congress to do. These associations are easily organized and can be successfully operated by an intelligent few while political action, to be reformatory, must spring from an intelligent majority, so intelligent, indeed, that they can not be humbugged by tricksters and impostors of the fusion stripe. To the extent that these checks can be issued and used the volume of money is increased.

Why grumble about what congress won't do when you have full power to do all the thing yourself? Why spend your time and money to bring about what can only be seen in the dim shadowy future when half that time and half that money will enable you to construct a life saving boat which will land you high and dry upon those lovely table lands of universal prosperity? Study the Labor Exchange.

There is no such thing in America as an independent press, unless it is out in the country town. You are all slaves! You know it and I know it. There is not one of you that dares express an honest opinion. If you express it, you know before hand, that it will never appear in print. I am paid one hundred and fifty dollars (per week) for keeping honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for doing similar things. If I should allow honest opinions to be printed in one issue of my paper, like Othello, before twenty four hours my occupation would be gone. The man who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions, would be out on the streets hunting another job. The business of a New York Journalist is to distort the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of mammon and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread, or for what is about the same thing, his salary. You know this and I know it; and what foolery to be boasting of an Independent Press. We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping-jacks. They pull the strings, and we dance. Our time, our talents, our lives, our possibilities are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes.—White-law Field.

The tendency of party politics is to make public liars out of party journals. Just now reform journals are withholding the truth so as not to produce discord in their party.

From The New Era, Council Grove.

THE NEW ERA was established for the sole purpose of bringing before the eyes of man the wonderful good there is in store for all mankind, in this new system, known as the Labor Exchange, and to this order we desire to call our readers especial attention from week to week. We believe that in the Exchange you will find a resting place for all and where man can and will receive the full value of all his products. Wherever it is established it has proved to be the solid rock for the human race and upon it all can stand. In Sedalia and Marshall, Mo., the exchange is in splendid working order. In Philadel-

phia, Pa., the laboring classes have taken it up and they find in it such blessings as only God can shower upon the race of man. We invite all to carefully give the Exchange their special attention and when that is done you will join hands with your brothers now in the Exchange and all will glide along the road of prosperity, regardless of any political action. The Exchange is the light that will shine forth and light the world for all and in it is love and prosperity.

LET US THINK

If silver and gold, put behind a piece of paper, will make that paper pass current for a specific amount, why won't wheat and corn and other commodities when put behind strips of paper have the same effect? In value food products and manufactured goods are better than gold and silver. Metal as a base never grows; it simply remains statu quo in the treasury vaults, while the commodities of labor are constantly growing as they pass to and fro in business channels. Rich men and corporations handle gold and silver as money and as a base for money and grow richer. Let the "common" people learn to handle the products of labor as the base for their money—certificates of deposit, or checks—then the mystery will be solved and poverty will flee the land.

A little common sense rightly used is what the people now most need. It will be far more powerful for them than law—even the law of monarchs and unconcerned plutocrats.

LATENT FORCES.

Whatever the people, or any considerable portion of the people, will agree to receive among themselves as a medium of exchange performs all the functions of money. They may make their own base, constitute their own agencies of issue and prescribe the manner and methods of circulation, how and when it shall be called in. With this the law making power has nothing to do. The law may rightfully prescribe the method of paying debt, taxes and penalties and create the thing which shall do this work, but the people are sovereigns in all matters outside of this, the people may sell their own when they please, receive therefor what they choose and prescribe the manner in which they shall deal with themselves in their own legally organized associations. There is no law to prevent outsiders from visiting or dealing with them, and while this is so the people can readily make themselves masters of production and exchange without upheaval in politics. There is power in association when once the secret forces are stirred.

Politically it may have been a crime to have been converted before State Treasurer Biddle opened his eyes to the mists and fogs of fusionism and politically it may be a crime worthy of banishment to the Siberian wilds for a man to have lifted up his voice in real earnest for the welfare of humanity before Levelling snuffed the scent of office from the dingy apartments of a commission house, but it will never be considered a crime for a man to work for the good of the race through the organization of the Labor Exchange. Let this fact be borne in mind and let every man put his shoulder to the wheel and move on the good work of building up our ruined industries, and enfranchising the race from the bonds of political machinery. Through the Labor Exchange the people, irrespective of class, party or creed, will receive an immediate and lasting good.

In Wichita this year the number of men registered shows a considerable decrease, and of women registered a large increase. According to Marsh Murdoch's logic this proves that men are getting tired of voting and do not want the privilege.—Emporia Gazette.

Correct. For the last 25 or 30 years men have played with the ballot, and they ought to step aside and give the gentler sex an opportunity to redeem this country. Man has been a failure.

They have no hearses in the city of Mexico. Those vehicles were brought in by a street railway company and destroyed or sent away. The company now has a monopoly of the funeral business. It runs funeral cars, while the children, black for adults, that are sometimes half covered with flowers, and the mourners ride to the cemetery in a richly upholstered special car, with lace curtains, that, follows the car containing the coffin. Horse and mule railroads run out of the city to great distances. One of them is seventy miles long and a ride over it is practically the same as the stage journey of other days.—Wyandotte Herald.

Subscribe at once for this paper and study the Labor Exchange. \$1. per year.

The Country Editor.

The country editor is triumphant. Mr. Cleveland's very first appointment in the post-office department falls to a country editor despite the howling insinuations of the wise men and the women with "familiar spirits." The country editor is a game that it is hard to beat, and with Mr. Cleveland as a partner holding the ace and right bowler, the country editor can sit in the game against the world. Perhaps no other class of men on the throbbing earth have so varied an assortment of interests and responsibilities as the country editors have. To look at the swinging sign under the pine awning in the village street, and to see the grizzled yeoman disappear up the gloomy stairs and hear his clanking boots pause as he turns aside for the paper drummer coming down, gives one but little idea of the scope of duties which the editor covers. The receiving and paying out of money is so small a part of the editor's work in comparison with the great and never ending task of getting it for the everlasting tomorrow that it is hardly worth accounting. Many a country editor has gone home without a dollar in his pocket that the "boys" might have theirs "Saturday night," and many more—a great many more—have gone into the back room Saturday afternoon and have told the "boys" they were going out to collect some money, and the "boys" have waited vainly and patiently for their return late into the shades of night. And Monday morning everybody has shown up late without number, as though nothing unusual had happened.

Yet the country editor, with all his vicissitudes of fortunes, with all his struggle to make ends meet and keep up with the banker in point of style, is proud of work. He spends money for types and presses that his readers never appreciate; he writes obituary notices that 997 of his 1,000 subscribers laugh at, and editorials that shine with brilliancy only for the compositor and a chosen few to whom he personally speaks of some article in question. Hamlet's his loathed but esteemed contemporary, declaring that while the "moral leper" who pollutes the atmosphere of the Main street alley is a skulking poltroon, a Jaous faced shyster and general all-around collar-and-elbow miscreant." He is the functionary of the community in which he lives. He is sent on railroad committees because he has passes and is supposed to have influence with the railroad president; he is made chairman of the reception committee because he is supposed to know everyone now on earth, and because he is sure some way or other to have a good suit of clothes, and can talk. He is cordially hated by everyone in theory, and envied by all in practice. He never has a friend who does not try to run his business privately and never has a foe who does not try to ruin it publicly. If he takes advantage of his enemy, he is criticised; if he is magnanimous he is laughed at for a coward. His goings in and his comings out—both at the large and the small end of the horn—are known to all men. His work is always before the people and a mistake lasts a lifetime, for it is in print and can be flung in his face time and again.

Yet he is a modest wood violet by a mossy stone. Demure and unassuming, "modest and simple and sweet," retiring and shy and glad-some is the wood violet; it should be the editorial flower, for when the first hint of the spring is gone back by the robin, before the flamboyant dandelion is awake to the situation, the modest wood violet is up and a coming, tearing up the earth and clamoring for warmth. It will be noticed that Mr. Robert B. Brown, editor of the Nevada, Pa., Messenger, is the very first editorial wood violet to receive the warm rays reflected from the roof of the postoffice building at Washington. And before long the "Johnny-jump-up" will be seen in the highways and shaded spots all over the land from Maine to California.—K. C. Star.

State talk is being indulged in to the effect that the state militia will be reorganized; and officered by men whose political view are in keeping with the present administration. In other words, the thing will change from a republican machine to a Populist machine. Such a move should be at once frowned down and tabled by reformers everywhere. A Populist army, is no more in keeping with the principles of American liberty than is a republican army and the late rebellion in Kansas should be sufficient warning in this direction.

No party should attempt to build up power with the use of force to sustain it, and the efforts of the republicans to do this should not, and must not be, initiated by the Populists. Military governments may do for the imperialists, at present represented in America by the corporations, but the people will stand no such nonsense. They are fully capable of defending the credit and life of the state and nation, and the proper thing to do would be to abolish the incubus entirely, and trust the people, who can always be trusted when dangers threaten, and enemies attempt violence. Down with the plutocratic methods of the old parties, and up with the light of reason and the right and power of the people.—Mills Weekly World.

NOAH'S TOMB.

On the great plain of Ararat stands the ancient city of Nakhichevan, scarcely more than a village when compared with some of the modern cities of either Asia, Europe or America, but celebrated the world over on account of a wonderful relic which is within its limits—nothing less than the tomb of Noah, the builder of the ark! The burial place of the old patriarch is situated at the side of the broken walls of an abandoned fortress in the midst of a vast plain which is literally covered with the remains of by-gone glories, which is now half buried in the drifting sands. The tomb itself is a small, round cell, the interior forming an octagon ten or twelve feet in diameter, which, until quite lately, was half filled with old lamps, broken pots and vases, residuary grease and other mementoes of the piety of the faithful visitors at the shrine.—Eagle-Optic, Larned.

Political and Otherwise

GRAND WORDS.

Chairman H. E. Taubeneck, of the National Committee of the People's party, uttered the following grand words, of which we heartily approve.

"FUSION mean confusion and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get. We want every democrat and republican to come with us and we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we can't afford to secure either voter or office by bartering away our principles. The very moment we use them as trading stock and peddle them around to the highest bidder to secure an office we will sink into oblivion and we ought to. There is but one thing for us to do. 'Keep in the middle of the road.' Hold the black flag and neither give or accept any quarter.

Any one who expects any of the old parties to give us any financial reforms by fusion in my opinion, is a mental deformity."

QUERY.

Who is Jim Legate? Is he a man of honor and integrity? If so, since when? When he was a regular trainer in the republican party reformers playcarded him as the second edition of Annuities. But when the boodlers of the People's party formed an alliance with boodlers of the democratic party and called it **FUSION** this same Jim Legate was in demand. He was a mighty fine fellow a genuine reformer—just the man to put on the boards to educate the people in the mysteries of reform, while the old wheel horses who had, in the stormy times which tried men's souls, blazed the road for freedom, were silenced or driven out of the state. So valuable, indeed, that he was elevated upon a reform platform and induced to tell of the frauds of his own party (republican) in 1890 in robbing democracy of 15,000 votes which were added to Humphrey's vote and which fraud he had kept a secret and revealed in its results until an infamous management of a supposed reform party tickled his itching palms with \$750, then he could squall upon his confederates, or hatch a lie—either would do.

Was Jim Legate more of a man when telling this story than he was in 1890 when carrying the theft into execution, assisted by his pals?

Was Jim Legate more of a man while on the stand before the Senate investigation committee swearing to his own unlying infamy and stamping the brand of infamy upon his God-cursed visage than he was when bartering with a Populist committee to betray a moiety of his cussedness for \$750, drawn from the dust-begrimed toilers of the state, thirsting for a change in the industrial systems that light and life might come to them and theirs.

In other words has fusion—just that odious child of hell—improved Jim Legate, and has Jim Legate improved Levelling, Breidenthal, et al, and sanctified the People's party?

The Topeka Populist in commenting on the condition of the People's party comes very near speaking the truth when it says, "The state central committee used all its powers and influence to suppress the straight-out, uncompromising defenders and advocates of the Omaha platform, and crowded to the front those papers which would more readily engage in taffying democrats and dickering for votes, and nominating men for office, not on account of fitness or as representatives of our asserted principles, but because they might 'draw' most votes from the unregenerated heathen of the robber parties—from the men who held their votes and political 'influence' in the market for the highest bidder.—Abilene Monitor.

The worst and only formidable enemy the People's party has today is the "conservative or mongrel" element that pretends to be in its ranks. Watch such, brothers, lest they undo you in your effort to free yourselves. Better by odds take your "republicanism" in big doses than mongrelism in broken doses. Keep in the middle of the road, men; it's the only place for a reformer. The man who wants to see Kansas republican again will be found bellyaching around about being conservative. Kansas never was and never will be democratic and the conservatives who would make her so count votes that are not 'in sight' or to be got, for we are living in the days of radicalism, and either we are radically right or we are radically wrong. Conservatism don't fit the case. The process is too slow and the cries of the oppressed and down-trodden too agonising to think now of stopping to play horse.—Ottawa Index.

President Cleveland has withdrawn the treaty which Mr. Harrison sent to the senate providing for the annexation of the Hawaiian islands. He regards it as a matter of too grave importance to be decided without careful and mature consideration.—Eagle-Optic, Larned.

Report has it that "Passy" got drunk within three days after he was put on the Board of Pardoners. It was simply a fusion deal with Bachus, and it was decidedly cruel for the State house artist to make a caricature of this genial gentleman of fusion reform extraction.

It is well for the political tricksters to understand now that thousands of Populists will not tolerate fusion, neither this fall, next year, nor at any other time. All scheming with this end in-view will prove a miserable failure. Every lover of principle will from this time on open a galling fire upon the infamy.

Wont it be funny to see fusionist Biddle and his associate boodlers, who believe that reform consists in buying democratic votes by fecing democratic leaders with a fat office, humping themselves in the campaign of '93-4 for a base to stand upon to suck the public teat? And what if they should "DRAW THE FIRE OF THE ENEMY?" They would immediately become criminals and would have to be turned out to grass by another set of yearlings.

Those who are expecting to base a reform campaign upon the rioting of a legislature and the extravagant expenditure of the people's money will find themselves standing on sinking ground. Had the legislature adjourned and gone home at the very beginning instead of sitting day after day like chattering monkeys, making faces at each other, it would have been a God send to this people.

General Artz, the brilliant military leader of Kansas fusionists, has formally announced the expulsion of Crouch, Mitchell and Overmyer from the democratic party. If President Cleveland does not carefully and promptly toe the fusion scratch he will have to go too. In such an event there will be left in the democratic fold only Artz, Levelling, Jim Legate and the Populist state committee.

Governor Levelling, who is recuperating at Excelsior Spring, is believed to be the only man from Wichita who has ever taken water as a medicine.—K. C. Star.

And yet it is doubtful if it will prove effective. A large dose of **FUSION** pills would probably reach the spot. It is said that "Like cures like."

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

The following article, giving useful suggestions in the way of reform, is from the pen of a prominent republican of this city and was written before the inauguration of Gov. Levelling, and was withheld from publication upon the suggestion of Mr. Brown, of Kingman, that Governor Levelling contemplated making these suggestions to the legislature in his opening message. The article we now give to the public and commend its careful consideration.

"As an interested tax payer and one desirous of an economical administration of our state affairs, such as will give the greatest good to the greatest number, I desire to call attention to a few items that are burdening the taxpayer which the state might be relieved of, thereby saving many thousands of dollars annually in our bill of expenses.

By giving careful consideration to these items and moving on this line, Governor-elect Levelling, can popularize himself with the overburdened tax payers of the state in a manner such as no executive has since the state has had its existence. The dominant party has from time to time created sine-cure offices, commissions, and boards ad infinitum, for the compensation of political strikers, until there is a small army of appointees for the incoming executive, entailing an enormous expenditure annually to keep them going. For instance there is the Board of Public Charities, Board of Pardoners, Board of Horticulture, Railroad commissioners, Supreme court commissioners, Labor commissioners, Commissioners of Police, Supt. of Insurance and many other such positions created for no other purpose than to supply places for the faithful, and not in the interest of the public good.

In the line of reform would it not be well for the Governor-elect, in his inaugural address to call attention of the legislature to the fact that the time has come for reducing the number of offices, and cutting down expenses to the lowest point possible; consistent with good government, and efficiency of service and advise that the laws be so changed when necessary as to render it unnecessary to appoint them. The work devolving upon the Superintendent of Insurance can all be done by a couple of clerks costing \$50 per month each, under the management of the Auditor of State, and the same may be said with reference to the duties of the office of Labor commissioner, State Board of Pardoners, and other such offices, and as to Rail road and Supreme court commission they can both be dispensed with, and let the Sec. of State, Auditor and other state officers supervise and direct the clerks necessary on small salary to do the clerical work, and let the Honorable Supreme Court do a little more work and they can take care of the business and save the state the enormous expense of the Court commissioners which is a useless luxury provided for some troublesome chronic candidate.

If we are going to reform let us begin now and turn over and root out these expensive and useless sinecures and save a half a million dollars annually to the state thereby, at least.

Vice-President Stevenson said to a Washington reporter: "You boys will be just as welcome as in the old days. There will be no sentry standing in front of the Vice-President's room."

You will not be forced to dive into your pockets and fish out a card to be transmitted to me on a salver. The door will stand wide open. There are sofas inside for you to occupy. You will walk right in, and if I am not there you will send for me. Wherever I am, the newspaper man is welcome. I am the Vice-president of the people, and the people are entitled to know what I am doing. There will be no red tape about the office."

THE WORK OF THE PENSION DEPARTMENT BLOCKED.

Topeka Advocate.

While in Washington a few days ago we were told by a member of congress from one of the southern states that he recently received some papers from the widow of a union soldier now residing in his district relating to her pension claim now pending; and that the papers were accompanied by a personal letter urging that he should give the claim his immediate attention, as she was in urgent need of the money. He at once went to the pension department to see what could be done.

A clerk in the office told him that all papers, claims and documents had been filed away and that business was entirely suspended in the department until after the inauguration ceremonies shall be concluded. The pension building was being decorated for the grand inaugural ball. This required from ten to fifteen days prior to that very important event and it will require some time after its conclusion to remove the decorations and restore the building to a condition to permit the resumption of business. The business of this entire department is thus suspended, widows and orphan children of deceased soldiers and the maimed and disabled veterans themselves, who are many of them absolutely suffering for the necessities, not to mention the comforts of life, are thus compelled to wait the adjustment and even the hearing of their claims in order that the pension office may be decorated for a grand inaugural ball to which the dukes and dundesses of Washington high life and the codfish aristocracy of America will alone hold tickets of admission. To such depths has Jeffersonian simplicity descended in these latter days.

There are according to some thinkers, two roads to the redemption of labor. One through political reform, the other through occupation, employment, business. We belong to the business school. We have no faith whatever in salvation through politics. If the question at hand was civil liberty, the enfranchisement of the people, the elevation of woman to political equality with man; if it was as to the forms of government, whether despotism, constitutional monarchy or democracy should prevail, if it was any of these or similar questions then the formation of political parties—political agitation, the election of the proper men to the legislative bodies, etc, would be the proper course to pursue. But the question at hand is purely industrial, it is the lack of wealth among the masses of the people, it is general poverty and such a malady as this can not be cured by passing and executing human laws. Human laws can not fill the sack with flour nor yet the ladder, cannot raise cotton, flax nor wool; can not spin nor weave, cut nor make clothes. It is folly to expect it. Yet politicians who have always been in the habit of charging the Kings and Presidents, Parliaments and Congress, with all the ills to which the human race is heir, believe that tinkering at the laws, or putting a taller man on the throne or presidential chair, will swell the rivers with milk and honey and clothe the people in purple. Friends, you are deluded, wealth comes from the application of human exertion to the natural gifts of the Creator. The comforts of life come from labor mental and physical combined and hence if you want wealth, if you want the comforts of life which wealth imparts, go to work instead of simply voting. Form labor associations instead of political parties, and labor associations, not for the purpose of grieving, groaning and lamenting over your condition, not for the purpose of charging the fault upon others or demanding of others what is easily within your own reach, nor again for the purpose of striking or merely voting together, but for the grander and more effectual purpose of going to work, of producing and interchanging products together. There is no other way under Heaven by which you can better your condition. Try it friends.—G. B. Bernardi.

WHY JEWS DON'T FARM.

The history of the Jews shows why they stopped farming, and lost their agricultural instinct to become tradesmen. Thus having by nature and education a race of farmers, he concludes his article, "persecuted for centuries, excluded from agricultural as well as from all industrial pursuits, plundered, ravished, murdered and exiled whenever a needy king or a bankrupt noble needed money, or an ignorant populace was excited into frenzy by an insensate and fanatic clergy, and deprived of the right to possess land, their activity was compressed into the narrow channel of traffic, and the old innate, inherited trait of husbandry was rooted out in the Jews' composition as completely as if it had never existed there, and that of commerce was developed, until now the nation of farmers and herders of cattle have changed into a nation of merchants and financiers. Even if permitted, as occasionally they were to own land, what Jews—proverbially known to have been more intelligent than his barbarous oppressor—would invest in land or property not easily convertible, when it was liable to be taken from him at any moment, or at best be sacrificed and be driven out of the country? A contemporary writer of the Spanish expulsion relates that he saw a Jew sell a house for an ass and a vineyard for a few yards of cloth.—M. Kaufman in Fetter's Southern Magazine.

One Kansas loan company notified its Kansas agents to stop business in this state yesterday on account of the anti-gold clause monkey business. The republican house cannot escape responsibility for this trucking to republican clamor.—Topeka Capital.

The money question would forever disappear from politics if those desiring reform would spend half as much energy, half as much time and half the money in planting the Labor Exchange in the state that they now spend in one campaign to build a political party, and fill

the offices. Let us call a halt and set our thinkers to work, then the problem of disfranchising the masses from the power of vicious systems will be easily solved.

CENTER SHOTS.

Every one of Levelling's appointees in the city were bitterly opposed to putting a Populist ticket in the field.

A law repealing a law which permits railroad to charge extra fare when passengers fail to buy tickets, was passed by both the Santa Fe house and the Senate, but the governor failed to sign it.

Levelling's gang of pay-suckers in Topeka was divided between the republican and democratic parties, but they were solid against the Populist ticket.

Governor Levelling gave the pen with which he signed the Woman's Suffrage bill to a woman named Johns, who had staid with Welch's soldiers a couple of nights in the state house.

The signs of the times indicate to us that John Martin and Levelling have formed a partnership to build up a Martin-Levelling dynasty in Kansas. If only Martin can buy enough democrats with federal patronage and Levelling enough pops with state patronage to give these two worthies a continuation of their offices, it will be very fine.

We believe that speaker Dunsmore is as much a traitor to the people of Kansas as George Douglass. We believe that in every act of apparent antagonism between the two houses, there was collusion between these two men. We believe that Dunsmore will vote the combination corporation ticket in 1894.

We view with alarm the efforts being made by this administration and the papers it controls to side track all the real issues now in politics. It is another sharp game of the plutocrats. They are trying to raise the cry of "prohibition" "woman suffrage" supreme court decision, the late war and anything else that will detract from the discussion of economic questions and real governmental reform. The plutocrats won a great victory when they broke the back-bone of the Alliance by the election of Biddle as president, and run the organization off the track along which it was marching to victory. They are closely following up their advantage and having succeeded in placing one of their tools in the gubernatorial chair of Kansas, now seek to side-track the whole people's party. Their sly, slick, villainous schemes can only be averted by a thorough comprehension and active and brave effort on the part of the people whose earnings they are conspiring to steal. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty and justice.

THEY MIX EASILY.

From the Des Moines News.

Judge Gresham's first assistant is Josiah Quincy of Boston, a stalwart democrat.

That is nothing. This mixing is catching. Populist Middle and populist Prather each have prominent republicans acting as their chief clerk. And populist Governor Levelling has a good sized army of democrats working for him in official positions. Yes, they readily mix.

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS SHOWS WHY THEY STOPPED FARMING, AND LOST THEIR AGRICULTURAL INSTINCT TO BECOME TRADESMEN.

Thus having by nature and education a race of farmers, he concludes his article, "persecuted for centuries, excluded from agricultural as well as from all industrial pursuits, plundered, ravished, murdered and exiled whenever a needy king or a bankrupt noble needed money, or an ignorant populace was excited into frenzy by an insensate and fanatic clergy, and deprived of the right to possess land, their activity was compressed into the narrow channel of traffic, and the old innate, inherited trait of husbandry was rooted out in the Jews' composition as completely as if it had never existed there, and that of commerce was developed, until now the nation of farmers and herders of cattle have changed into a nation of merchants and financiers. Even if permitted, as occasionally they were to own land, what Jews—proverbially known to have been more intelligent than his barbarous oppressor—would invest in land or property not easily convertible, when it was liable to be taken from him at any moment, or at best be sacrificed and be driven out of the country? A contemporary writer of the Spanish expulsion relates that he saw a Jew sell a house for an ass and a vineyard for a few yards of cloth.—M. Kaufman in Fetter's Southern Magazine.

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The loan companies in Kansas have been working the republican party for years and are keeping it up.

The people in Wall street started in to demoralize all other money except gold, but fearing that they have run against a snag in the form of democratic congress they have determined to carry out their plan in Kansas by compelling every man who renews a mortgage to put in a clause agreeing to pay in gold.

The legislature of Kansas passed a law making it illegal to make a debt payable in gold, and whether democrats, republicans or populists, does not make any difference. These would-be rulers

ought to be compelled to take any lawful money the same as any other people. But of course all the papers in Kansas owned by the mortgage companies will favor the single gold standard.—Wichita Beacon.

Col. Streater, the Pennsylvania militia officer who distinguished himself last summer as a capitalistic servile and a brutal tyrant in hanging private lams up by the thumbs, attended the inaugural ceremonies at Washington, got on a roaring drunk, assaulted an officer and attempted to incite a riot, all of which are incorporated in charges preferred against him.—Salina Union.

FRAUD IN POLITICS.

In politics the OUTSIDE wants to get in and the INSIDE wants to stay in. For this object the contest is waged. Men array themselves on either side to combat the other, and for a pretense for strife "important issues" are raised. These issues are sometimes real and sometimes fancied. The real issues are sometimes pressed with vigor and sometimes they are covered up in a spurious campaign—lost sight of. The ingrafting of them in the platform is supposed to quiet the honestly inclined while the ignoring of them in the campaign abundantly satisfies the element which feasts upon plunder abstracted by a cunning dishonesty from the abodes of industry. Such has been the case with prohibition and such is the case with the economic questions today. In the last campaign there were no issues raised by the Populist state platform, neither were those which were forcibly outlined in the national platform of that party permitted to be discussed. Speakers who were in the habit of educating the people were either silenced or driven out of the state. Only those were used who were acceptable to democracy which, with the republican party, had been put under bans by the People's party both at St. Louis and Omaha. The base of the Populist campaign in 1892 was trade, barter and dicker with democracy, and the object the spoil of office. No good for the people could possibly follow such a campaign. No good has followed. Of a necessity such a move was full of the elements of the wildest discord. We have sown to the wind and must now reap the whirlwind, unless we as a party shall have the sense and common honesty to re-organize the party and turn under those whose check has forced them to the front and who as leaders have proven themselves false to honor and principle. Opposites can not mix in politics, each maintaining honesty of purpose, an more than vice and virtue can peaceably, profitably and honorably dwell together in the same abode. Reform efforts are futile unless backed up by intelligent action and honesty of purpose. All else is political humbuggery.

Two New Orleans men, Weill and Robb, who had been ruined by gambling at Monte Carlo, committed suicide.

Senator Brice is at the head of a syndicate which proposes establishing a new manufacturing town about ten miles west of Muncie, Ind. The place will be called Brice City.

Judge Henry B. Layton of Grand Junction, Col., has disappeared. When last seen he had a large sum of money in his possession, and it is feared he has fallen a victim of thugs.

In Ashmore township, near Oakland, Ill., both Republicans and Democrats failed to certify to their nominations in time, and the Prohibitionists, of whom there are but eight, in the township, will have the field to themselves.

Through the vigilance of the St. Louis police a bold and cleverly planned conspiracy to rob an outgoing Iron Mountain train was frustrated in the nick of time.

Governor Peck has positively prohibited prize fights taking place within the borders of Wisconsin and given sheriffs rigid instructions to arrest all concerned in attempts to bring them off in that state.

The 8-year-old daughter of James Wilcox was crushed to death at Wetmore, Kan., in the machinery of a grain elevator.

Another big strike in the Pennsylvania coke region seems probable in the spring. Carnegie and Frick are said to be already importing negroes from the South to take the places of strikers.

Mrs. Delia Thompson has been arrested at Highmore, S. D., for setting recent fires which did great damage. A letter offering to divide profits on the sale of lumber for rebuilding betrayed her.

The sawmill at Dry Run, Ark., the biggest in the state, has gone into the hands of a receiver.

Heavy shipments of corn are being made to Mexico since the removal of the Mexican import duty.

Ruiz Sandoval, the Central American revolutionist, arrived at New York as an exile from Honduras.

It is announced that the Spanish government proposes to present to the United States the reproduced Santa Maria, Columbus' flagship, now on its way to this country for exhibition at the world's fair.

At Emporia, Judge William H. Elston died suddenly of paralysis. He was for many years probate judge of Franklin county, Illinois, and was also state's attorney at Du Quoin, Ill. He was law partner of Lieutenant Governor Jenkins of Illinois.

INVENTOR WATTS' VISION.

It Came in a Drunken Sleep and Made His Fortune.

Before Watts, the discoverer of the present mode of making shot, had his notable dream, induced by overindulgence in stimulants, the manufacture in question was a slow, laborious and consequently costly process. Great bars of lead had to be pounded into sheets of a thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shots desired. These sheets had then to be cut into little cubes, placed in a revolving barrel and there rolled around until, by the constant friction, the edges wore off from the little cubes, and they became spheroids.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at an ale-house, he went home, went to bed and soon fell asleep. His slumbers, however, were disturbed by unwelcome dreams, in one of which he was out with "the boys," and as they were stumbling home it began to rain shot—beautiful globules of polished, shining lead—in such numbers that he and his companions had to seek shelter.

In the morning Watts remembered his curious dream and it obtruded itself on his mind all day. He began to wonder what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air, and finally, to set his mind at rest, he ascended to the top of the steeple of the church of St. Mary at Radcliffe and dropped slowly and regularly a ladleful of molten lead into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of the most perfect shot he had ever seen. Watts' fortune was made, for from this exploit emanated the idea of the shot tower, which ever since has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so important in war sport.

SHE WAS GRATEFUL.

But Took an Economic Way of Showing Her Appreciation.

We were nearing Jacksonville, Fla., after the long trip from New York. The porter had finished brushing off a mother and her four children, each of whom had demanded attention every fifteen minutes, when the woman turned and said:

"You have been very attentive to us during the trip, and I wish to reward you."

"Yes, um."

"What is your name?" she asked, as she took out pencil and notebook.

"William White, mum."

She wrote for a minute on one of the leaves of her book, and then tore it out and handed it to him with the remark:

"A colored man who is ambitious to get along will always find friends."

I caught him in the vestibule two minutes later and asked to see the paper. It read:

"Mr. WILLIAM: Your man, William White, has been very attentive to me and my children, and I would recommend that you raise his salary and let him know that you fully appreciate his efforts."

Mrs. S. B.—

I read it aloud to the porter and then looked at him. He gasped for breath and it was a long minute before he could ejaculate:

"Deo de Lawd! but I dun thought dat was a \$15 check on some bank in Jacksonville. Huh! Sho! Wall, of all de deleterious obnoxiousness I eber did dun meet up wid in all my life dis captivates de pinnales!"

Marie's Tact.

There was a little scene in a Wabash avenue cable car recently that would have made a picture after Du Maurier's heart. A young girl inclined to plumpness got in, and greeted with effusiveness a widow concerning whose figure roly-poly seemed the only applicable adjective. The widow glanced at her young friend, and said politely:

"Why, Marie, how well you're looking! The mountains must have agreed with you. You are positively as plump as a partridge."

To which Marie tactfully replied in tones of horror:

"Oh, don't tell me that! If there is anything I dread becoming it is a fat woman!"

After a few minutes silent and salutary reflection Marie remembered a neglected errand and got off the car.

John Wesley's Autograph.

An interesting letter, the last written by John Wesley, was sold a few days ago by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge. The text was as follows: "To the Board of Customs. Gentlemen: Two or three days ago Mr. Ireland sent me as a present two dozen of French claret, which I am ordered to drink during my present weakness. The White Swan inn. It was seized—beg it may be restored to your obedient servant, John Wesley, 14th November, 1790, City Road. Whatever duty comes due I will see duly paid." This touching appeal to the board of customs is indorsed, "Rejected, W. W." The writing is very feeble and broken and the reference to the White Swan is not clear; possibly he wanted the claret sent there. This letter realized 22s.

Buttons and Combs Made of Blood.

There is a large factory at a small town near Chicago employing about 100 to 150 workers, which is wholly given over to the manufacture of useful articles from waste animal blood. At certain seasons of the year this unique factory uses from 10,000 to 15,000 gallons of fresh blood per day. It is first converted into thin sheets by evaporation and certain chemical processes, and afterwards worked up into a variety of useful articles, such as combs, buttons, earrings, belt clasps, bracelets, etc. Tons of these articles are sent to all parts of the world every year from this "bloody" Sucker state manufactory.

IN A BAD FLIGHT.

He Had Forgotten the Larger Matter in the Quail.

Cold and shilling, the icy blast swept through Chicago's streets. He stood on a down-town corner, a shivering object of sympathy. He was evidently an actor and of a nature far above such a petty trifle as a snow-storm. But no heavy overcoat wrapped his manly form, and he made vain efforts to assume an appearance of warmth and comfort. The collar of his well-worn coat was turned up around his slender neck and his hands were thrust deeply into his pockets. When the damp snow accumulated in the folds of his coat he carefully brushed it off, preserving always the dignity becoming a Roscius. As he gazed in supreme indifference at the flying flakes he was joined by a brother artist, one who was evidently in a snug berth, for his overcoat was adorned with the fur cuffs and collar which all well-regulated actors wear.

"Aw, I say, old man," said he of the affluent air, "this looks awfully tough, you know. Cawn't you get your coat out?"

"Well, old boy," said the shivering tragedian, "I could, but I met with a little accident."

"Why, it was only \$3," said the other. "I can lend you that, you know, if you're short."

"Well, no, it's not that, old chap," replied he of the cold chills; "I have the money, but—"

"But what? Why don't you get your coat out?"

"Well, you remember down in Peoria when I sold me best coat and vest last week?"

"I do, of course, and you did well, old boy. What's that to do with the overcoat?"

"Well, the fact is, you see, that in the pocket of that vest was the ticket for the overcoat."

And he resumed his pose on the corner, trying to look as if he did not feel the cold and clinging mantle which slowly formed about him.

NOT GOOD FOR EVERYONE.

A Mild Warning for Some Greedy Little Folks.

"Too many oranges are not wholesome for any one who has a tendency to gastric trouble," says a well-known physician. "It is generally supposed that oranges are particularly healthy; and in many families they are the regular concomitants of a breakfast table, parents thinking that they must necessarily be wholesome, whereas in some cases they are positively injurious. One of my patients, a boy of twelve or thereabouts, has had a severe attack of stomach trouble every winter for several succeeding years—attacks for which I could find no apparent cause, until I happened to find out by accident that every year, about that time, the family received a barrel of oranges from Florida, upon which the children were allowed to regale themselves freely. This was the whole trouble; oranges did not agree with the child, and when he ate them freely he was ill. I stopped his eating them, and he has never had a recurrence of the trouble."

He Had Crossed the Bar.

A sea captain was invited to a hunting match, and upon his return home described the chase as follows: "Our horses being well rigged we man'd them, and the wind being at west-southwest, away we stood over the downs. In the time of half a watch, we spied a hare under full sail; we tacked and stood after her, coming up close; she tacks and we tack'd, upon which tack I had like to run aground, but getting clear off, I stood after her again; but, as the devil would have it, just as I was going to lay her aboard, bearing too much wind, I and my horse upset and came keel upward."

Sharing a House With Bees.

In a farm house between Marcellus and Skaneateles, Me., there is a curiosity. Between the plastering and the siding of the house at one joint, there is a vacant space, which for the past three seasons has been utilized for living purposes by a colony of bees. The colony has grown to such an extent that on a warm summer day it is sometimes unsafe to drive horses in the yard near them. The family living in the house expect to make repairs in the fall, and they estimate that they will harvest 200 pounds of honey from their novel hive.

An Odd Souvenir Spoon.

The latest fad in spoon carving is reported from the capital city of Iowa and was accomplished by S.E. Wilcox. He took a common Iowa souvenir spoon, one bearing the Iowa coat of arms on its handle, and wrote the whole of the Lord's prayer in its bowl. Every letter and comma is in its proper place and can be easily read with the naked eye. A local paper in commenting on the feat says: "The general use of such spoons would make religious instruction more easy and greatly improve the spirituality of coffee and tea drinkers."

A German's English.

A lady writes from Germany that she is discouraged about learning the German language. A German friend, who tried to converse with her in English, made such a mistake that she fears she may do as badly in German. The German gentleman innocently gave this rendering of a familiar saying: "The ghost is willing but the meat is feeble."

Growth of Socialism.

The German socialists report that they control seventy newspaper organs, of which twenty-two are political dailies. The subsidies granted to some of them amount to 66,000 marks a year. The Vorwarts, the leading socialist organ, circulates about 37,000 copies and makes money. The socialist book trade is also growing.

KILLED THE LITTLE LION.

He Was Not Four Months Old and His Brain Was Dissected.

An African lion in Central park, having been adjudged insane, was shot through the brain the other day. It was a baby lion in its fourth month, and its brief existence is supposed to have been full of pain. The lion—he had never been christened—belonged to Barnum & Bailey's show. He came to the park menagerie two months ago, with the elephant, the boa constrictor and the antelope. The circus often sends such animals to the park for the winter. The elephant and the boa constrictor thrived and grew fat; the antelope languished; the lion pined away. His eyes were full and sad, and the keepers saw he was suffering, but he did not roar or cry.

About two weeks ago he began to stagger up and down his cage, as if his legs were too weak for his body. Then, instead of walking on the under part of his toes, he doubled them and walked on his talons. When Felix McDonald, the superintendent of the circus menagerie, called at the park, attention was called to the lion's condition. He decided that the lion's brain was affected, and that he must be killed.

Chloroform was chosen at first, but after more deliberation it was decided to shoot him. At 2 o'clock one afternoon the execution took place. The keeper's gathered in front of the cages and stood there with grave faces. The lion had stretched himself out to his full length, four feet from nose to tail tip, and his eyes were turned full upon the men. He was as motionless as a bronze figure. One of the keepers raised a rifle and held the muzzle within a few feet of the lion's ear. There was a flash and a loud report. The lion's head fell and remained motionless. The shot had pierced his brain, and had killed him.

The skull was opened, and it was found that the lion's brain was thick with blood clots.

ON THE YUKON.

Alaska's Mighty River Is to Be Used for Commerce.

The Yukon river is now to be made the scene of commerce, and will soon be navigated by regular side-wheel steamers. The idea is to run regular boats up and down the Yukon river for the purpose of trade and connecting at St. Michael's island with the Sound steamers. The new steamer, which is to be called the P. B. Wear, had her frame laid out and fitted at Seattle. She will be put together on St. Michael's island, will be 175 feet in length, twenty-eight feet beam and four feet deep.

The Wear will run up the Yukon river, the mouth of which is about twenty-five miles from the island, and for a distance of 2,200 miles will establish trading posts along the river. The trade will be of all kinds of merchandise, and the returns will be in gold dust and furs. There will be also a complete assaying outfit on the steamer, and everything that a miner can use in testing and taking out valuable mineral from the ore.

A sawmill will be taken along for the purpose of cutting timber for trading stations. The Yukon river is only navigable during July, August and September, and, for the present, only three or four trips may be made during the year.

Worthy of Witch-Burning Days.

A Kentucky Baptist minister says that some years ago a Baptist church in that state tried a man for kissing his wife. The formulated charge was entered: "Unbecoming levity." The gentleman accused had been from home several weeks on business, and on his return met his wife at the meeting house, and in the presence of the congregation embraced her with a sounding smack on the lips. Some of the staid old deacons were so shocked at such levity in the house of God that the gentleman was arraigned on the above charge, and escaped dismissal from the church by agreeing to do his kissing at home in the future.

Charging a 110-Ton Gun.

There are nine 110-ton guns in the British navy at the present time. The projectile fired from these guns when attacking ships or forts weighs exactly 1,800 pounds and leaves the muzzle with a velocity of 2,105 feet per second, and has a destructive energy equal to 55,305 foot tons. When the monster engines of death are to be turned upon an army of men or a flotilla of ships they are loaded with cylinders of steel, and each of which is filled with 2,300 four-ounce bullets. The amount of powder used behind such projectiles is something enormous—900 pounds to each charge.

Sagacity of a Dog.

Morris Thompson, East Cain, Pa., was sitting reading his paper one evening, when a dog came to his door and began scratching. He went out and the dog ran toward the orchard. Mr. Thompson returned again to his reading and once more the dog came to the door and began scratching. This time Mr. Thompson followed the dog into the orchard, and there up a tree the dog had scared two coons. Glad he was when Mr. Thompson came to his assistance, and with the aid of the dog both coons were captured.

Wanted to Learn Monkey Language.

A remarkable request was received recently at the office of the Providence park commissioners of St. Louis. The city has established an animal department at the Roger Williams park and among other attractions is a cage of monkeys. J. D. Thogart, of the city, writes that he is a philologist and would like to have permission to enter the monkeys' cage and live there for a time that he may study the cries of these animals. He believes they have a distinct language of their own.

A QUER FAD.

A Cranky Englishman Who Has a Fancy for Human Skulls.

Collectors sometimes indulge in odd fancies. Mr. Edward Hammond, of Leominster, appears to have a fancy for collecting human skulls. One day last month he was in the priory churchyard in that town, when the sexton, like that famous grave-digger who remembered the king's jester before his flashes of merriment had ceased to set the tables in a roar, cast up a skull. Upon this Mr. Hammond stooped down, picked up the grim relic, and placing it in a handkerchief together with some grass, was seen to walk away with it.

Subsequently the skull, having been washed, was seen, it is said, in Mr. Hammond's office; but the business got wind and made a talk, and finally, no less a body than the home office authorities were induced to take up the matter. It was in accordance with orders from the home office that the deputy chief constable sought out Mr. Hammond the other day in Leominster market and demanded the restoration of "that skull." Mr. Hammond's answer was that it was no longer in his possession.

He had "reinterred it," he said. Besides, in so doing, he had "conducted a proper burial service over it." More he could scarcely do; but the authorities were not yet appeased. Mr. Hammond has been charged in the Leominster police court and convicted of unlawfully removing human remains from a burial place. The magistrates, however, seem to have thought that he had done well nigh enough to atone for his indiscretion, for while they fined him £1, they ordered that the costs should be paid by the prosecution.

BOARDING-HOUSE GOSSIP.

A Social Entertainment That Lasts From Morning Till Night.

The ability to mind one's own business is a most commendable and beautiful virtue, but, alas! there are some women who board who have so few affairs of their own with which to occupy their time that the greater portion of the day and many hours of the night as well are spent in talking about what does not concern them in the least.

Their entire world is compassed by the four walls of the house that holds them, and the doings and sayings of the inmates are the staple topics of conversation. In the morning they gather in each other's rooms, and the conversation opens with a discussion of at what hour the next door neighbor arrived home the night before, the business and the income of the new boarders in the second-story front, the quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So, which, by the way, they never would have known anything about if one of the members had not glued her ear to a convenient crack in the adjoining door, and many other topics of a like interesting and elevating character.

Now it is a perfect wonder to a busy woman how these ladies find the time for such lengthy discourses. Surely, the reading of a course of standard literature would be a much more worthy and instructive pastime and not lead to the mischief that such gossip always results in. Oh, women who board, take care! Take care lest your judgment be too harsh and your conclusions too hasty. Surface observation tells you nothing of the real life of men or women, and unless you desire the boomerang of your venom to recoil upon your own character, watch the tongue carefully lest it lead to gossip and scandal that has no foundation in actual fact.

A WOOL FOUNDATION.

A National Pike Bridge Rests on a Pile of Soft Sheep's Wool.

When the national pike bridge west of Richmond was in process of construction the workmen at the west side of Whitewater river dug down to find a solid foundation. They struck a great and seemingly bottomless bed of quicksand. Vainly they labored to find a safe resting place for the foundation.

Finally the civil engineer and the contractor struck on a model expedient to overcome the difficulty. They sent men all through the country to buy wool. They purchased nearly all of that commodity in that and adjacent counties, and the primitive woolen mills were compelled to pay high prices in order to procure anything to work on. This wool, unwashed, burs and all, was delivered on wagons of all sorts. It came piled high on beds constructed for the purpose, and all was tumbled into the hole intended for the foundation. As pressure was applied it sank some distance into the sand, but finally it would sink no further.

At last, on this wooly foundation, the rocks were laid, and to-day the western abutment of the old national bridge rests on a bed of compressed wool.

The Wealth of Oklahoma.

The last year is said to have been one of general prosperity to the Oklahoma farmers. The real and personal property of the territory the governor estimates at \$40,000,000. There are five national banks in the territory, with a deposit account of \$150,000 each, and four incorporated banks, two with \$50,000 capital and one with \$30,000. There are also fourteen private banks with an average capital of \$15,000.

A Valid Argument.

"I approve, sir, of physical education in our schools, for I know there is nothing better for boys and men than good, healthy exercise." "That may be, and yet our fathers never spent any time at gymnastic exercises." "I know it. And what's the consequence? Aren't they all dead to-day?"

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

Figures Showing the Condition of the National Finances December 31, 1897.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The public debt statement for December shows that in the last month of the year there was a net increase of the debt of the United States to the amount of \$518,283. The items from which this increase was made up were as follows: Increase of interest bearing debt, \$100,000; decrease of debt bearing no interest, \$371,175; decrease of debt on which interest has ceased, \$40,070; decrease of net cash in the treasury, \$1,236,330. On the 31st ult. the total of these items were: Interest bearing debt, \$585,034,080; debt on which interest has ceased, \$3,385,045; debt bearing no interest, \$377,106,627.

The total gold in the treasury December 31 was \$238,359,801, against \$247,508,405 at the end of November. Silver increased from \$458,496,138 to \$462,369,518. Against these deposits there were outstanding \$141,347,880 gold certificates and \$325,783,504 silver certificates. The net cash balance (surplus) in the treasury at the end of the year was \$29,092,588. Of this amount \$10,061,915 was in national bank deposits and \$10,571,480 in subsidiary silver coin. The net cash balance November 30 was \$30,428,918.

The changes in the treasury and debt balances during the year 1897 are shown in the following statement:

	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 31, 1896.
Interest bearing debt.....	\$585,034,080	\$585,034,080
Debt on which interest has ceased.....	3,385,045	4,533,340
Debt bearing no interest.....	377,106,627	36,321,636
Total.....	\$965,524,752	\$971,889,056
Am't of coin certificates and treasury notes issued.....	\$500,467,016	\$577,143,259
Gold in treasury.....	248,359,980	278,846,749
Silver in treasury.....	462,369,518	410,976,342
Total cash in treasury.....	\$710,729,598	\$757,800,432
Net cash balance.....	29,092,588	44,574,128

WILL PROTECT SETTLERS.

The Topolobampo Directors Pass a Very Praiseworthy Resolution.

ENTERPRISE, Kan., Jan. 4.—In connection with other business, transacted in reference to the Topolobampo colony, the following resolution was yesterday adopted for the protection of settlers, who seem fearful of ejection by reason of the attitude assumed by A. K. Owen, president of the Credit Foncier company: Be it Resolved, By the board of directors of the Kansas-Sinaloa investment company, now in special session at Enterprise, Kan., a majority of said board being present, that we, ourselves and for the Kansas-Sinaloa investment company, will protect the settlers in Sinaloa, Mex., in the peaceful possession, use and occupancy of the land now owned by said company, and also in the use of water which flows through the ditch constructed by them under the supervision of said company.

DAKOTA DIVORCES SCORED.

Episcopal Bishop Hare Denounces the Scandalous System From the Pulpit.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Jan. 4.—Bishop W. H. Hare, Episcopal, has caused considerable commotion in the divorce colony by attacking the divorce law of the state and the people who come here to secure legal marital freedom. "Any institution or practice carried on in a community which is sapping the moral life of that community," said he, "should be exposed and suppressed. The time has come in the history of our state when the divorce industry carried on here should receive such treatment."

Many Contests in Kansas.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 5.—Chairman Breidenbach announces that the Populists have instituted proceedings in twenty-four contest cases in the legislature, including four begun in the supreme court. Eighteen of these are in the house and six in the senate. On the Republican side there are seven contests filed and it is claimed that more will be, as the Republicans hold that the law requiring notice to be given within thirty days after the adjournment of the canvassing board is inoperative, because of the constitutional provision making both the senate and house the sole judges of their own members.

Correct Electoral Vote.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—The settlement of the Oregon contest makes it possible to make an accurate table of the vote for president as it should be cast by the electoral college and which will show: Total number of votes, 444; necessary to a choice, 223. Cleveland's majority 108. The total vote for the respective candidates is as follows: Cleveland, 270; Harrison, 144, and Weaver, 24.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

New York's real estate exchange transfers last year aggregated \$45,000,000.

Senator Peffer says he will take no part in the Kansas senatorial fight.

William Whalen, who perpetrated a huge mining swindle in St. Louis, has been caught.

Ministers of New Haven have taken steps to prevent betting at Yale on the athletic events.

Rock Island officials declare that the strike of the operators is dead and does not bother them.

In Wyoming the outlook is for the election of ex-Governor Baxter, Democrat, as senator.

It has been discovered that two of the Democratic electors chosen in Illinois are ineligible.

At Loudon, Tenn., citizens stormed the jail and took Henry Duncan, a murderer, out and lynched him.

Dervishes and Egyptian cavalry met in a fierce battle and the dervishes were beaten and many of them slain.

Mexico's financial future depends largely on the future of silver.

A DISH

That Is Fit For the Gods—Cooked Alligator Eggs.

"Never ate any alligator eggs, I guess?" was the somewhat curious question asked by Julian Gonzalez of San Augustine, Fla., as he picked his teeth in the hotel corridor. "Well, you needn't smile and look dubious," he admonished the incredulous listener. "I have, and I can assure you that when properly prepared there is no dish known to the culinary art more palatable. The natives of the Florida swamps and lagoons fairly feast upon them in season, and if Lucullus were with us in the flesh and could get a sniff of the aroma as it comes from the steaming, sputtering grill in which they are served, he would turn green with envy. There is no hardened shell on the egg to speak of, you know, and after it is washed it is soured into a pot of boiling water."

"Only two minutes are required to harden it sufficiently to impart to it a safe consistency. Then it is put into a peculiar brown gravy, whose chief condiment is heaps of red pepper, or chile, as the Spaniards call it. In this gravy it bakes until its thin outer coating wrinkles and splits open, revealing the luscious meat in a solid, elliptical lump. The gravy permeates the meat through the openings in the shell, and then you have a mouthful fit for the gods. The cooking is complete then, and no other flavoring is necessary. I have eaten a dozen of these eggs at a single meal and then hungered for more. It is a fact that the natives relish them so that, badly as they need the coin of the realm, money can not buy their alligator eggs. For this reason, and this alone, their delights are unknown to the epicurean world. It differs mainly from the hen's egg in its decidedly saline taste."

CURIOUS FACTS.

Origin of Some of Our Most Common Mathematical Signs.

The sign of addition is derived from the initial letter of the word "plus." In making the capital letter it was made more and more carelessly until the top part of the "p" was finally placed near the center; hence the plus sign as we know it was gradually reached.

The sign of subtraction was derived from the word "minus." The word was first contracted in m, n, s, with a horizontal line above to indicate that some of the letters had been left out. At last the letters were omitted altogether, leaving only the short line.

The multiplication sign was obtained by changing the plus sign into the letter X. This was done because multiplication is but a shorter form of addition.

Division was formerly indicated by placing the dividend above a horizontal line and the divisor below. In order to save space in printing the dividend was placed to the left and the divisor to the right. After years of "evolution" the d's were omitted altogether and simple dots set in the place of each. As with the others the radical sign was derived from the initial letter of the word "radix."

The sign of equality was first used in the year 1557 by a sharp mathematician, who substituted it to avoid frequently repeating the words "equal to."

Taught the Boy a Lesson.

A York, Pa., father wrote this in answer to a grandiloquent letter written by his son from college: "In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychologic observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversation possess a clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensibility, consistent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flutulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility, without rhodomontade or thronal bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity and ventiloquial verperdity. Shun double entendre and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent. In other words, speak truthfully, naturally, clearly, purely, but do not use large words."

His Dog Retrieved the Bomb.

A rather reckless Biddford man, with no respect for law or gospel, is said to have devised a scheme for catching trout by the wholesale, which did not work as well as he thought.

He thought that a bomb exploded in the brook would bring all the fish in it to the surface, so that he would only have to pick them up. He provided himself with a bomb powerful enough to blast a schooner out of water and went to a local brook in which there were said to be lots of trout. He fixed the fuse, ignited it, and threw the bomb into the brook. As he did so his dog jumped in after it, seized it in his mouth, got back to shore, and started after his master, who was legging it across the field as fast as he could in the realization of his danger. The man had the good luck to get over a fence, which bothered the dog, and a moment later, hearing an explosion, he looked around to see his dog going skyward.

Christmas Gifts.

In Norway an amusing practice is observed at Christmas. It consists in a secret conveyance of the presents, wrapped up in innumerable covers, on each of which a different name is written, so that they pass through many hands before reaching their destination. The curiosity may be imagined with which the process of uncovering is watched by those interested, for no one is sure who at the last will be lucky enough to receive the coveted prize.

A BLUFF.

How a Band of Indians Were Cleverly Duped.

"I had one brush with Indians and do not want another," said Major S. B. Pillsbury. "In 1850 I was down in Southwestern Kansas with a surveying party. I had been sent back to our supply station, some thirty miles distant, and was returning with two well-laden pack mules and a young half-breed Indian boy when a band of roving Apaches swooped down upon me."

"There were a dozen in the party, but I knew that surrender meant certain death, so I prepared to make such defense as I could. Right in front of me were two large cottonwood trees. I shot the pack mules so that one fell on one side of the trees and the other, thus making a rude fort. I had a fine rifle and a large fowling-piece, and I put a dozen bullets in each barrel of the latter and reserved it for the rush. The bucks were well mounted and armed, and they began circling around me, shielding their bodies behind their horses and firing rapidly. My first and second shots were fortunate, and the survivors retired to a safe distance and held a pow-wow. I felt sure that they would make a rush, and that if they did they would get me. I must make a bluff."

"In the packs were a dozen bunches of fire crackers, intended for our modest Fourth of July celebration. I secured them, cut the fuses short and lit a few with twigs and dry grass. The rush came. I led with my rifle and threw the crackers into the fire. I pumped both barrels of buckshot into the Apaches and the crackers set up a roar like a platoon of musketry. The Indians were astounded, and dividing to the right and left, went by me like the wind."

POWER OF A SMILE.

How a Lieutenant Pacified a Swarm of African Savages.

Italian soldiers used to be trained to overcome their foes by the assumption of the fiercest possible expression of countenance—the facia ferrea, as it was called. Lieutenant H. Crichton-Browne, of her majesty's service, says that during his perilous journey across the veldt in South Africa he found his engaging smile a more potent artifice to subdue the savage breast. One day a swarm of wild Africans came upon the lieutenant and his little band, and the redoubtable soldier confesses that he "felt an inward sinking," but it was only momentary. "I knew," says he, "that my safety depended on my maintaining external coolness, and so I remained imperturbable until I distinguished directly in front of me to the right, an Induna or Ring-kop (leaders among the Metabele wear a blackring on the head) who was particularly violent in his objection, and on him I fixed my eye and smiled. When I first smiled on the Ring-kop Metabele he was the picture of savage rage; as I went on smiling he mollified, and as I smiled again and again he broke into a hoarse laugh. It was a hoarse laugh, but I think I never heard a jollier one, and I immediately followed up my advantage." The savages were soon so pacified that they were willing to do anything to oblige the lieutenant and his party.

LONG FINGER NAILS.

A Chinaman Raised One Six Inches In Length.

To allow the nails to grow to an inordinate length is common in China, as an indication that the owner follows a sedentary occupation or leads a life of leisure. Long nails on the right hand would interfere with the use of the brush (corresponding to our pen), and would therefore reflect unfavorably on the person concerned, as tending to show that he did not devote himself to composition and literary exercises, the pride of all educated Chinese. They are almost always confined to the left hand, therefore, and are at times very long, delicately chased silver cases being worn to protect them.

Some years ago I met a Chinese gentleman who had carefully guarded the growth of the nails on the third and fourth fingers, the former for some ten years, the latter for over twenty-five. The nail on the fourth finger, when the silver protector was removed was some six inches or more long, and twisted like a corkscrew. Some few months later this gentleman, owing to an accident, broke the nail. His grief was as great as if he had lost a near relative.

The Most Remarkable Latin Sentence.

The Latin sentence, "Sator arepnet opera rotas," which is, it must be admitted, pretty bad Latin, is a curiosity nevertheless. It can be freely translated as "I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels." Its fine oddities are these:

First—It spells the same backwards as forwards.

Second—The first letter of each word spells the first word.

Third—The same may be said of the second third, fourth and fifth letters.

Fourth—The last letters, read backwards, spell the first word, the next to the last the second word, and so on throughout.

Fifth—There are just as many letters in each word as there are words in the sentence.

A Contrary Man.

"This remedy, sir," said the clerk at the drug store, taking down a bottle of patent medicine from one of the shelves, "is highly recommended for the ailment you are suffering from. The firm that compounds it has hundreds of testimonials. It has cured thousands of cases."

"I've no faith in testimonials," grumbled the customer. "Give me a bottle of some kind of blamed mixture, if you've got it, that has never been known to cure anybody."

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. 2.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1893.

NO. 3.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

RESULT OF TOWN BALLOTINGS IN KANSAS AND MISSOURI.

The Women Make a Strong Showing in Kansas—Republicans Win in Most of the Cities—St. Louis Goes Republican by a Good Majority—Carter Harrison Wins in Chicago.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 5.—Dispatches from the various towns in Kansas where municipal elections were held yesterday, show that the women carried everything before them. Although the exact and total women's vote cannot be given, the returns show that it was double that cast of any election since the passage of the municipal equal suffrage act in 1887.

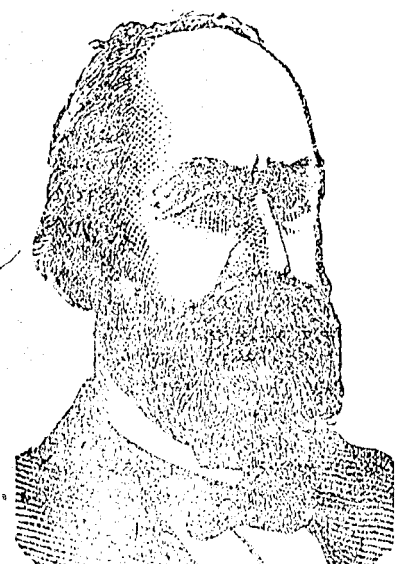
The returns show that the total women's vote cast was more than double that cast at any previous election. A united effort was made by the women throughout the state to make a good showing at the polls, and the result has been that universal suffrage has received an impetus which will in all probability result in the adoption of the constitutional amendment extending equal suffrage to all elective offices in the state at the next general election by an overwhelming majority.

The Republican tickets were successful in Kansas City, Kan., Topeka, Wichita, Lawrence, Leavenworth, Emporia and most of the other towns while at Fort Scott, Goodlander, the citizens' candidate and a strong anti-prohibitionist was elected mayor, and at Atchison the mayoralty race was a tie. At Kansas City, Kan., the women almost solidly knifed Mrs. Potter, who had herself nominated for mayor independent of the wishes of the other women in the matter.

CARTER HARRISON A WINNER.

He Defeats Alorton for Mayor of Chicago by Nineteen Thousand Majority.

CHICAGO, April 5.—Carter H. Harrison was yesterday chosen mayor of



WORLD'S FAIR MAYOR CARTER HARRISON. Chicago by a majority of 19,000, and the entire Democratic ticket was elected by majorities ranging from 16,000 to 19,000.

ELECTIONS IN MISSOURI.

The Republicans Carry St. Louis by a Good Majority.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 5.—The election in this city yesterday resulted in a victory for the Republicans. They secured the mayor, collector, city council and most of the minor offices, if not all. Cyrus P. Walbridge secured the mayoralty plumb from James Bannerman by a majority of about 3,000.

In St. Joseph the Republicans and Democrats each elected four aldermen, making the council a tie. At Joplin the Republican ticket was endorsed by the Populists and won. The Republicans carried Jefferson City by increased gains. At Carthage the Republicans elected three out of five councilmen. At Sedalia the Democrats made a clean sweep.

Nebraska Decides for Elections.

OMAHA, Neb., April 5.—Elections for local officers were held yesterday in all Nebraska cities and towns incorporated under the general law. There was no special interest at stake anywhere, the main question being the local option feature of the license law. In almost every place boards of trustees or councilmen favorable to license were elected.

QUIET AMONG THE CHOCTAWS

The Militia, However, Has Not Yet Disbanded as Agreed Upon.

PARIS, Texas, April 5.—There is no change in the status of the Choctaw war. The militia is still at Goodland quietly recruiting its strength. Locke is at his post waiting for an attack. It is not known why the militia have not disbanded as they agreed, but it is known there are white agitators among them insisting that the United States government has no right to interfere.

These men have also given the militiamen an exaggerated opinion of their own powers and importance. Locke's men are eager to move on the militia but he keeps them well in hand, and will not act except on the defensive.

Said to be a 5-Year-Old Boy.

GUTHRIE, Ok., April 5.—Robert Bonny, the 5-year-old son of S. D. Solomon of Chandler, committed suicide by shooting himself in the mouth with a 38-caliber revolver, resulting in his instant death. It seems that the young boy was in bed, and when no one was in the room got up and went to the stand drawer and took from it a pistol. Placing the muzzle to his mouth he pulled the trigger with the above mentioned result.

BURNED THE BRIDGE.

Boomers Determined to Keep Cattle Out of the Cherokee Strip.

GUTHRIE, Ok., April 5.—The bridge over the Black Bear river, nine miles south of Red Rock station in the Ponca reservation, was destroyed by fire last night. It is supposed that the bridge was set on fire by boomers in order to stop the shipment of stock over the Santa Fe road to be unloaded at Ponca.

A large number of trains of stock are being unloaded at Wharton, which is in the Cherokee strip, and will be driven from there to Ponca. So there is no question now about stock being unloaded in the strip, as a glance at the map will show. Settlers are arriving here in large numbers, and they are indignant at what is transpiring. Fires continue to exist here and on the strip.

Death on the Rail.

EDWARDSVILLE, Ill., April 5.—A terrible railroad accident occurred at 6:15 o'clock last night on the Jacksonville Southern railroad about three miles south of Edwardsville, near Glen Vernon, a mining village.

No. 29, a local freight going south, and No. 10, a passenger accommodation going north, collided, completely wrecking the freight train, both engines and one passenger car. Four men were killed and a number of others seriously injured.

Missouri Convict Labor Lenses.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., April 4.—The board of inspectors of the penitentiary has entered into a contract for five years to furnish A. L. Whitney, business manager of the Ohio Valley Pearl company, with 150 male and fifty female convicts, the same to be used in the manufacture of pearl buttons. The price of the labor is sixty cents per day for the men and fifty cents for the women. The entire business of the company will be moved here within thirty days.

A Noted Rabbi Divorced.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 5.—In the circuit court here to-day a divorce was granted Rabbi W. H. Sonneschein, one of the most prominent of his race and creed in this country, from his wife, Rosa Sonneschein, also prominent in Jewish and literary circles, now living in Chicago. Mrs. Sonneschein did not contest the decree, which was granted on the ground of abandonment.

Four Killed in an Explosion.

MCALISTER, Ind. Terr., April 5.—Choctaw Coal and Railway company engine No. 2 exploded yesterday afternoon at Wilburton, Ind. Terr., instantly killing Engineer L. P. Dwinell, Fireman Fred Fredericks, Conductor George W. Martin and Brakeman Henry Landis. The cause of the explosion is unknown. Several cars were wrecked.

Missouri Oratorical Contest.

MEXICO, Mo., April 4.—In the eleventh annual inter-collegiate oratorical contest of Missouri W. J. Williamson of William Jewell was awarded the prize, the subject being "National Perils." The second prize went to K. P. Wildley of Central college. His subject was "Democracy and Social Progress."

Approved the Election Law.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., April 4.—Governor Stone has approved the act of the legislature to prevent bribery and corruption at elections. It limits expenses of candidates and requires them to file sworn statements of their campaign expenses. The act is similar to the New York law.

Perished in a Fire-Trap Hotel.

BRADFORD, Pa., April 3.—Five persons perished and thirty were injured in the burning of the Higgins house. The cause of the fire is unknown, but it is supposed to have caught from a gas stove. It was a veritable fire trap.

Killed by His Playmate.

RAPID CITY, S. D., April 4.—Allie Boutwell, a 12-year-old boy, Saturday shot and immediately killed Emory Stucky, a 7-year-old boy, at a ranch near this city. The boys were playing hunter.

A Pleasure Party Drowned.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 4.—By the overturning of a sailboat on Lake Ponchartrain yesterday afternoon four persons, Mrs. Mary Kelly, Miss Agnes and Mamie Flynn, her nieces, and Miss Effie Kelly, were drowned.

Called Out and Shot.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 4.—At a dance near here Anna Wooden called out Mattie Moore and shot her. She gave herself up to the police and said she killed the Moore girl because she had talked about her.

The Public Debt Statement.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The statement of the public debt giving the transactions of the treasury in the month of March shows a net decrease in the debt of \$1,956,173.

Oklahoma County's Clerk in Jail.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Ok., April 5.—W. L. Bradford, clerk of Oklahoma county, was arrested to-day for appropriating \$6,000 county money. His bail is fixed at \$15,000.

Ten Miners Killed.

SHANOKIN, Pa., April 3.—A miner's lamp caused an explosion in a shaft at 7 o'clock Saturday morning and ten miners were killed, while two more are missing and probably dead.

Kansas City Factories Burned.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 3.—The Bowen Spring and the V. K. Sammons mattress factories were destroyed by fire last night. Loss, \$40,000.

IMPORTANT TO SETTLERS.

The Supreme Court Upholds the Court of Oklahoma in a Land Case.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The supreme court yesterday announced its construction of the proclamation by the president and the act of congress in 1889 opening to settlement the Creek Indian reservation in Oklahoma. They contained provisions that "any person who may enter upon any part of said lands prior to the time that the same are opened to settlement shall not be permitted to occupy or to make entry of such lands or lay claim thereto."

Alexander F. Smith, a railroad employee living at Edmond station at the time the lands were opened, entered a quarter section; this right of entry was contested by Eddy K. Townsend and decided in his favor by the local land officer, but on appeal the commissioner of the general land office, the secretary of the interior and the district and the supreme court of Oklahoma successively affirmed Townsend's entry and Smith appealed to the supreme court of the United States. Justice Brewer announced the decision of the court in an opinion reviewing the facts and the law in the case, concluding with the statement that "anyone who was within the territorial limits at the hour of noon on April 22, was, within both the letter and spirit of the state's, disqualified to take a homestead therein." Judgment of the Oklahoma supreme court affirmed.

NO RACING FOR CLAIMS.

Secretary Smith Says the Opening Will Be Conducted On Another Plan.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—"Yes, we heard late Saturday," said Secretary Hoke Smith yesterday, "that the Cherokee lands had accepted the terms proposed for the purchase of the Cherokee outlet. The interior department is now bending every energy to the work of getting matters ready for the opening. Of course, I cannot say even approximately just when there will be the opening, but this point I decided on. There will be no race for the land this time. The tripe on foot will stand an equal show with the man on the Kentucky thoroughbred. Every man shall have an equal chance with others and be absolutely prevented from getting anything better than an equal chance. Those men who have been spying about in the strip, scouting out the most eligible locations, will not profit by it nor stand any better chance than those who never saw or set foot on the land at all.

"No, I cannot tell what method will be adopted by the department in allowing settlers to select their locations. We have not got it thought out yet. But I am determined that it will not be the race-horse method."

A FARMERS' COMBINE FAILS.

The National Union Company's Stores in the Hands of Receivers.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 5.—The National Union company, the big combine which has been furnishing dry goods and groceries to the farmers of the country for the past year, is in the hands of a receiver. The union has six stores in Kansas, one of which is located in Topeka. All the stores excepting the one in this city, have been sold out and the stock of the local store is now being disposed of by order of the receiver.

The Kansas Alliance Exchange company, which was formerly connected with the combine, left that organization January last, and is not affected by its troubles.

NEWS NOTES.

Austria has definitely decided upon a material increase of her army forces.

Rear Admiral Gherardi has issued his final orders for the grand naval review on April 27.

Three victims of the Lanrel Hill mine disaster are still entombed and one of them is known to be dead.

At West Superior, Wis., five carpenters had a terrible fall from a sixty foot scaffold, sustaining probably fatal injuries.

The King James, a new English steel four master, was burned 200 miles out from San Francisco and her crew forced to take to the boats.

A disastrous fire, which the department had hard work in controlling, did much damage in Allegheny City.

The Volks Zeitung, the leading socialist organ of the country, commenting on the Ricks decision, endeavors to incite workmen to violence.

Leonard Mason of Virginia is said to have produced the best smokeless powder up to date. Large orders are reported to have been placed with him.

"Uncle" Dan Emmett, widely known as the composer of the celebrated and soul-stirring song, "Dixie," is living at Mount Vernon, Va., on the bounty of friends.

"El Tiempo," a Mexican newspaper, has delivered itself of an editorial on President Cleveland and American politics which equals the most absurd efforts of the English press.

President Carnot's son Françoise, who was drawn among this year's recruits for military service, has been relieved of obligation to serve on the ground that his physical health is below the standard.

A. R. Sutton, the Louisville whiskey broker, and his bookkeeper, William Beecher, charged with forging whiskey warehouse receipts to the amount of \$300,000, are in jail unable to give \$45,000 and \$30,000 bond respectively.

Chief Harrington of the weather bureau has demanded a full investigation of the administration of the bureau. J. B. McLaughlin, chief of the executive division of the bureau, suspended for insubordination, having neglected charges for corruption.

For unrequited love E. Ross Smith of Spokane Falls shot to death handsome and popular Effie Clark, also of Spokane, and then committed suicide. The tragedy occurred in Chicago. Miss Clark was a member of the Northwest university freshman class.

Two attendants at the Kansas state penitentiary chose friends as seconds and went out and settled a difficulty of long standing with their fists.

Young Miller, who shot and killed Miss Nunnemacher and committed suicide at Pass Christian, Miss., recently, it now transpires was the young woman's husband, having been married over six months before at the seashore.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, during a sermon at the Bloomingdale reform school at New York, secured the directors of the world's fair for their alleged decision to open the gates of the fair on Sunday. If such a course is taken, he predicts that the great exhibition will be an ignominious failure.

H. S. Mitchell, division superintendent of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis road, was stricken with paralysis while standing on the depot platform at Joplin, Mo.

A bill has been introduced in the New York legislature making it a misdemeanor for the publisher of a paper to misrepresent the circulation of his publication for the purpose of securing patronage.

The Pennsylvania and Big Four railroads have unearthed a gigantic combine among their employees that has been systematically robbing their freight cars, and sensational developments are promised.

Will Not Be Exhibited.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—The original drafts of the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States will not be sent to the world's fair. Secretary Gresham has decided that the risk is too great, and the precious old parchments will not be exposed to the perils of the journey and the chances of mishap while on exhibition.

Four Killed by a Boiler Explosion. LACONA, Iowa, April 4.—By the explosion of a boiler in a saw mill near here owned by Henry McKinness, he and his three sons were instantly killed.

All Quiet in Honolulu.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The mail brought to the United States from Samoa and Hawaii has reached Washington. The official mail for the department was small and contained no advices regarding affairs in Hawaii. Private advices in letters received by officers from friends in Honolulu state that matters are generally quiet on the islands.

There is considerable adverse criticism upon the appointment of Eckels as comptroller of the currency, it being claimed that he is not familiar enough with finances.

KANSAS MATTERS.

Hutchinson has a daily salt output of 4,000 barrels.

Vitrified brick as a pavement is being talked up in Fort Scott.

E. W. Howe is again at work at his old desk in the Atchison Globe office.

Cottonwood Falls and Emporia exchange dancing parties about once a year.

The Santa Fe pays out to its employees at Chanute about \$39,000 per month.

An Emporia firm made a shipment of three carloads of trees to Colorado recently.

It has been nearly two years since the Sheridan county jail has had an occupant.

A colored girl only 11 years old died in Lawrence the other day of consumption.

Topeka makes a pretty fair stagger at a funeral, but she is not in it alongside of Emporia.

Atchison now has a man who can say, "I have lived in Kansas City."

There is not a foot of pavement in the town of Good Intent, notwithstanding its name.

A Detroit, Mich., seed firm has purchased a Kansas farm for the purpose of growing seed on it.

Patsy Curtis, a Kansas horse, will make an attempt to lower the world's stallion record this year.

Independence is yearning for something fresh and meritorious in the way of theatrical talent.

"Poverty socials" began in Kansas after pork became so high as to make ham sandwiches impossible.

Atchison consumes an average of 4,500 pounds of meat a day exclusive of pigs' feet and calves' liver.

Applications for bank charters are filed daily at Topeka. They come from all sections of the state.

Stranger creek is a fishing stream in Atchison county where lots of good fellows meet and get acquainted.

The acreage of crops in Seward county this season will be increased nearly half over that of last year.

A man dressed in a white canvas suit with a painted advertisement of the state fair, is running loose in Kansas.

A life-size portrait of the late Governor Martin will be presented by his widow to the school in North Atchison.

The Santa Fe railroad is soon to have thirty new sleeping cars on its line, in anticipation of the world's fair business.

A colored man in Oskaloosa recently drank thirteen cups of coffee at one meal, and he wasn't very thirsty, either.

Study the Labor Exchange. It is well worth your attention.

CHIHUAHUA BROWN.

Chihuahua Brown came to Pyrites when the camp was first started. That was six months before the time of which I write.

Pyrites was a typical mining town or "camp," far up in the Rocky mountains.

It had grown in six months from one log cabin to a town of a thousand inhabitants. It was a rough, unpretentious town, both as regards its buildings and a large number of its citizens; but under the duck suit of the miner there are more honest hearts, more noble and generous natures, than will be found in almost any other calling in life.

The cleanest, most home-like eating-house in the place was Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. Bridget McGuire was a lively, bustling Irish woman, with a red face and hair a shade lighter. She was popular with "the boys," as she called the miners who patronized her place. "We can always get plenty on our forks at Mrs. McGuire's," was the usual sentence of praise bestowed upon her establishment.

"Chihuahua" Brown boarded with Mrs. McGuire. He was a quiet, retiring sort of a man. No one knew much about him, except that he once had some mining property near Chihuahua, Mexico. There was another Brown in Pyrites, so he was given the sobriquet of "Chihuahua," to distinguish him from the other Brown. He paid his bills promptly, and was highly esteemed by Mrs. McGuire, who sometimes spoke of him as "the widow woman's friend," on account of his once having loaned Mrs. McGuire \$200 without security, when the good natured Irish woman first started in business. Now she was beyond the need of financial assistance, and was doing a flourishing business—such a large business, in fact that she had been obliged to send to Denver for additional help to wait upon the table. The "help" duly arrived upon the stage and created a sensation in Pyrites. The first general description was given out by the stage-driver, "Fairplay Bill," to a deeply interested throng at the Silver Bear saloon.

"She cum up on the stage alongside of me," said "Bill." "When we got to the first station at Turkey Creek canyon, she asked if she could ride on the seat with me, she did so admire the scenery. I took her up beside me on the box, and you never heard a girl go on so about the color of the sky, and the trees and rocks, and the wild flowers bloomin' on the mountain side. She pointed out things to me about the scenery I never see before. I never see a girl so gone on scenery. She really did enjoy it. I got so darned interested hearin' her talk, I cum party near slidin' the whole outfit down the mountain. She's different from any biseuit shooter ever I see."

"Party?" She's purtier than that nigh leader o' mine, but she don't put on as much style as Kitty does, specially when she's just been hitched up an' anxious to go. Party? Ever see 'em pictures about a woman raisin' up out o' the sea? Ever see that picture o' Runyo and Julia? She's a durned sight purtier than either one o' 'em. I've carried many a hash-slinger in my time, but I never see one like her. Most o' 'em's got their hair cut short and curly, an' act fresh. She's different: long hair, blacker'n a dark night in the canyon; big eyes; foses in her cheeks; she's a lady, that's what she is. I could tell that first time I see her."

This was how Doris Ware came to Pyrites to be the "help" at Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. It was not strange that the business of the restaurant increased. Mrs. McGuire's new waiter-girl was very, very pretty, and a pretty face is an attraction anywhere, but especially so in a new mining camp, where women constitute a very small minority of the population.

It is not strange either that many of Mrs. McGuire's boarders fell in love with Mrs. McGuire's waitress. There was quite a noticeable sprucing up in the way of general appearance among the boarders. Two or three of "the boys" affected bright-colored ties, and when they came to their meals they were particular about washing their faces very clean. They seemed to put more than the usual amount of water on their hair and combed it back slicker than they had been in the habit of doing. All this seemed to have no effect upon Mrs. McGuire's help. She was as demure, retiring and modest as when she first arrived. There was one boarder who loved the pretty waiter-girl with the consuming passion of a secret affection. He scarcely dare raise his eyes to her, he was so diffident. The flutter of her dress was sufficient to cause every nerve in his body to tremble. If she spoke to him he was sure to put a lump of butter in his coffee or sprinkle sugar all over his plate, during the ensuing moment of confusion. This boarder was "Chihuahua" Brown. He was reserved in his manner, so quiet and gentlemanly that

Doris was naturally attracted to him. They became friends and gradually "Chihuahua" Brown learned the past life of Doris Ware. Her father had been a man of wealth; he was a speculator. A bad investment had left him almost penniless. He lacked the moral courage to face adversity and in a moment of desperation he blew out his brains. The shock almost killed his wife, a woman of a delicate, nervous temperament. His daughter Doris rose superior to the occasion. She supported her mother from the rather small wages she earned in a store. One day she read an advertisement in a Western paper: "Ten girls wanted for light, easy occupations in the mountains; wages \$25 per week." With such large wages she could comfortably support her mother. The amount was more than twice as much as she had been receiving. She had used her meagre savings to come West, only to find that "the light, easy occupation" for which the ten young girls were wanted was to serve beer in a dance-hall in Leadville. Being almost without money she took the first place she could get; it was her present one—waitress in Mrs. McGuire's restaurant.

It was a beautiful September afternoon in Pyrites. The mountains were covered with wild flowers, and here and there the sides of the mountain hills had been touched by the frost, transforming verdant hues into purple, crimson and gold. Doris went for a stroll early in the afternoon. She gathered the flowers as she went along, and almost every step revealed some new beauty of the floral kingdom. Her mind was not so much upon the flowers as it was upon him—big, bearded, honest, manly "Chihuahua" Brown. She had received a letter from her mother that morning, in which a remittance of \$100 was acknowledged. The letter to her mother had been sent by "Chihuahua" Brown, and he had stated therein that the \$100 was a part of the proceeds from a mine in which Doris had an interest with him. The money was badly needed by the mother, and her gratitude was almost extravagantly expressed.

Doris strolled on, thinking of the generosity of "Chihuahua," and the secret, delicate method he had taken of showing it.

It was time to return. The shadows began to gather on the mountains, and darkness would soon be upon her.

She started back to the trail; but, alas! there was no trail where she thought it should be. Again she located in her mind's eye the place where she had left the trail in her search for flowers, but there was no trail when she arrived there. It was almost dark. She realized that she was lost. Lost in the mountains; lost in a little basin, with the town of Pyrites just over a small ridge. But this latter fact she did not know.

Higher up in the basin she saw a light. It came from a miner's cabin. She started there. It was very much further than she thought it was. It seemed at least an hour before she arrived at the little cabin from the windows of which the light streamed out upon the dark mountain. The door was slightly open. Doris knocked. No answer. She entered the cabin.

What was this? A mining deed. Maxwell H. Brown to Doris Ware, a one-half interest in the "Goodness Gracious" lode.

A letter—she must not read it. Her name? Why, what could this mean?

"Dear Miss Doris"—so the letter began. Then she read: "All my life I have been going it alone, and I'm getting tired of it. I want a part—a partner, I mean—and that's you. I took you into partnership on the 'Goodness Gracious' lode last month. Will you be my part for life and have a regular warranty deed made out by Parson Wilson? I never was in love till I met you. I don't know how this affair will pan out but I don't think I'll be able to witter through without you. I know my love ain't worth as much to you as yours is to me, and if you say you will be my wife I will try and make the bargain even by throwing in the whole 'Goodness Gracious' mine and the 'Small Potatoes,' which is an adjoining claim. Answer me quick. If I don't get an answer I'm afraid I'll hurt some of the boys, because I don't know what I'm doing half the time. Please marry me—will you? And oblige yours respectfully, 'MAXWELL H. BROWN.'"

Just as Doris finished reading she heard a step, a heavy step, at the door. She grabbed the pen and wrote in large letters at the bottom of the sheet:

"My answer is yes. DORIS." Some one was bending over her. Some one had seen her write; some one saw that plain, big "Yes," and she was gathered tight in a pair of strong arms, and felt a fervent kiss upon her lips.

Another step at the door. It was "Galens" Mike, a miner.

"Chihuahua," he said, "there's an eight-foot vein of that stuff, and it will run at least \$1,000 to the ton."

"Chihuahua" did not answer Mike, but Doris heard him say:

"I wouldn't give one minute like this for 8,000,000 tons of it!"—N. Y. Journal.

The Man Who Killed Morgan. EMPORIA, Kan., March 25.—Major C. C. Wilcox died here last night. He was an officer of the Thirtieth Tennessee infantry and commanded the party at Greenville, Tenn., that killed the noted raider General John H. Morgan. He removed to this state in 1877.

THE PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

CYRUS CORNING, Editor.

EVA L. CORNING, Associate.

Business men are specially interested in the adoption of the Labor Exchange. It will largely increase their business.

If you want to post yourself on the Exchange subscribe for the PEOPLE published at Topeka.

Senator Martin as a hermaphrodite is finding hard work to satisfy thinking people that he is worth anything.

The NEW ERA of Council Grove, the headquarters of the Labor Exchange, will keep you fully posted on the workings of the Exchange, only one dollar per year.

Geo. Coffin, editor and proprietor of the Council Grove Courier, assures us he is in full sympathy with the Exchange idea and will do all he can to forward its interests.

Arrangements will at once be made to press the organization of the Exchange all over the state. Parties desiring information should apply to the President or Secretary of the Exchange.

Try to be part democrat and part Populist is like trying to be "good Lord and good devil." The racket is being worked on the assumption that the people are fools.

Let it be remembered by all who are not idiots that fighting fusion is not fighting the People's party any more than fighting prostitution is opposing virtue.

A new railroad law has been enacted in South Carolina which gives power to the railroad commission to fix passenger and freight rates and otherwise control the railroads of that state.—Klona Signal.

Prof. Garner, who went to Africa with a photograph to learn the monkey language, announces his success. Several animals in his possession are becoming fluent speakers and will probably run for the legislature after their naturalization.—Abilene Chronicle.

No doubt they would make as successful statesmen as we have had in the past.

The directors of the Labor Exchange met at the office of J. T. Butler in Council Grove, and elected officers as follows:

President, E. Z. Ernst, Olathe, Kansas. Vice-President, J. H. Bradford, Council Grove. Secretary, Cyrus Corning, Paola, Kansas. Accountant, N. Robbins, Bennington, Kansas. Statistician, J. T. Butler, Council Grove, Kan. State Organizer, J. V. Randolph, of Emporia. State headquarters are at Council Grove, Kansas, with the NEW ERA office.

In 1891 in Ottawa county the People's party made a vigorous campaign turning neither to the right nor left. That year the democrats and republicans manifested a strong inclination to unite. The People's party won in that fight by several hundred majority, losing only one of their men, and he was slaughtered by his own friends. In 1892 the People's party of this county played the fusion racket, adopted the trading racket, and lost. A howl for principle is worthless when not accompanied by consistent action. Politically will the people never learn?

The Republican is in receipt of Vol. 1, No. 1, of the NEW ERA, published at Council Grove. The first number is a very creditable one, devoted to the "reform" party, and carries at its masthead the names of Ed. C. and Wm. H. Corning, editors and proprietors. The Republican reaches out both hands to the enterprising boys, and hastens to assure them that a multitude of friends in the vicinity will be pleased to see them successful in their new vocation.—Quenemo Republican.

Let it be understood that a fight against fusion is in the interest of common decency and must precede even the hope of reform. He who advocates fusion is the enemy of the People's party and of common honesty. Let the 2x4 squirt guns who are trying to edit reform papers understand this. Fusion between the People's party and either of the two old parties is simply infamous. No honest well informed man will defend it. We challenge any of the representative men of fusion proclivities to its defense. Against the principles of the Omaha platform we have no war. But against the men who have bartered their manhood for position and profit we have unyielding opposition. We challenge them to the battle. They are frauds and the campaign of 1892 was run by these frauds who posed as reformers under the guise of Populists.

THE DANGEROUS POINT.

Every political party revolves about a political machine. A political machine is composed of men. Broad, comprehensive and fair minded men seldom compose that machine. Populists are ready to admit this when discussing the merits of the old political parties. The honesty of the membership is probably as great in one political organization as in another. And from the record of the past few months it is quite probable that the intelligence in the new does not in the least eclipse the intelligence in the old. Fair men may be put to the head of a new political organization and kept there as long as the movement is weak and pioneer work is to be done. But when the road is once blazed, after the pioneers and patriots have once done and suffered; when the promised land once appears in sight with its countless beauties, the thought of the probability of office, of power and plunder strikes the thoughts of the rif-raff of the old parties who have never hesitated to do the lowest and dirtiest work which was committed to their trust by their old party bosses; who never hesitated to slime over with slander, abuse and lowest vilification the well tried advocates of reform, and they come pouring into the ranks of the new organization ready to do valiant service for humanity, but of course they must firmly insist, as a matter of "wise statesmanship," practical politics," that the "too radical," the "visionary," and "cranky" who have made so many enemies in the past—while they were proclaiming truth and exposing the fraud and corruption of this same slum element—be quietly left out in making up the important committees of the new party, or in selecting the candidates for important offices, for say they, "they will weaken the party," "they are not available," "we must put new blood into the movement," and "put to the front men with clean hands who have never dabbled in politics." My God! what a thought to come from the slum element, from the old worn out political hags, steeped in frauds of the darkest hue, who have for years done the dirty work of their masters and libelled God's own chosen heroes! And still more, what a horrible thought that men who profess to have been born again, to have tested the good word of life and to have caught a glimpse of the glory land, should give their consent and endorse any such infamously policy, hatched by the enemies of the race. Yet it is done; it was done in 1890; it was repeated with a hundred fold vigor in 1892, and it is promised in the fullness of infamy for 1893-4. Such a policy constitutes the foundation for a political machine, and the carrying out of such a policy constitutes the building of a machine.

This leads us to ask, can a political party be formed without building a political machine? Can a political party grow strong without increasing the power and tendency of the machine to do evil? Is the machine—state committee and state officers (state house ring)—one whit better than the old machine which it has displaced? If so, in what respect? Were the methods employed to reach official position less reprehensible than those employed by the old machine to first get there, or to stay there, and if so, in what respect? Is the membership of the new party less servile than the membership of the old? Have they smaller rings in their noses? Do they dance less vigorously to the crack of party lash than their old associates whom they think they left behind and with whom they so willingly fused?

If not, "where are we at?" And how certain are we of getting reform through political organizations.

Because of these things, brought forcibly to the mind by the events of the last few months, and because of the long reform of the past, thoughtful men are turning away from political parties as means of relief and are looking to the Labor Exchange as the Saviour of mankind.

Study the Exchange.

MIND DOES AND WILL RULE.

From The New Era, Council Grove.

It is strange how men will pursue a hope when there is not the slightest prospect of its realization. They will toil, suffer and even fight to obtain the end sought; even though in the sober moments, when the mind is able to clearly survey the field, they know their efforts must prove a flat failure.

Behold the thousands of men toiling for a change in our industrial system through political party methods! They are farther away than when they began; they are getting weaker and poorer all the time. Daily they are losing their homes. Without a shelter, or so much as a spot of earth they can call their own, wives and mother's bend

beneath the burden, slip from their moorings and are lost. Children, overworked, freezing and starving, with a feeble wail, give up their lives and join the spirit throng passing on to a higher life. Still the toil of the millions crystallize into glittering wealth in the hands of those who scheme, plot and hold the reins of political organizations, seized while the masses were slumbering. To recover these reins, to undo the effect of schemes and plots, while the people are rapidly sweeping to lower levels, through constitutional and law made forms, in time to save the people from the lawful doom of serfdom, even granting the utmost wisdom and perfect harmony on the side of labor, and with the masses, is absolutely impossible.

Upon the theory that whatever the money power can do it will do, the people can and will be enslaved before they could reassert their right to rule and seize the reins of government in a constitutional way.

What, then, is the remedy? War bloodshed and havoc? A thousand times NO! The industrial forces would only slaughter each other and tyranny would fatten in the flow of blood.

What then? Must we meekly pass into slavery, and that, too, of the most horrid form?

No! Intelligence blazes the way out.

First, break away from the domination of political bosses. They would sink your souls in hell for whiff at the scent office. Note the campaign of 1892. Cease spending your time and money to beat the enemy at his own game—playing with loaded dice.

Learn the situation; study the methods in use and learn how to apply them. If they now benefit a few may they not be beneficial to the masses when applied to the many? If so, here lies the great Equalizer.

Organize yourselves, not into secret organizations, but into business combinations to use the business methods which have been so successful for the few. Make them yours. Use them for yourselves. Waste no time in useless wrangling, but drive straight ahead along the lines of business. Mark this, mind is the great ruler of the universe. It will rule in the Kingdom of production and distribution. Become intelligent. Ignorance is at the base of party worship.

The Labor Exchange will enable the masses to use for themselves the machinery now used to enrich the few. Study its operation. Assist in building it up for therein lies your salvation.

WHAT IS THE BASE.

"What is the capital behind the Labor Exchange?" asked a friend.

The question of capital has become ingrained in the minds of the people. Nothing can be done by them without the use of capital. A house can not be built, though all the materials are in sight and idle carpenters on hand ready to do the work, because there is no capital—meaning money—to be had, at least upon such terms as to pay. Not an enterprise can be moved forward for the same reason, yet there is not a dollar of this kind of capital entering into the building of the house, nor yet into the building of the industries. Capital, a sort of an inanimate thing, a creature of law, holds the mass of sentient beings in thrall to the few who worship at its shrine. Strange that such a brand should darken the pages of our civilization. Strange, surpassing strange, that the God-made individuals of this mundane sphere should be held in abject bondage to this law-made individual capital. Who can explain the ways and means by which it is done? Certainly the explanation is within the reach of thought. Capital—meaning money—is a very devious thing.

The true capital of the country is found in the bone and sinew of the producing classes. It lies in the products of labor stored in the great temple of industry. The Labor Exchange, without changing the avenues of trade and commerce, without making war upon the established business of the country or upon the financial machinery whose perfect and successful working has astonished the world, uses this natural capital, the only true capital, as its only base of operation. As this capital reaches the Exchange, certificates of deposits are issued thereon at the market value of this capital which certificate of deposit by agreement are made to perform among the membership all the functions of money. Those outside will receive them to the extent to which they in turn can use them at their face value, and being always good at the Exchange and among the membership, even better than their face value in gold, they will freely circulate.

They are not based upon money nor are they redeemable in money. In volume they are always equal to the market value of the products of labor upon which they are based. There can be no fluctuation in their volume as compared to the products to be exchanged. This tends to stability of price as values are always stable. The corporation checks performing the vast business of the country may never come in contact with a dollar of currency, yet the business is done, the wealth created and the check extinguished. Who can find fault with it? What combinations may do in this respect the Exchange may much more fully do with its checks or certificates of deposits.

Let the people turn their attention to the study of this question as presented through the Labor Exchange, do their own sturdy thinking, and above the corrupt plane of the political partizan, then, and not till then, will the light of a free, full emancipation from wage and tenant slavery dawn upon the race.

IT IS BRIBERY.

The thought of bribery is abhorrent to every fair minded person. It is destructive of the very foundation of civilization,—of government itself. It has perverted every sense of justice and enabled a few to prey upon the industries of the many. Corporations and combines have been formed and through the power and influence of bribery they have been able to call to their aid thousands and thousands of voters who have been led to plunder their own homes—rob their own wives and children. It is sad, indeed, to think that there is a single man on earth who will permit himself to be swayed in his action, or his judgment to be prevented by the use of money, power, place or the emoluments of office.

History records the fact that the old political parties have become the enemies of mankind chiefly through the influence of bribery. The mass, nor any considerable portion thereof, does not intend to be misled or corrupted. Methods are employed by the designers to effect the action of the masses which appear to be harmless of themselves. Thousands who would spurn the offer of money as a consideration for their action are easily reached and made to be their own executioners by the use of means and methods which seem to be harmless in themselves.

A reform party is organized. It begins a righteous warfare on the old parties and vigorously charges them with the corrupt use of money and other means to subvert the honest will of the people. The record is laid bare. The evidence seems complete and conclusive.

But what is the first movement of the new organization as soon as it comes into view of the promised land where the official plumb hangs in sight? Let us see:

The schemers of the new move propose to the schemers of the old party, out of power, to combine for the purpose of assaulting the office holders of the party in power. What is the inducement? The division of the spoils of office, the joint holding of the positions of honor, trust and power. How is it done? To accomplish it the masses must be deceived. They are made to believe that their salvation depends on routing the party in power. To this end they must bend their energies, and if successful, vast fields of profit and prosperity spread out before them.

But the membership of the old parties have not been in the habit of going in the advance of their leaders. What then is to be done? Simply make terms with the leaders. This is the work of fusionists—agreeing among themselves just how they will divide the spoils of office and just how they shall conduct the campaign as to best deceive the masses.

A. is a democrat, a man of prominence in his party.

B. is a Populist, a leader who has never "drawn the fire of the enemy" by coming in contact with the plans of those whom his party has been pleased to term as the wreckers of industry. B approaches A whose party his own organization vigorously condemned at Omaha when it was giving birth to the "Second Declaration of Independence" and says, "A how many votes can you command?" A says, "I think I control from 75 to 100." B then proposes a combination for the purpose of ousting A's confederates in public life every-where. A says, "What is there in it for me?" B says, "We will make it to your advantage; we will see that you get this or that office, elective or appointive, as we can agree upon?" A is pleased. The arrangement is made and each repairs to his own haunts to discipline his followers and prepare the way for two opposites to unite in the great struggle which shall usher in the new era when men shall be free from the rule

of corporate greed. The membership are prepared, the union formed, the victory won and A and B are made supremely happy in the official places so recently occupied by the other fellows. But how about the people, the masses, A and B's followers? Ah! they pay tax just the same and reform—better conditions—glimmer for them, far away in the dim distant as ever.

What made A combine and work with B? Office pure and simple. What was the consideration moving from one to the other? Salary and official power—this and nothing more. What made A's followers, "75 to 100," work and vote for the combination? Simply because A did. They knew their leader's voice and followed him. What is true of A is true in all respects of B.

Fusion is in all respects a trade, a bargain, a sale in which the masses are left out of the deal and considered as so much stock in trade to be handled by the bosses for their individual profit and gain.

It is the most infamous and the most dangerous form of bribery and the party which resorts to it has no right to live, and the higher the pretensions of the party so engaging in this species of bribery the more swift and certain ought its death to be. A fusionist essentially occupies a false position. He is essentially a political idiot or a political knave. If the former, he may be educated. If the latter, he is likely to baffle the skill of the Almighty.

A BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

The Labor Exchange is chartered as a Benevolent Association, and one of its first objects is to establish a Labor Bureau, employ idle labor and operate business of a local character and improve the condition of all the people in proportion to the extent of operations transacted. This will reduce the pauper taxation and increase the demands for the products of others, cure the tramp evil and elevate the condition of toiling humanity. The system is so arranged as to retain all the wealth created in the control of those who produce it. We need no majority to organize and work this system and derive the benefits at once. A few dozen men and women can put this plan into operation and do a vast good in any locality. Every county should have at least one Branch. It is true co-operation and must be a great advantage to all.

The cost of a life time membership is one dollar. It does not interfere with any one's individual business, but gives additional facilities and many new advantages to its members. All are equally invited to aid in elevating the condition of the American people. This is the true solution and the only way out. It beats Bellamy's idea and give immediate relief by operation.

E. Z. ERNST,
Olathe, Kan. General Organizer.

THE FAMOUS BLUE LAWS.

Much has been written and said of the famous blue laws which were in force in Connecticut about the middle of the seventeenth century. They were peculiarly severe and intolerant and show the restraint put upon the early settlers of Connecticut. Following are a few of the enactments which were made and in force at that time:

The governor and magistrates convened in the general assembly are the supreme power under God of this independent domain.

Conspiracy against the dominion shall be punished by death.

Whosoever says there is a power and jurisdiction above and over this dominion, shall suffer death and loss of his property.

Whosoever attempts to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death.

No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote, unless he be converted and a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only king.

No Quaker or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for magistrate or any office.

No one shall run on a Sabbath day or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her children on the Sabbath or fast day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above two shillings a yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender 300 pounds on his estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing that he has no estate, shall be laid out and sold, to make satisfaction.

No one shall read the common prayer book, keep Christmas, or set days, or play any instrument except the drum or jew's harp.

A man who strikes his wife shall pay a fine of ten pounds.

A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court a maid, in person or by letter, without first obtaining the consent of her parents.

Married persons must live together or be imprisoned.

Every male must have his hair cut round according cap.

ALLIANCE MEETING.

The Fourth district Alliance met in Council Grove Tuesday and transacted such business as came before it. State President Hanna, of Ottawa, A. C. Easter, of Burlingame, State Lecturer Scott, of McPherson, and many other noted men were in attendance. At night they held a meeting at the Opera house and were addressed by Ex-Congressman Otis, S. M. Scott and others. Mr. Easter of Burlingame was made chairman. During Mr. Otis remarks and touching upon the condition in Kansas, he said, "that we as a party must do away with this dickering, with fraud and corruption in our party, that we must hold our party up to the same standard that we insist the old parties should be held too." Referring to the issuing of passes by railroads, he said, "that the people's party should not charge others with riding on passes and at the same time, using the same instrument." All the way through Bro. Otis gently rapped the leaders on the head for their conduct in the last campaign. Had the Populists the candor and common decency at their Emporia convention and nominated Otis for congress, the fourth district would not have been lost to the republicans. At the close of Mr. Otis' speech Mr. Martin was called on for a song, and sang "Keep in the middle of the road." Mr. Scott was introduced as the next speaker, and before he could get under way, the fear of an approaching storm so excited the audience, that the meeting adjourned. All in all the meeting was a success.

The whole question of politics has become a matter of business purely. Bankers, money lenders, bond holders and monopolists generally, act together, while the industrial classes remain divided. If the latter would act for their interests as promptly as the former do for theirs, reforms would soon be brought about.—St. Louis Monitor.

The "Unknown" Appointees.

It is the complaint of the politicians that Mr. Cleveland's appointees are "unknown." This means, of course, that the men chosen to serve the people are unknown to the politicians, and, considered in the light of the commonly accepted idea that government is run for the politicians and not for the people, obscurity is indeed a fault. But a new order of things has come about. The people asserted themselves in the election of Mr. Cleveland; the politicians were beaten. "To the victors belong the spoils" has been a political maxim for fifty years, and the people have come to believe in it enough to demand through Mr. Cleveland that the politicians be ignored except as they are qualified to serve the people. Hence Mr. Cleveland's appointment of men from the ranks of the people, and not from the ranks of the politicians; hence the complaint about the "unknown."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Cleveland's departure from the old lines of official preferment will establish precedent, for the professional politician is a curse. He has come to believe that the government is constituted for his sole benefit; he has transposed the natural order of things; he considers himself the master and not the public servant. Through that assumption of power, the very word "office" has been twisted into meaning some sort of a possession. By this means the "office holding" class has risen. Men take up the business of "office holding" and "office getting," using every sort of influence to make their trade profitable.

But this practice is all wrong; it is crippling the public service, it is encouraging dishonesty and blunting the public morals of the nation. Mr. Cleveland sees this; he sees that the elevation and continuance of the "well known" politician in power is not consistent with the best results in government. Hence, as the foreman of public works, he is hiring men to do public business on their merits as business men, not their reputation as "fixers" and "bosses" and "beelers." The politicians may rave, but the "unknowns" will be entirely acceptable to the people whenever Mr. Mr. Cleveland has satisfied himself of their capacity and fitness.

Political and Otherwise

GRAND WORDS.

Chairman H. E. Taubeneck, of the National Committee of the People's party, uttered the following grand words, of which we heartily approve.

"FUSION mean confusion and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get. We want every democrat and republican to come with us and we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we can't afford to secure either voter or office by bartering away our principles. The very moment we use them as trading stock and peddle them around to the highest bidder to secure an office we will sink into oblivion and we ought to. There is but one thing for us to do 'Keep in the middle of the road.' Hoist the black flag and neither give or accept any quarter.

Any one who expects any of the old parties to give us any financial reforms by fusion in my opinion, is a mental deformity."

Where are the Wicked Barred?

"Tell me, gray-haired sexton," I said, "Where in this field are the wicked folks laid? I have wandered the quiet old grave yard through.

And studied the epitaphs, old and new, But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone I read no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made, With his chin on his hand, his hand on a spade;

I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is the judge when the soul takes flight? Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?"

Which of us mortals will dare to say That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?"

"In our journey through life the farther we speed The better we learn that humanity need Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind. Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones,

The evil that men do, let it die with their bones; I have labored as sexton this many a year, But I never have buried a bad man here."

We hold L. D. Levelling responsible for the demoralized condition of the People's party in this city.—Topeka Populist.

That the one horse statesmen of the People's party are itching for fusion with their political enemies this year and next is apparent. It won't work. The State officials will be called upon to define their position on the question. Silence won't do. Who are the patriots? Who will stand by principle and who are the spies nesting with the enemy? Let the State officials, elective and appointive, answer, and let the people hasten to rally their forces and turn under every man who in the hour of battle was found sitting at the council table of the enemy.

Do the traitors who boycotted the men and women, in the 1892 campaign, who stood for principle and whose speeches were educational, think they can summon them to the front and bid them to the fray whenever and as they please? Do they think they are putty to be moulded as they please?

The spirit of fairness and common decency must underlie reform. Without it all will be chaos.

Ring down the line are the echoes of justice, "those ye between the stalwarts of reform, the heroes of many battles, and your democratic enemies who are willing to be bought with a price."

Let every one remember the fact that Senator Martin never got a majority of votes recognize by the Kansas supreme court decision. Yet the United States senate, containing the ablest lawyers in in the United States, gave Senator Martin his seat. No republican had the impudence to go there and say aught against it. Perkins surrendered without complaint or protest. All of this is the highest possible endorsement of the Populist course, and a sweeping condemnation of the Kansas court. Don't forget to remind republicans of this.—Ottawa Journal.

Those "ablest lawyers" were never yet know to favor the passage of laws in the interests of the people, they will not now work in this direction, nor were they ever known to interpret law, or plead in the courts, in behalf of the producing classes as against the greed of the devouring combinations.

Shall Populists, after condemning both old parties as the tools of monopoly, the trucking servants of Wall Street, go into a democratic senate among democratic lawyers to find evidence to sustain their doings.

A democratic senate is as apt to be intensely partisan and as notoriously corrupt as republican courts, or republican legislative bodies, or the record is false and the Omaha platform a burning lie

It would seem that here is a fair opportunity for the attorney general and the state administration to determine who is to run the state of Kansas for the next two years. If such lawlessness and contempt of authority are to prevail, the people of Kansas would like to know it as soon as possible.

The Advocate expects that the laws will be enforced in Ft. Scott, and further that the state authorities will act

promptly in the matter. This is a case of open defiance of law, in which there is no excuse for delay.—Topeka Advocate.

THE PEOPLE is pursuing the very course it adopted when it was established at Paola. It has not changed. It was anti-fusion. It has eaten no crow since the election. It did not in the campaign surrender its convictions. It will not now. It is not kicking over something recently gone wrong. It is kicking at general methods and general results and it proposes to increase its kick until Rome shall howl. And yet we do not see how an honest and an intelligent man can refrain from kicking when he considers the administrative acts since Levelling exploded his inaugural bomb-shell, even though he had been induced to take a very large dose of fusion pills.

Wonder if Dr. V., if he follows Gov. Levellings advice and gets the endorsement of Mr. Bonbrake and Mr. Mulvane, republicans, will get the appointment on the Board of Pharmacy?

Think quite likely that the democratic editor Chapman does not now hold fusion promises in high esteem. Of course he went into the deal with his eyes wide open and if he has suffered loss he has no one to blame but himself. A fusionist is essentially a deceiver. He starts out with a brazen lie burning on his lips and he keeps it up as long as the people can be duped. But editor Chapman would have received the promised plumb had it not been for the fires of indignation springing up all over the State. It is because of the anti-fusion fires that the Executive Council were led to do the decent thing for once and make the Advocate the official State paper.

Pile on the fact, boys, and make these fires burn more brightly until Populists hypocrites, both in the State House and out, are fully exposed to the gaze of men.

Mrs. Lease has declared that there will be no fusion between the Pope and Demos two years hence, or in 1894. Probably not. Unless there is a thorough re-organization of the Peoples party in the very near future there will be no Pops with which to fuse. And that re-organization must be so thorough as to turn Pop-fusionists out and under.

The Whaley-Sterne outfit is trying to capture the city administration again, using Lee Jones as a decoy.—Topeka Daily Press.

What is the matter with Mr. Whaley? He ought not to be obnoxious to reformers, as he has been endorsed by Auditor Van Prather and made chief clerk in his office.

The worst reform failure yet recorded is that of the infamous Judge McDonald, member of the new state board of pardons. He has made such a disastrous fizzle that the populist administration itself is disgusted and it is possible that the doctor will not return to his official duties.—Ex.

A notoriously incompetent element finds no difficulty in forging to the front in political organizations and there has been no exception to this rule in the People's party. Levelling et al have had no difficulty in recognizing their own and have succeeded in pushing them well to the front. "Birds of a feather flock together.

We unhesitatingly say the Topeka Daily Press is the best all round paper in Kansas. It gives as much general news as any other daily in the state, while its editorial department reflect marked ability—far superior to anything that passes for editorial matter in the columns of many of our daily papers. The best of all, Col. Chapman, its editor, is with the people in their fight for industrial freedom. He is standing by the new administration and defending it against the assaults of the corporations and their republican tools. This paper should have the earnest support of all who believe the people should rule. The subscription price by mail is \$5 a year; \$2.50 for six months, and \$1.25 for three months. Address Topeka Daily Press, Topeka, Kansas.—Ottawa Journal.

Well, maybe so, that the Press is a good enough newspaper, but just how Col. Chapman is with the people in the fight for freedom, we don't see. He stands for Cleveland and his gold bug policy. Cleveland is the representative of all the corporate interests of the country. Cleveland now is the head and front of all the monopolistic elements of the country. Chapman stands for Cleveland. Why should Snow stand for Chapman?—Populist.

THE VOTING MACHINE.

The Myers voting machine was tried in some of the town elections in western New York a few days ago with very

satisfactory results. The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle says:

"At the Warsaw election the average time expended by a voter in recording his preferences by means of the machine was twenty seconds. The longest time occupied was three minutes, the shortest eight seconds. At Brighton the polls closed at 5:57 o'clock, and six minutes afterward the result of the election was known and recorded. The certificate of the result was in the Democrat and Chronicle office before 7 o'clock. An hour later returns had been received at this office from only fifteen of the city districts, and it was after 11 o'clock before the last city return was in."

The merits claimed for the machine are mechanical accuracy, facility of voting and rapidity in making out the returns.

See here, all you Kansans, do you not know that our system of paying freight both ways is enough to cripple our endeavors? If you don't it is time to consider. There is no reason on earth why every pound of pork and beef raised in Kansas should not be slaughtered and dressed for market on Kansas soil. The same is true of our wheat. Kansas wheat should be converted into flour by Kansas mills. Let Kansas get the benefits of these manufacturing profits and expenditures to wage earners and the cry of hard times will be eliminated from within our gates. Kansas should turn manufacturers. It was only a few years ago that the South began to see this thing, and now her mills are doing the work.—Salina Herald.

Exactly. In the Labor Exchange you can do this very thing. Through the Exchange the tillers of the soil can place the products of mother earth on the markets of Kansas, and every man, woman and child can then have something to eat and wear. Through the Exchange Kansas can and will become the greatest manufacturing state in the Union and her citizens can and will build fine cottages to live in and her brand and beautiful valleys will become the grandest garden spot on earth. In other words Kansas will be made a perfect Paradise.

The News says that Hutchinson has a total of sixteen salt plants, and one of them, that of the Kansas Salt company, is the largest in the world. The average daily output of salt from that city is about 4,000 barrels or 40 car loads. The plants run every day in the year, making the production reach the enormous total 1,500,000 barrels. The importance of this industry to Kansas may be in a measure appreciated when it is known that salt sells in every town in the state for \$1.50 per barrel less than it did when the works were established. That means a round million of dollars saved every year to the people of Kansas.—Parsons Eclipse.

There is an army of men employed upon the railroads of the United States, an army of 784,000. They are not engaged in idle maneuvers, dress parade, barrack drills, or preparations for warfare, but by their diligence, energy and toil contribute immensely to the wealth, well being and development of the country, the interchange of its products, the diffusion of information, the prompt transportation of vast numbers of passengers with a remarkably low percentage of casualties. The number of passengers carried last year was 520,000,000. The number killed was 293.—Scientific American.

The Salina Sun in writing at the equal suffrage amendment and the possibility of its becoming a law, seems to think that it will rebound to the welfare of the republicans as all the women in the cities can get to the polls and but few in the country will probably take the trouble. The Sun is off. The farmer women have as much hay seed in their hair as their husbands have, and what is more they will enjoy a ride of two or three miles to the polls as much as to a picnic. The Sun will find that every populist woman in Saline county will cast a ballot and that the law will literally wipe out the republican party in Kansas.—Salina Herald.

Unless the Cherokee outlet is specially opened for settlement there is going to be great suffering among the emigrants on the border of Kansas. The people who are seeking homes will not be wholly responsible for their own suffering either. It is true: they were repeatedly warned by the government to stay away but at the same time newspaper correspondents have constantly held out to the people that there was nothing in the way, that the proclamation would soon come, in time to set the spring crop and that all who camped on the line should certainly have first choice of home-land. There is now a growing desolation in those who have waited so long to organize

and go in by the thousands agreeing upon mutual protection and then defend themselves, their wives and children against U. S. troops. They argue that when Uncle Sam finds them at work upon the land that their numbers and necessities will compel humane treatment and that they will be allowed to stay. This is revolutionary but it is never the less a fact and it would seem that in the face of such a condition it is unwise to longer with hold the opening proclamation.—Salina Herald.

Destroy the prosperity of a people and you cool their patriotism. The man who never expects to be able to own a home of his own cannot be expected to sell his life on the battle field to defend the homes of others. The larger the number of home owners among the people the more tenaciously will they defend the country from all foes whatsoever. Our strength in the past has been that we were a nation of home owners. A home was within the reach of all. And the greatest danger that confronts us today grows out of the fact that we are rapidly ceasing to be a nation of home owners. We have a large and continually increasing class of disinherited people, and this is the direct result of vicious legislation on questions of finance, transportation and land.—Ex.

A WOMAN'S TRIP ON SNOW SHOES.

Mrs. Burgess, the wife of a member of the Newfoundland assembly, has accomplished a feat second only to that of Mrs. Peary. She accompanied her husband to the session at St. Johns, walking 230 miles over snow and ice on snow shoes. They had a guide, a sledge and three dogs carrying baggage and provisions, during the first portion of their journey, 103 miles from Little Bay, their home along the coast they frequently traveled many miles over ice on the bays and inlets. Three nights were spent without good shelter. They made a temporary shelter of branches of trees and warmed themselves at fires. Sleep was impossible, owing to the cold. On one occasion it was necessary to cross an arm of the sea, eleven miles wide, in a boat. The boat was leaky. Four rowers, Mr. Burgess and his wife, the guide, dogs and sledges were all in the boat. They had to unravel a rope to fill the seams of the boat to prevent her from sinking. They were caught in the running ice and nearly carried out to sea.

The men gave themselves up for lost, but they gained an isolated rock and finally got to the mainland. The rest of the journey, 127 miles, was through the interior, crossing rivers by means of rafts lying across them. Several snow storms were encountered, and six days were occupied in the journey. Mrs. Burgess is the first woman in Newfoundland to make such a journey.—Ex.

"NEW" POST-OFFICE RULES.

A funny postmaster recently sent to the postoffice department a new set of postoffice rules. They were:

A pair onions will go for two cents. Ink bottles must be corked when sent by mail.

Persons are compelled to lick their own postage stamps and envelopes, the postmaster can not be compelled to do this.

Persons are earnestly requested not to send postal cards with money orders inclosed, as large sums are lost in that way.

Nitro-glycerine must be forwarded at the risk of the sender. If it should blow up in the postmasters hand he cannot be held responsible.

When letters are received bearing no direction, the party for whom they are intended will please signify the fact to the postmaster that they may at once be forwarded.

As all postmasters are expert linguists the address may be written in Chinese or Choctaw.

It is unsafe to mail apple or fruit trees with the fruit on them.

It is earnestly requested that lovers writing to their girls will please confine their gushing rhapsodies to the inside of the envelope.

Ducks cannot be sent through the mail when alive. The quacking would disturb the slumbers of the clerks on the postal cars.

When watches are sent through the mail, if the sender will put a notice on the outside, the postmaster will wind and keep it in running order.

John Smith gets his mail from 674-279 postoffices, hence a letter directed to John Smith, United States, will reach him.

When you send a money order in a letter, always write full and explicit directions in the same letter, so that any person getting the letter can draw the money.

Alligators over ten feet in length are not allowed to be transmitted by mail.

The placing of stamps upside down on letters is prohibited. Several postmasters have recently been seriously injured while trying to stand on their heads to cancel stamps placed in this manner.

HUMAN GREATNESS.

The stars are myriad gems that float Each one a lustrous golden mete. And each within his little place About the loneliness of space.

They float and drift and swarm and swim, In human vision faint and dim, And still beyond our keenest eyes They throng a million other skies.

Imagination fails, and thought Before the threshold hails distant, While blackly o'er the spirit brood The terrors of infinitude.

And what's the earth? A satellite That whirls about a cosmic mite. A grain of dust impalpable, And cries: Behold me, I am great! Of which all space is sifted full.

And here's a man upon the earth Who prides himself on wealth or birth: Who struts his little breast apace: And cries: Behold me, I am great! —George Horton.

KANSAS MATTERS.

An Atchison county farmer is feeding 5,000 head of sheep.

At Osage City a new co-operative store with a capital of \$50,000 is soon to be started.

Good government land can still be had in Gray county for the payment of the filing fee.

A Newton woman has just completed a point lace "Josie" which she values at \$500.

Arkansas City hotels are enjoying a largely increased business on account of the strip opening.

An Independence lady has an invitation to the inaugural ball held in Washington March 4, 1893.

One Salina firm paid out \$11,000 to the farmers of Saline county last month for poultry and eggs.

Baker university has a total enrollment of 480 students. It is not as big as the state university, but it is a heap more pious.

Madame Modjeska is very fond of walking. When she was in Topeka she crossed and recrossed Kansas avenue several times.

It is the impression that the postmaster at Bello Plaine is preparing for a change because he advertises a load of coals for sale.

There are forty men employed on the new government building at Atchison. Isn't that about enough federal pie for one town?

A spinning wheel made in 1720, and now the property of a resident of Lafayette City, has been sent to the world's fair for exhibition.

Emmett Dalton has been put to weaving carpet in the Kansas penitentiary. That is about as near as he will ever come to stretching hemp.

It appears that the women of Wellington have enough sense to leave the merchant in the soup who hid in a supply of crinoline a few weeks ago.

A watch chain which was stolen two years ago from a Topeka jeweler, was recognized by him the other day on a man from Missouri who was passing his store.

The skating rink at Emporia, which is associated with the recollection of many effulgent social events, is to be converted into a stock stable. Sic transit, etc.

The Kansas boys at the Chicago university are distinguished from the rest of the students by the certainty with which they know everything, and more besides.

A Lawrence resident recently sold two 6-months-old greyhounds to a Texas gentleman for \$500. The live stock industry seems to be picking up in all branches.

Paola has a minister named Schnacke. The prominent individual whom he is fighting spelled his name differently when he tempted Mother Eve in the garden.

Paderewski will visit Topeka about the middle of April. It will be a great treat to see the wondrous zephyrs of Kansas avenue toy with the luxuriant locks of the Polish pianist.

The Delsartean fad has taken full possession of society in Lawrence. A woman in that town who weighs 200 pounds with her summer clothes on is practicing the "feather movement."

The meeting of the State Bee Keepers' association and the Forest Park Chautauqua are events which are looked forward to in Ottawa with the hope of financial aggrandizement and of spiritual profit.

Robert Morrow, who used to run the Hotel Coolidge in Emporia and afterward the Byram house in Atchison, has leased a big hotel which is in process of construction at El Reno, Ok. His sons, Bob and George, will help him run it.

An Atchison county farmer's net profits last year on his eighty acre farm were \$14.03. The net profits of his wife from forty-two hens in the same time were \$126.18. Now let us hear no more about the superiority of the sterner sex.

A Wichita man recently furnished the Missouri Pacific road an indemnifying bond for \$200,000 on behalf of a widow whose husband was killed on the company's trucks. The bond was given in order that she might collect \$45 due her husband as wages.

The secretary of the faculty of Lane university contradicts the statement that the southwestern conference of the United Brethren church voted to withdraw its support from Lane with the view of making Central college at Enterprise the church school of the state. Lane is still in the conference and is still in the swim.

A Recently Attributed.

Quester—It's funny how some people's opinions vary. There's Meekleigh, for instance; he was of the opinion that his wife was heavenly before he married her.

Jester—And to a certain extent he has occasion to think so yet.

Quester—In what regard, pray?

Jester—Why, they say "Order is heaven's first law," and it's Mrs. Meekleigh's, too. She doesn't do much else but order, and the worst of it is that he doesn't find it politic to do other than obey.

A Hundred Carriages Followed Him. "And a hundred carriages followed him to his grave," said the man who was describing the funeral.

"Who are they talking about?" asked a stranger, "a great statesman, warrior, poet or what?" "They are talking, sir, of Mike the bruiser, who kept the dive."

A BLUFF.

How a Band of Indians Were Cleverly Duped.

"I had one brush with Indians and do not want another," said Major S. B. Pillsbury. "In 1859 I was down in Southwestern Kansas with a surveying party. I had been sent back to our supply station, some thirty miles distant, and was returning with two well-laden pack mules and a young half-breed Indian boy when a band of roving Apaches swooped down upon me.

"There were a dozen in the party, but I knew that surrender meant certain death, so I prepared to make such defense as I could. Right in front of me were two large cottonwood trees, shot the pack mules so that one fell on one side of the trees and one on the other, thus making a rude fort. I had a fine rifle and a large fowling-piece, and I put a dozen bullets in each barrel of the latter and reserved it for the rush. The bucks were well mounted and armed, and they began circling around me, shielding their bodies behind their horses and firing rapidly. My first and second shots were fortunate, and the survivors retreated to a safe distance and held a pow-wow. I felt sure that they would make a rush, and that if they did they would get me. I must make a bluff.

"In the packs were a dozen bunches of fire crackers, intended for our modest Fourth of July celebration. I secured them, cut the fuses short and lit a fire with twigs and dry grass. The rush came. I led with my rifle and threw the crackers into the fire. I pumped both barrels of buckshot into the Apaches and the crackers set up a roar like a platoon of musketry. The Indians were astounded, and dividing to the right and left, went by me like the wind."

POWER OF A SMILE.

How a Lieutenant Pacified a Swarm of African Savages.

Italian soldiers used to be trained to overcome their foes by the assumption of the fiercest possible expression of countenance—the facia ferrea, as it was called. Lieutenant H. Crichton-Browne, of her majesty's service, says that during his perilous journey across the veldt in South Africa he found his engaging smile a more potent artifice to subdue the savage beast. One day a swarm of wild Africans came upon the lieutenant and his little band, and the redoubtable soldier confesses that he "felt an inward sinking," but it was only momentary. "I knew," says he, "that my safety depended on my maintaining external coolness, and so I remained imperturbable until I distinguished directly in front of me to the right, an Induna or Ring-kop (leaders among the Metabele wear a black ring on the head) who was particularly violent in his objection, and on him I fixed my eye and smiled. When I first smiled on the Ring-kop Metabele he was the picture of savage rage; as I went on smiling he mollified, and as I smiled again and again he broke into a hoarse laugh. It was a hoarse laugh, but I think I never heard a jollier one, and I immediately followed up my advantage." The savages were soon so pacified that they were willing to do anything to oblige the lieutenant and his party.

LONG FINGER NAILS.

A Chinaman Raised One Six Inches In Length.

To allow the nails to grow to an inordinate length is common in China, as an indication that the owner follows a sedentary occupation or leads a life of leisure. Long nails on the right hand would interfere with the use of the brush (corresponding to our pen), and would therefore reflect unfavorably on the person concerned, as tending to show that he did not devote himself to composition and literary exercises, the pride of all educated Chinese. They are almost always confined to the left hand, therefore, and are at times very long, delicately chased silver cases being worn to protect them.

Some years ago I met a Chinese gentleman who had carefully guarded the growth of the nails on the third and fourth fingers, the former for some ten years, the latter for over twenty-five. The nail on the fourth finger, when the silver protector was removed was some six inches or more long, and twisted like a corkscrew. Some few months later this gentleman, owing to an accident, broke the nail. His grief was as great as if he had lost a near relative.

The Most Remarkable Latin Sentence.

The Latin sentence, "Sator arepo tenet opera rotas," which is, it must be admitted, pretty bad Latin, is a curiosity nevertheless. It can be freely translated as "I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels." Its fine oddities are these:

First—It spells the same backwards as forwards.

Second—The first letter of each word spells the first word.

Third—The same may be said of the second third, fourth and fifth letters.

Fourth—The last letters, read backwards, spell the first word, the next to the last the second word, and so on throughout.

Fifth—There are just as many letters in each word as there are words in the sentence.

A Contrary Man.

"This remedy, sir," said the clerk at the drug store, taking down a bottle of patent medicine from one of the shelves, "is highly recommended for the ailment you are suffering from. The firm that compounds it has bushels of testimonials. It has cured thousands of cases."

"I've no faith in testimonials," grumbled the customer. "Give me a bottle of some kind of blamed mixture, if you've got it, that has never been known to cure anybody."

RATHER INQUISITIVE.

She Could Not Make Bad News of It, Although She Tried.

"I have often read of the inborn curiosity of the genuine Yankee," said a Westerner on a visit to New York the other day, "and of the unconsciously impudent way in which he will cross-examine the merest acquaintance. Out in the West it is not only bad manners, but often dangerous to ask too many questions, so we don't do it. Therefore I was a little surprised when I first met one of these 'I-want-to-knows,' but I quickly decided to humor her—it was a woman this time—just see how far she would go.

"I was traveling up into Vermont to take some presents from a friend of mine in California to his father and mother on the old homestead. The car was pretty full and I had to make room on my seat for a farmer's wife with a big basket of groceries. She apologized for crowding me and I was rash enough to say that I did not mind it at all. That broke the ice for her and she began:

"Going to Plum Corners?"

"Yes."

"Do tell! That's where I live myself. Going to stop at Bink's hotel?"

"No."

"That's all the hotel there is at Plum Corners. Guess you must be going to stop with friends there?"

"Yes."

"Mr. James Stebbins."

"Do tell. Old Jim Stebbins? Is he any relative of yours?"

"No."

"Just an old friend, eh?"

"Never saw him in my life."

"I want to know. You're a sheriff's man, I guess, come out to serve a writ on him, eh? I always knew Jim Stebbins wasn't as well fixed as he pretended. What business has a farmer with a fast trotting horse anyway? I always knew if I lead him inter debt and I ain't sorry for it, the onneighborly old curmudgeon. Say, how much is the judgment for? I've been expectin' this for years."

"I have no judgment against him. I have come to tell him something about his son."

"What! Young Bill Stebbins? Is he dead?"

"Not so bad at that."

"Not quite so bad, eh? In jail, mayhap. Well, I never could see nothing to admire in Bill, anyway. A humbly sort of a feller to look at he always was, and after he throw over my darter and went out West, I knowed he'd go to the bad. What sort of a scrape is he in now, stranger?"

"A bad one, I'll be bound; horse stealin' or arson, eh?"

"No. No scrape at all, madam. I answered. He's just been elected county judge, and I've come to tell the old people that he is about the most respected man in those parts."

"Hump," snorted the old woman. That was all she had to say, but she made it mean a great deal."

CHEWING GUM.

What the Ordinary Jaw Wagger Is Made of.

Ordinary chewing gum is made of gum chicle, sugar and a variety of flavors. Gum chicle is merely a form of India rubber. The gum has a certain quantity of sugar added to it to sweeten and make it palatable. It will be noticed that in chewing gum after it has been in the mouth awhile the sugar and flavor are entirely gone and what remains is the rubber-like product, which is the chicle gum nearly pure. This gum is the sap of the sapodilla, a Mexican tree. It is collected like India-rubber sap, by cutting incisions in the bark between the months of November and April, and after the gum has been gathered it is packed in sacks, 200 pounds to the sack. It is then a light colored mass apparently about half way between gutta percha and India rubber. In the factories it is washed, dried and mixed, and when run off on spreaders, is cut into sticks, wrapped and packed ready for shipment. Within a few years the industry has assumed large proportions, and the demand for it seems to be growing. In England they do not chew gum, looking down on the habit as vulgar and even disgusting, but Australia seems to have taken to it kindly, and is already making large demands upon the resources of the American gum manufacturers.

The Intelligent Comp.

A Chicago minister once preached on the lack of life in church meetings and expressed his belief that what was wanted was more fire in the meetings. The good man was horrified the next morning on opening his paper to read that the printer had quoted him as saying: "What we want and must have is more fun in our church meetings."—Chicago Standard.

A Rare Literary Find.

The chances are that the man who wrote an immortal book may have something worthy to say even in a posthumous book. Henry de Rothschild has secured a newly discovered manuscript from the pen of Le Sage, author of "Gil Blas." It is an opusculum entitled "Arlequin Colonel," and is written with remarkable elegance and wit.

Why Had She Been Unmarried?
"I'm an unmarried woman, mum," said an applicant for a housemaid's place, in answer to a question.
"Ah!" replied the questioner, who had been graduated at Vassar; "what were the grounds of divorce?"

Bank Holidays.

Bank holidays were first established by a statute passed in the year 1871. The holidays were at first only intended to relieve the banks, but were subsequently extended to customs, inland revenue offices, etc.

SEEN FOR A SECOND.

An Apparition Appears in a Sacramento Cellar.

About four years ago a stranger arrived in Sacramento, hired the store underneath the Clunie building and fitted it up as a cigar and tobacco establishment. He not only paid for the work, but also advanced his rent, and when he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared the fact occasioned considerable gossip and the belief that he had been foully dealt with.

Mrs. Green, who kept a dress-making shop in the same building, declared that about midnight on the night of the man's disappearance she heard a struggle on the porch in the rear of her apartments. She also heard a sound as of a blow and then a thumping noise, as if a body was being dragged down the stairway and into the cellar. The story spread, and the officers searched the cellar for the body, but in vain.

The affair had been nearly forgotten, until an incident recalled the matter. O. F. Washburn of the American cash store, was having his premises at Eighth and K streets remodeled, so that he could utilize the cellar, and one morning about 7 o'clock John Cassidy, a young man in Washburn's employ, was sent into the basement to tear down the partition. A moment later he rushed up the stairway, white as a sheet and screaming with terror. When able to speak he declared that while he was groping his way in the dim light afforded through the side-walk gratings there sprang up before him the ghastly form of a man. The apparition remained for a second, so Cassidy declares, and then disappeared.

A curious circumstance is that Cassidy was not aware of the disappearance above alluded to, as he is a recent arrival from the East and had not, he asserts, been informed of the mystery. His description of the ghost tallies with the missing man's appearance.

HIS SISTERS AND MOTHER.

Visions Have Been Very Common With This May State Man.

When I was a boy of six years, I woke up with a start one morning, and standing at the foot of my bed was one of my sisters, who at the time was married and lived in New York. I spoke to her, but she did not answer. I got up at once and started to find her, as I thought she would have some candy for me. I found my mother in the kitchen, whom I told of seeing my sister. My mother told me I had been dreaming, but the next day we received word that she was dead, and had died about the same hour I had seen her.

While I lived in Troy, N. Y., at the Troy house, in 1857, I was visited by another sister. She came into the house, as I thought, to see me. Mr. Corning, then book-keeper, called me. I turned to answer him, and again started to meet my sister, but she was not there. That evening I received a dispatch that she was dead. Mr. Corning still lives in Troy, and I think can remember me as a bell boy at that time.

After leaving Troy I was employed by a Mr. Beverly Robinson of Staten Island. One night as I was on my way to Stapleton on a message, I met my mother. It being close to a light, I recognized her at once. I spoke, but she made no answer. The next day she passed away.

I would like some one to try to explain why I can see these people, they being miles from me.

GAVE MARIA A LESSON.

Her Master Teaches Her How to Remember Small Things.

Evidently there is no servant girls' protective union in London, or, if there is, the young woman mentioned below did not belong to it. Think of such a thing happening to one of our own servant girls!

A German merchant in London has a servant who at first was very forgetful. This fault was especially annoying, at meal times, when something essential was sure to be lacking from the table. One day the family were seated at the table, and the bell was rung as usual. The girl hurried to the dining-room.

"Maria," said Herr B., "just run and fetch the big step-ladder down from the attic and bring it here."

Maria, who had been disturbed at her dinner, gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, but ran up the three flights of stairs to fetch down the ladder. In about five minutes she returned to the room, panting with her exertion.

"Now," said Herr B., "put it up at that end of the room and climb to the top."

Maria did as she was told, and when she was at top Herr B. quietly observed:

"Maria, you have now got a better view than we have; just look round and tell us if you can see any salt on the table. My wife and I could not find it."

This settled the business. Maria has never forgotten the lesson.

Fraud in Diamonds.

An expert says that the "painting" of diamonds is a trick known to all dealers. To give yellowish Cape diamonds the appearance of white Brazilian or Indian diamonds, a man has only to dip them in aniline blue. The operation is so simple that not a few women practise it. They buy cheap diamonds and touch them up in an aniline bath just before wearing them. The appearance of the doctored diamonds deceives even the experts at the first glance. The layer of color wears off quickly, however, and the fraud is then evident. The difference between Cape diamonds and the Brazilian or Indian diamonds, which is the basis of the fraud, consists in the greater beauty and clearness of the latter, as well as in their greater durability. Yellow diamonds break easily.

ECCENTRIC IDEAS OF JUSTICE.

That Are Practiced in the Home of John Chinaman.

In China, according to Jesse Herbert, late legal adviser to the government of South China and professor of law in the University of Canton, officials are held responsible for the conduct of the community. If a son has murdered his father not only is the murderer cut in pieces, but the house is pulled down and the ground dug up to a depth of about six feet. All the neighbors, moreover, are punished, the boy's headmaster is beheaded, the magistrate loses his place and the higher officials are reduced three degrees in rank.

There are two officials to each post, in order that one might spy upon the other, the rule being that no official shall report what he has done, but only what the other has done. From the highest official to the lowest all practice a system of unblushing robbery, called "squeezing." The salary of a viceroys in some cases is £80 a year; he regularly draws not less than £8,000. The salary of a judge is £40 a year; he regularly draws at least £2,000. There are 1,300 police in Canton, not one of whom receives wages, and yet the office is much sought after.

The fact is, we are assured, that the police are on excellent terms with the guild or fraternity of thieves, and they work harmoniously together. By the code a boy under 16 cannot be punished. What the Chinese do is to pop him into prison and keep him there until he is 16. If Mr. Herbert were asked to summarize the government of China he would say the people are communists, managing their own affairs, ruled by a despot whose administration is democratic and whose administrators are liars, thieves and extortioners.

A MAP OF ARIZONA.

All the Prehistoric Views From the Valleys at the Fair.

In connection with the Arizona exhibit at the world's fair, a work of unusual magnitude and interest has been arranged for in Phoenix by the construction of the largest relief map ever made to show accurately and in detail all prehistoric views of the valleys of the Salt and Gila rivers.

The map will give a bird's-eye view of nearly 1,000,000 square miles, which, it is estimated, once supported an ancient population of 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 souls, and whose passing into oblivion without leaving a tradition as to whence they came and why they disappeared constitutes one of the greatest mysteries of the human race. Prof. F. W. Putnam, of Harvard college, is directing the work, and when completed the work will show, in addition to remains of cities whose population is estimated to have at one time exceeded 100,000 souls, old canals and reservoirs with water flowing through them as in the days of their original construction.

The great antiquity of the views to be shown is demonstrated by the fact that in many cases the canals are covered with lava and volcanic ashes of a very remarkable eruption, while the best engineering skill of Europe and America has been unable to find any defect in their construction. The old canals in many instances cover thousands of acres that the present irrigators cannot reach.

Optim and Suicide.

"I have been taking opium for the last four years. It was on leaving the army that I met a young man to whom I explained that I suffered from severe headache. He advised me to take opium, and I said to him: 'Won't it grow upon me?' He replied, 'No.' I have heard since that he hanged himself. I took to eating the drug, and from day to day I swallowed increased doses until I could take one drachm every day. I used to roll it up into pills. When my money became short and I was unable to get any more opium my life became a misery. I craved for it without effect, and as I could not exist any longer without it I cut my throat." This was the statement made by one George Hall, on whom an inquest was held at Birmingham recently to a doctor. This doctor said ten grains under ordinary circumstances were fatal. "Suicide while temporarily insane," was the verdict.

A Dog Fight to the Rescue.

"What are you going to call your new paper?" asked the friend who had dropped in to see the aspiring young journalist.

"The Palladium," was the reply.

"That's a good name for a newspaper. By the way, what is the meaning of the word?"

"It means—hum—it means—why, you know what a palladium is, don't you?"

"No. I'm asking for information."

"Well, that's a good one on you! Lived in a civilized community all your life and pretend you don't know what a palladium is!"

"I'm in earnest. What is it?"

"Why, a palladium is—Great Caesar! Look at that dog-fight!"

"Saved!" howled the young journalist, pointing on the dictionary the instant the door closed on his visitor's retreating form.

Suspicion Confirmed.

A bell boy was found at the Great Northern who does not believe in going beyond his literal instructions. A guest rushed to the cashier's desk. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill, reach the depot and board his train.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room, B 48, and see if I have left my tooth-brush and sponge. Hurry! I've only five minutes now."

The boy hurried. He returned in four minutes, out of breath.

"Yes, sir," he panted, "you left them there."

HAIR TO HIS KNEES.

Spain Has a Wild Man of the Woods With a Love Romance.

A Spanish paper publishes a remarkable story concerning a wild man, who has been captured near the desert tract at Cape Degata, in Southwestern Spain. During the latter part of September this man was seen several times by hunters. He was tall, dressed in skins, and his beard and the hair of his head hung to his knees. Efforts to speak with him were vain, as he always ran when approached. Finally a search party was organized to capture him, and after two days' work succeeded. The man is about 50 years old, and has been in the desert twenty-five years.

He told his captors that he was a native of Galicia, Spain, and at the age of 24 had worked in a large stocking factory in Lugo. He and the daughter of his employer loved each other, but the parents of the girl forbade the marriage. The young couple eloped. A few miles from home they were overtaken by the manufacturer and two friends, who beat the young man severely and carried off the daughter. The young man was locked up while recovering from his injuries, so he could not communicate with the girl.

When he regained his liberty she had married a Lugo banker. He started to leave the country on an immigrant steam-ship, but was shipwrecked off Cape Degata. All perished except himself, and he became convinced that Providence intended he should be a recluse. Consequently, he had lived in the desert, avoiding the society of man ever since. Inquiries in Lugo proved the truth of the wild man's story.

SAW THE OLD BOY.

He Finally Assumed the Shape of a Horned Owl.

"I once saw the devil," was the startling announcement made by G. W. Byrne to the Story Teller's club, that was holding an impromptu session. "At least I was as certain of it at the time as I am now that I was mistaken. When a boy of 9 I slept in a room several rods removed from the main house. One day I was particularly bad, and the nurse expressed the opinion that the devil would carry me away before morning. She described him as an unrepresing looking gentleman dressed in black with great, fiery eyes and horns on his head. That night I lay awake watching for him. Presently I saw him. He was standing by the door, and sure enough he was dressed in black, had eyes like saucers and unmistakable horns.

"I dived down under the bed clothing and shivered with apprehension. I finally had to come up for air, and he was waiting for me. I was too frightened to cry, but I made a dash for the window and went through it without waiting to raise the sash. I rushed into my father's room in a hysterical condition and got the shotgun. He asked what I was going to do, and I replied that I was going to kill the devil, and I did it too. I rushed up to the broken window, inserted the muzzle of the gun, aimed at the big, staring eyes, and pulled both triggers. His Satanic majesty came off his perch in one time and two motions. What was it? A big horned owl, sitting on a peg where hung the dress coat of the hired man."

TOO WICKED FOR JENNY.

A Pious Deacon Whose Prayer Broke a Marriage Engagement.

Deacon Sharp, who lives in the Buckeye valley, has never married. He made the attempt once, but his humility and piety worked against him. He was the same long, solemn-visaged chap then that he is now, with what is known as a "gift of prayer."

In season and out of season he was ready at any moment to flop down on his knees and tell all he knew of spiritual grace. There were those who said he liked to hear himself talk. On this occasion he asked Jenny Price to be his partner for life, and Jenny, who was a prim little school-teacher, consented. Then the deacon flopped. He began his usual strain by invoking forgiveness for his sins. He was everything that was vile, and, as he enumerated the crimes laid down in his own imagination, Jenny began to fidget. At last she touched the deacon on the shoulder:

"You needn't pray any more on my account," she said, "I wouldn't think of marrying such a wicked sinner. If you are only half as bad as you say you are I wouldn't have you. I hope you will repent before it is too late."

And she left the astonished deacon to his own reflections upon matrimony and grace.

The Wonders of Reproduction.

Aphides are a species of minute insect belonging to the order of Hemiptera, suborder Homoptera, and, taken collectively, 100 of them would hardly weigh a grain. Now let us try a comparison. The average man, we will say, weighs about 2,000,000 grains. Yet it has been found by actual calculation, that if these minute insects were left unchecked to only the tenth generation, the descendants of a single pair would be equivalent, in point of actual weight, to 500,000,000 very heavy men. This would be equal to one-third of the population of the globe, supposing each person to weigh an average of 180 pounds.

Crossed the Track.

A bicyclist has been sentenced to seven months' imprisonment at Glas-hutte, Germany, because every night he would cross the railroad track at some point just in front of the locomotive so that the engineer was in great straits not to kill him. One evening he was accompanied by another wheelman who fell, and thus the offender became known. It was impossible to catch him before.

SHE BOUGHT THE PIE.

In Enormous Load Was Lifted From Of John's Stomach.

It was Thanksgiving day. A chill wind blew. A leaden sky sent now and then a lonely flake of snow whirling through the air to find lodgment at last upon the brown, sere earth. Within all was light and comfort. A cheery fire blazed upon the hearth. The shaded lamp shed a soft radiance throughout the room.

"John, dinner is ready."

A heavy built man with lines of suffering on his face rose from his seat with a weary smile. He was prematurely old.

"Very well, Mary."

A sigh of resignation escaped him as he moved with heavy step toward the table. A woman with an intellectual brow and confident air awaited him there.

"John, dear."

She looked at him with a winning smile. He made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to respond in kind.

"I have a confession to make."

"Very well, Mary."

Absently his gaze rested upon the frosted cake before him. It seemed to possess a terrible fascination.

"I was very tired, John, dear, when I finished cooking the turkey."

"Yes, Mary."

"And I thought you wouldn't mind if I bought the pie and cake ready made. We—"

A strange, unwonted light came into his eyes.

"—have so much to be thankful for, you know."

"Yes, Mary."

His tones filled with a new earnestness.

"Will you say grace, John, dear?"

"Yes, Mary."

And the prayer of gratitude that welled from his lips was obviously fervent. A chill wind blew, but within all was light and comfort.

ALUMINUM HORSESHOES.

Found to Be Lighter and Stronger Than Iron Ones.

Captain E. Lambert, in writing on the subject of the recent experiments with aluminum horseshoes in the Finland dragoons, says that at the end of six weeks it was found that the aluminum shoes lasted better and preserved the foot more thoroughly than the iron ones. The former are only one-third to one-fourth the weight of the latter. Their cost is certainly greater; but this is to some extent compensated for by the facts that very little charcoal is required in shoeing, that there is no loss in weight, and that the value of the old metal is the same as that of the new. In making the shoe some skill is required as the forging must be done at a low but exactly regulated temperature. Taking into consideration the importance of light shoes, especially for horses doing fast work, and the advantage of being able to carry a larger number of spare shoes on a campaign without increasing the load of the wagon, and lastly, the probability of a fall in the price of aluminum, Captain Lambert thinks it safe to predict the general introduction of aluminum for the shoes of cavalry and artillery horses in the near future.

HOW ALMY WAS SHOT.

He Was Hit in the Leg by a Man Half a Mile Away.

A man named Maxwell was in the Lewiston, Me., guard room, talking with the officers. He said that he was waiting with a view to talk with the city marshal. In the mean time he told how he had been present at the famous taking of the murderer, Frank Almy in the barn belonging to the father of his victim.

"There were two thousand people with weapons around the barn," he said, "and no one of them wanted Almy to draw a bead on him. The man who finally shot him and broke his leg was half a mile away from the barn up behind a stone wall, where he had perched with the hope of cutting off Almy's retreat if he should try it. Almy poked his revolver out through the crack and fired twice into the air to scare the folks.

"The man up behind the stone wall aimed his Winchester at the place where the smoke came out and fired, breaking his leg." That's the way he tells it.

A Burglar and Three Girls.

Alice, Mary and Lottie Evans were sleeping together in Hazleton, Pa., when they heard a man's step on the stairs. It reached the door, and the next moment a man stood in the room. Two of the girls held the man while the third "wreaked vengeance on his face and head." Citizens arrived and the culprit was taken in hand, but a posse of his friends came to his rescue. Then occurred a very respectable imitation of a melee, and when at length the citizens triumphed, and the offenders were taken before the nearest magistrate it was found that the real and original culprit was missing, and he was eventually discovered lying unconscious in his boarding-house. The wounds which he had received were numerous and severe, and he was too weak to permit of his removal. He is reported to be dying. That's the kind of girls they have in Pennsylvania.

The Oldest Town in the World.

Damascus, with very good reason, claims to be the oldest town or city in the world. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham, a center of trade and travel, an island of verdure in the desert, with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. According to Josephus, Damascus was founded by Uz, the son of Aram and grandson of Shem. It is first mentioned in scripture in connection with Abraham, whose steward was a native of that place (Genesis xv. 2).

BURNS' LOVE STORY.

Something About the Highland Mary He Sang Into Immortality.

The supreme love passage in the life of Burns is related in his songs of Mary Campbell, whose memory has been consecrated by untold thousands of lovers, whose spirit fills their world; glorifies their dreams, draws them like a saint, who look up as to a saint at the mention of the name Highland Mary. She was the daughter of a shipmaster, and Burns saw her first one Sunday at the Kirk of Tarbolton, and instantly his heart of tinder glowed with consuming fire.

She was, as Sir George Douglas says, the most spiritual of all his loves, and how different might have been his fortune had he met her earlier and made her his own. She was a type of Highland beauty, and female beauty always appealed to Burns with irresistible force. So it does to every genuine man. No genuine man ever breathed who was not touched at the sight of a beautiful woman, for hers is the divinity of all forms of beauty. The genuine man may, under the stress of years, care naught for wealth, for praise of his triumphs, for influence or command, but so long as the years spare him his heart will respond to the beauty of woman.

Burns' susceptibility to it is discovered in almost every line of his poetry. He was thrilled at this first presence of Mary, so modest, so attentive to the service, so forgetful of herself amid the worshippers. "Her figure was graceful, her features delicate, her complexion fair. She had large, lustrous, dark blue eyes, and hair of a reddish tint. Her knowledge of English was imperfect, and one can fancy that her lips, accustomed to the Gaelic, might soften and garble the more guttural language with a bewitching effect."

Even the Devil Was Welcome.

Professor G. B. Wilder, of Cornell university, recently gave some interesting recollections of Louis Agassiz, in a letter before the Cornell Natural History society. Agassiz's toleration and the view that the museum at Harvard, of which he had charge, was held by him in trust for science, were illustrated by the following incident: A former student who had after years denounced him, wrote asking permission to examine some specimens. When Dr. Wilder expressed a doubt as to whether it would be agreeable to have him come, Agassiz replied with some warmth: "He shall come. If the devil himself wished to examine specimens in this museum, he should be welcome."

Suicides in Paris.

An official record states that the number of persons who committed suicide in Paris during last year was 890, and of these suicides 243 were by hanging, 205 by drowning, 194 by asphyxiation, 138 by shooting, 65 by jumping from a window or monument, 33 by poisoning, 21 by stabbing, 5 by being run over by trains, and 13 by other methods. Five out of every six suicides by hanging were committed by men, and 130 of 138 cases in which a gun or revolver was the weapon used; while in a majority of the suicides by drowning and by jumping from a window the victim was a woman.

Swift Justice.

Justice is occasionally swift in Mexico. An American, while seated in the Plaza Mayor, in the city of Mexico, missed a field glass. It had been taken from his pocket by a clever rogue. He had not recovered from his amazement when three policemen approached having in custody the thief, the glass still in his possession. The American was required to go at once with the officers to the court. Here the prisoner was promptly tried, and in fifteen minutes from the time of entering the court house, he had been sentenced to serve a term of five years in the Mexican army.

What He Ought to Learn.

A young man recently bought a cornet with the intention of learning to play. Yesterday the man who sold it to him met his little brother.

"By the way," he inquired, "How is Charlie getting along with his cornet playing?"

"He ain't gittin' 'long at all," sniffed the youngster. "He's been blowin' away at it every night, but this morning, one of the neighbors come over and told him in plain language that he'd better be learnin' to play the harp, for he might need it soon, and I guess Charlie is goin' to give up music altogether."

Hanged, Then Smoked.

THE PEOPLE.

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BRAVE ANIMALS.

The Elephant Shows Courage in the Face of Danger.

It is said that the scent or roar of a bear in the jungle will often scare elephants beyond control. And they have the same intense nervousness shown by the horse at the sight of things unusual or out of place. A big elephant, which was employed to drag away the carcass of a dead bullock, and had allowed the burden to be attached by ropes without observing what it was, happened to look around, and instantly bolted, its fright increasing every moment as the unknown object jumped and bumped at its heels.

After running some miles like a dog with a tin can tied to its tail, the elephant stopped and allowed itself to be turned round, and drew the bullock back again without a protest. Yet an elephant without a mahout gives, perhaps, the best instance of disciplined courage—courage, that is, which persists in the face of knowledge and disinclination—to be seen in the animal world. They will submit, day after day, to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keeper, and meet danger in obedience to orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril, and far too great for man to trick them into a belief that it is non-existent.

No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding. As an instance, take the following incident, which recently occurred in India, and was communicated to the writer. A small female elephant was charged by a buffalo, in high grass, and her rider, in the hurry of the moment, and perhaps owing to the sudden stopping of the elephant, fired an explosive shell from his rifle, not into the buffalo, but into the elephant's shoulder. The wound was so severe that it had not healed a year later. Yet the elephant stood firm, although it was gored by the buffalo, which was then killed by another gun. What is even more strange is that the elephant was not "gun-shy" afterward.

WANTED BY BRITISH LORDS.

New York Dealers Kept Busy Shipping Wild Animals Abroad.

There is a great demand nowadays from wealthy Europeans for American wild animals. Every year hundreds are shipped abroad by New York dealers, but there never was a finer pair of any kind sent to Europe than the young lion which left by the steamer *Boric lately*.

They came from the St. Louis Zoo, where they have been on exhibition for a number of years. They were consigned to W. A. Conklin, who purchased them for William Cross, a Liverpool animal dealer, who in turn purchased them for an English lord, to be placed in his game preserve for breeding purposes. The lion came originally from the plains of Wyoming.

On their way East they got into a terrible rage and ripped and tore their boxes to bits, and the train men had hard work to keep them in subjection. When they were boxed at the St. Louis Zoo they gave considerable trouble. John C. Gray, a veteran cowboy, and James Crawley, a former lion-tamer, lassoed them around the legs and horns and then bound them tight. The male weighs fully 5,000 pounds and the female 3,000.

Mr. Conklin has a large order for lion and other wild animals to be filled for the English nobility before next fall. Some of the animals are on their way East. Several panthers from Washington state are among the lot, besides several consignments of deer, elk, mountain sheep from the Rockies, some bear from the Sierras and a large lot of other game. He has one pair of handsome panthers at his stable.

It's a Wet Day.

A stout man got on a horse-car the other day.

"Wet day," he said to a stranger, who was sitting near him.

"Hey," said the other.

"Wet day," said the first, a little louder.

"Excuse me, I'm a little deaf and hardly caught your meaning."

"I said, it's a wet day," howled the fat man, getting red in the face, as the other passengers looked up from their papers.

"Ah, yes, yes; how much you must pay. Five cents, that's the fare."

Whereupon the fat man got off the car.

"Yes," said the deaf man gently, "that's the seventh man within an hour that told me it's a wet day. Praps they imagine I don't know it."

Fat Enough.

A Philadelphia citizen who was raising a fine hog in the rear of his residence was notified by the board of health to remove the animal outside the city limits. Not wishing to move and thinking the hog was not fat enough to kill, he sent word to a colored man who had a small farm in Montgomery county to take the pig to his place until it was fat enough to kill, agreeing to give one-half his carcass for his trouble. Sam took the hog home and the next morning brought half of it back to the Manayunk. "Why, Sam," said the owner, "I told you to keep that hog until it was fat." "He war fat enough for me, sah; dar's yo' haf," replied Sam.

ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.

His Wife Gets His Life Insurance, but He Bobs Up Again.

A romantic affair has just come to light in Essex. Seven years ago Henry Chaney, a sailor belonging to Wivenhoe, in that county, left England on board of the ship *Ironopolis* of London. The ship was wrecked and most of the crew were lost, including, as there was good reason to suppose, Chaney. An insurance on his life was paid by the Prudential company, and death allowances were also granted by the Fishermen's Aid society and the Foresters. Mrs. Chaney bravely set to work to earn a living for herself and her children, whom she brought up most respectably. Last spring two of the daughters thought they saw their father in the street at Wivenhoe, while quite recently another daughter, who is now a lady's-maid in London, wrote home to say that she had met her father, and that each had recognized the other. Soon after this the missing man wrote a letter to his wife, describing the wreck of the *Ironopolis* and saying that he was picked up by a passing steamer and taken to Brussels infirmary, and thence to an asylum, where he was detained till last April. He then returned to London, and visited Wivenhoe with the intention of seeing his wife, but being told (which was not true) that his wife was on the point of getting married to another man, he did not fulfill his intention. In consequence of the accidental meeting with his daughter in London, Chaney has been reunited to the family from which he has been so long separated. He is now employed at a warehouse in Cheapside.

SHE WAS FAST

How a Cow Was Made Prisoner in a Hollow Tree.

Owen Glacey of Summit, Wash., missed a very valuable cow last week, and spent several days in searching for her without finding any trace of her whereabouts, and had about concluded that she had been stolen when one of the children discovered the animal not over fifty yards from the house. She had wandered into a hollow cedar tree, presumably to get out of the sun, and in pushing her way for fifty feet into the log she passed through a space where it had splintered in falling with the end of the splinters headed in her direction.

Of course, when she attempted to back out her exit was effectually stopped, the splinters having sprung back. And there she was as securely imprisoned as any of the repentant sinners at Walla Walla. When discovered she had been there five days. Mr. Glacey had to cut the log in front of her before she could be taken out, nothing the worse for her imprisonment, except for her enforced fast. When we state that the cow would weigh 1,500 pounds our readers will be able to form an idea of the size of the cedar timber "in this neck of the woods."

A MAN AT HER FEET.

Why Women Are Always so Suspicious of Each Other.

"Why is it that women are always so jealous and suspicious of each other?" asks the professor in a plaintive voice of the lady with whom he had been dancing.

"Oh, because they know each other so well. Now, there's that Kate Lawson. Do you know what she told young Anderson to-night?"

"No. Please enlighten me."

"She said she had one of the most eligible young fellows in town at her feet. Such a whopper, when everybody knows she's never had a single offer."

"I can prove the truth of Miss Lawson's assertion," said the professor, in his cold, calm voice, that sounded like a brook gurgling over broken glass.

"Oh, were you the man?" spitefully. "No," not in the least disconcerted, "she was buying her wedding shoes, and the man at her feet was the clerk, who was fitting her."

"Her wedding shoes! You don't mean to say that that girl has at last caught a husband?"

"So they say."

"Who is the unhappy man?"

"Myself."

Oldest of Time-Pieces.

The most curious of time-keepers in the world, perhaps, are those used by some South sea islanders. Taking the kernels of the nut of the candle tree, they wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. This is placed in an upright position and the upper kernel lighted. As the kernels are of the same substance, each burns for a certain time setting fire then to the kernel below. To mark divisions of time the native ties bits of bark cloth along the string at regular intervals.

Fashions Not Made for the Old.

Elderly women often complain, with a considerable amount of justice, that the fashions seem to be intended only for the young, and that those women who have passed 40 are left more or less to their own devices. Few fashion papers contain any designs or suggestions for the attire of women of middle

age, and a newspaper devoted to this object would doubtless be regarded as a boon by all those many women who are sensible enough to bear their years becomingly and gracefully.

After While.

Ludicrous deliveries are common in advertisements, especially in those of a personal nature. Here is one that appeared not long ago in a New York paper: "Willie, return to your distracted wife and frantic children! Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will, if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's meerschaum."

Rapid Transit in the Future.

The time is coming when we shall board a railway train for Boston or New York and get there before we get settled into our seats for a nap. A rapid transit rail is building between Vienna and Buda-Pesth, and an electric locomotive is being constructed which will cover the distance between the two cities at the speed of 125 miles an hour. An electric railroad is projected between Paris and Brussels, a distance of 192 miles which will be traversed in 80 minutes, or at the speed of nearly 150 miles an hour; and trains will be running within two or three months. The electric road now building between Chicago and St. Louis, a distance of 250 miles, is likely to be an object of national interest, inasmuch as it is hoped to have it in operation before the world's fair is over.

Proving Man's Honesty.

Every man is supposed to be honest until the contrary is proven is the maxim adopted by a quick lunch restaurant in this city, observes a writer in a New York paper. The price of each eatable is duly displayed, and the customer throws down his money to the cashier and says fifteen to twenty cents, as the case may be, and receives change. The proprietor has confidence in man, and thinks he can make more by trusting him than by hiring waiters. In order to remind his customer that honesty is the best policy quotations from the Bible are framed and hung conspicuously on the walls.

Does One Thing Well.

There is a woman in Pittsburg who has applied the principle of doing one thing well so successfully that she has at her command a modest competence. Her specialty is washing curtains, her trade being entirely with the wealthy families of the city. So excellent is her work that many of the local firms pretend to send their customers' soiled curtains to New York to be done up merely send them out to Neville street to her. She is mistress of her art; just what it is nobody knows, but curtains from her hand have a whiteness and smoothness no one else can attain.

Bear Killed on a Main Street.

A crowd of men were seen hurrying to and from Main street of a Washington town, with here and there a gun in sight, and for a few seconds horrible sights flashed before the imaginary vision of those who were not informed as to the purpose. A lone shot was heard, and as the crowd congregated at that point, a reporter timidly approached from the opposite side of the street, expecting to find the mangled remains of some desperado cold in death. He was agreeably disappointed, however. Before his gaze lay the rest of a rifle shot from the unerring aim of J. M. Rose. The wild beast had been shot in the eye.

Sure Refuge for Rats.

The best way to get rid of rats and mice is not to poison them, but to make them thoroughly tired of the locality and so induce them to leave. They are generally too smart to eat poison, even when it is prepared for their benefit in the most seductive fashion, but they are not so particular about tartar emetic as a little of this will mix with any favorite food they will eat as eagerly as though the physic were not there, out in two or three hours they will be the most discouraged lot of rats about the place that anybody ever saw. The tartar will not kill them; it only makes them deadly sick.

Canned Peas.

There is a great difference in the quality of canned peas: most of the French peas are put up when young and tender and are superior. As the cans are very small, it will require two or three for the dinner; open and drain off all the water, put into a sauce-pan, add a little hot water, only as much as will cook out, set on top of the range and stew slowly, season with butter, salt and half a cup of thin cream.

A Progressive City.

A judge in a rough-and-ready but ambitious town, had occasion, or thought he had, to comment severely upon the heinous crime of horsestealing, and thundered forth: "For century after century, that dread command, 'Thou shalt not steal,' has rolled along the ages. It is, moreover, a standing rule of the court, if not yet a by-law of our progressive and soon-to-be-incorporated city."

DWARFS IN MOROCCO.

Stunted in Growth by Poor Food and a Rigid Climate.

The existence of a race of dwarfs on the Atlas range, about which there was an animated controversy last year, has received unexpected confirmation. Walter B. Harris, who has returned from a journey in Southern Morocco, communicates the facts. While traveling along the foot of the mountains he saw thirteen or fourteen persons, none of whom were over four feet six inches in height, natives of the upper mountain regions. The Moors describe them as "a wild people, living in built houses in the rocks and snow, hunting mutton with extraordinary agility and given to shooting anyone penetrating to their domains." He attributes their small stature not, as some have asserted, to the fact that they are the remnants of the troglodytes, but to the circumstances in which they live. He believes them to be "merely a certain collection of Shleth tribes, who, through the high altitude at which they live and the extremes of climate they are subject to, from their poverty and inability to raise crops, from the scarcity and bad quality of such food as they are able to collect, have, in the lapse of centuries, become of almost extraordinarily stunted growth."

SELF-EVIDENT.

Almost Unnecessary to State That It Was Wagner Night.

It was a Wagner night. And the large and appreciative audience sat spellbound under the skillful and artistic interpretation of the great musical master by artists who had been culled by the great master's secretary, companion and leader, reluctantly filled up the aisles and down stairs of the academy of music, whose whole atmosphere was redolent with harmony, whose echoes fondly clung to every corner of the auditorium and lingered within the portals.

As the delighted auditors wended their way homeward, melodies still filled their minds, set their souls singing with veridical visitations that would not be exorcised. Melodic strains fitted into their slumbers and led the dreamers into sylvan retreats where birds warbled dulcet refrains, caught up in turn by rippling waters, then snatched aloft by rustling foliage and carried onward by the jubilant zephyrs from bush to flower, to tree and grove, until all nature responded in symphonic chorus and all verdure became vocal with praise. Finally the Sunday dawn broke upon the awakened dreamer, whose whole being was thus fitly prepared for the contemplation of sacred things and attuned for the spirit of devotion.

ENGLISH WAITERS.

How They Are Paid and Held Responsible.

In English restaurants, where the customer pays his bill through the waiter, the latter is held responsible for its due payment from the moment he receives the articles ordered by the customer from the kitchen, and what is known as the "check" system is pretty generally adopted. The waiter, on beginning his day's work, pays in to the proprietor or his clerk from \$10 to \$25 to cover the orders he is likely to receive during the day, and he is given in exchange a number of "checks." For every order he gives he hands in checks to an equivalent amount. If the value of the orders exceeds the amount of deposit the waiter must pay in more money before he receives the dishes. What the customers pay him he retains until settling time. If the customer goes away without paying the waiter must bear the loss.

The waiter is the person on whom the blame naturally falls if orders are not promptly executed. But he is himself at the mercy of the kitchen porters, who pass the dishes from the kitchen, and these men seriously impede him by dawdling in carrying out his orders if he fails to square them with a fee.

Strychnine Settled Them.

One month ago the splendid crop prospect of Washington county was seriously threatened by that abominable pest, the squirrel or gopher, but the farmers said no, and they meant it. Such a buying of powder and shot and strychnine was never heard of in this country, and the war was made in dead earnest. Most of the farmers now report that they have the upper hand of Mr. Squirrel, and that he is not doing much damage. It is estimated that 100 pounds of strychnine have been purchased for this purpose at an average price of \$8 per pound, say \$1,800, and that 700,000 squirrels have been killed in the county, and that each squirrel would have destroyed and eaten one peck of wheat, or 50,000 bushels which at fifty cents per bushel would make \$25,000.

Antidote for Onions.

It is told of a well-known Kentucky colonel that once he invited a gentleman to dine with him at Chamberlain's, in Washington. Among other things ordered was porthouse steak, with onions. His guest asked to be excused from partaking of this dish. "It gives me a bad-smelling breath," he said.

"Never you mind about that," remarked the colonel; "wait till you get the bill—that will take your breath away." The ease with which the colonel changed from host to guest nearly took his friend's breath away. The bill did so completely.

Delusive Hopes.

When Captain Cook first visited Tahiti, the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell and stone. When they saw iron nails, they fancied them to be shoots of some hard wood, and desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.

IMAGINATION'S POWER.

A Cavalryman Who Thought His Boots Were Filled With Blood.

"During the war I belonged to a cavalry regiment, and our company was ordered to dismount and make a charge upon the rebel General Bate, who with his men were entrenched behind breastworks at the battle of Stone River," said a gentleman. "We charged, but the bullets came so thick and fast that every man of the company who was not wounded turned and made tracks for our own breastworks. I was a fleet runner, and made better time in that race than ever before. About 100 yards from our breastworks I felt a ball strike my leg near my boot top, and in less time than I can tell it I could hear the blood 'goosh, goosh,' in my boot leg, yet I never slackened my speed, although I went with a limp. I tumbled over the breast works and lay gasping for breath. One of the boys said: 'Al, what is the matter?' I replied that a bullet had struck me in the leg, and that I was bleeding to death.

"Two of my comrades came up and began searching for the wound. The boot was drawn carefully from my foot, when out fell a minie ball. It had passed through the leather, but had not even broken the skin. A swollen place about the size of a hickory nut, where the ball had struck it, was all the wound that could be found, but I never could imagine why I could feel the blood slosh around in my boot leg, when the skin was not broken."

SHE WAS STUPID.

The Idea of Leading the Subject to His Lungs.

They spoke at greater or less length upon politics, religion, weather, millinery, gloves, neckties, skating, the drama, society, dancing, the public schools, the church and its mission, the probability of a continuance of sleighing, the difficulty of getting hired girls, the supply of natural gas and other topics of minor importance. Still he lingered. Instinct told him that the old man was yet awake, but he set the danger at naught and stayed.

There was another danger which he wished to broach.

"My dear friend—" It seemed a very cold and distant form of address, but he had previously decided it was the best under the circumstances.

"I wish—to speak to you of something very near my heart."

"Why—"

As she stared at him the perplexity in her face suddenly gave way to intelligence.

"Oh, yes, I know; your lungs. How are they, anyway? How stupid in me not to ask."

He never knew what he murmured in reply. When he recovered complete consciousness he was walking home and the crisp snow was crushing noisily under his feet.

A CLEVER RUSE.

How Baron de Reinach Won Applause for Acrobatic Feats.

An amusing story is told of the late Baron Jacques de Reinach, whose end was so tragic. Last year, at a large costume ball given in a house in the avenue d'Iena, the dancers were suddenly disturbed by the appearance of a clown wearing a mask, who proceeded to perform acrobatic feats worthy of a professional. Everyone crowded round the new-comer, pressing him with questions as to his identity, but with no result, and he disappeared. Later on in the evening the clown again was seen, and this time he deigned to lift his mask. The astonishment of all was great when they recognized M. de Reinach, who, however, did not deserve the compliments that were showered upon him. There were two clowns! Baron de Reinach had engaged the services of a well-known performer at the Nouveau Cirque. He had two costumes made exactly alike, and after the professional had departed M. de Reinach appeared on the scene and reaped his undeserved laurels.

Ancient Bridal Wreaths.

The Roman bridal wreath was of verberna, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulations, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day, in our own country the

bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange-blossoms, on a background of maiden-hair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness.

Simitar Snake.

There is a little reptile belonging to Madagascar known as the simitar snake, that is the curling sword. Running along the back from head to tail is a blackish, horny substance, which bends with the convolutions of the snake's body as readily as would a well-tempered steel spring, and throughout its entire length it bears an edge as hard as flint and as sharp as a razor. They are not poisonous, but when one of them springs on a man, which he likes very well to do, he will soon have a leg off unless cracked on the pate.

The Persian Derby.

They have a derby in Persia. A lot of men enter their horses and deposit the entrance fees with the shah. The race is then run after which the shah takes possession of the winner, and sticks to all the entrance money.

THE HAT BOY.

How He Remembers the Men Whose Headgear He Cares For.

The man in the light suit was in a hurry. He was hungry. His miniatral cocktail had been down precisely nine minutes, and was beginning to be self-assertive.

The individual in uniform by the dining-room hat-rack, caught the title man in the light suit tossed him, gave a quick glance at the back of the light suit disappearing in the dining-room entrance, placed the hat in a row with a score of other titles of all shapes and sizes. Half an hour later the man in the light suit emerged from the dining-room slowly and with an expression of satisfaction, for the cocktail had succumbed to the attack of coffee, port-house steak, chops and other concomitants of a good breakfast. The hat is now adjusted, the cigar lighted and the individual in uniform added a silver coin to the pile in his pocket.

"The ability of the hat boy to remember different faces and heads and the hats that go with them," said the clerk, "is marvelous. Out of the hundreds who daily pass into that dining-room, strangers, transients and permanent, he never makes a mistake and returns the wrong hat. I confess myself am perplexed at the wonderful memory and faculty of association, which is the chief recommendation of the average hat boy. One would imagine that in a rush he would hand over the wrong hat, but he never does. However, that is all he has to do, and as his position depends upon his accuracy he soon becomes an expert in his particular line."

TOMBSTONE.

How This Gold Prospecting Town Came by Its Name.

Richard Schiefflin, of Los Angeles, who was at the Palmer in Chicago lately, attracted considerable attention by his peculiar Western attire and long, flowing hair. Mr. Schiefflin was famous a few years ago as the discoverer of Tombstone, in Arizona. He was a poor prospector on the Arizona desert in search of gold, which he believed was located in the southern part of the territory.

After getting a "grub stake" at a store in Yuma he started out alone to cross the arid waste lying west of Yuma. As he left the town he was told that instead of finding gold he would find his tombstone. For weeks the daring prospector struggled on until his provisions were nearly exhausted.

One night, while camping beside a small, dry stream, he was obliged to dig in the sand of the river-bed to get water, and while thus employed unearthed several nuggets of gold. The next day he staked his claim and started back to Yuma, where he reported that he had found his tombstone, but that it was lined with golden nuggets. From this the present city of Tombstone sprung, and today "Dick" Schiefflin is one of the wealthiest men in Los Angeles.

Japanese House Mats.

Japanese house mats, says Miss Bird in her work on Japan, are as neat, refined, and soft a covering for the floor as the finest Axminster carpet. They are five feet nine inches long, three feet broad, and two and a half inches thick. The frame is solidly made of coarse straw, and with very fine woven matting, as nearly white as possible, and each mat is usually bound with dark blue cloth. Temples and rooms are measured by the number of mats they contain, and rooms must be built for the mats, as they are never cut to the rooms. They are always level with polished grooves or ledges which surround the floor. They are soft and elastic, and the finer qualities are very beautiful. They are as expensive as the best Brussels carpet, and the Japanese take great pride in them, and are much aggrieved by the way in which some thoughtless foreigners stamp over them with dirty boots.

THE PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

CYRUS CORNING, Editor.
EVA L. CORNING, Associate.

In the Exchange the chances for loss are reduced to the minimum and the chances of profit increased to the maximum.

The useless and foolish row kicked up in the Kansas legislature can not form the base for an intellectual reform campaign.

The expense necessary to operate the Labor Exchange in any locality will be less than would be required to carry on the same amount of business under the present system.

The Labor Exchange does not antagonize a single business enterprise. It makes war upon neither political party or religious creed. It reaches out its hands with blessings for all.

Every sincere Kansan, no matter what his politics may be, endorses the selection of the Topeka Advocate as the official state paper. Dr. McLellan is a consistent populist while Chapman is a political hog.—Chase County Leader.

Don't worry about Kansas. It was born in trouble, became a state while bleeding at every pore, has never been quiet and never will be. Kansas is all right. Let her alone.—Rocky Mountain News.

When speaking of the Labor Exchange do not imagine that it represents the same species of co-operation that has been bobbing up here and there in the past. Study its provisions then you will endorse it and not condemn it.

The Labor Exchange is not only a co-operative association, but it is benevolent as well. Its first aim is to benefit the needy by furnishing employment. Through its operation it increases production and facilitates exchange.

One of the peculiar exhibits to be shown at the Chicago fair consists of a set of passes of the late Jay Gould. They are all for the year 1881. In all there are 115 passes, 100 of which are those of railway companies.—Lyon Co. Democrat.

Arrangements will soon be made for Mr. Ernst of Olathe, the State President of the Labor Exchange to visit this county and put it in a good working condition. Mr. Ernst is a clear-cut thinker and thoroughly understands the Exchange.

It is idiotic to condemn a thing or a "new" thought before you have made a careful and honest investigation. It would be a poor judge or jury, even to the danger point, that would condemn before hearing. Professed reformers should bear this in mind.

Joe Ady has presented his contest papers and asks the United States Senate to take evidence in the case. Washington dispatches say that a committee will be appointed this session and soon after its adjournment the committee will leave for Kansas.

Mrs. Lease in an interview with a K. C. Journal reporter says that fusion is dead in Kansas as far as the Populists are concerned. She says that in the coming campaign nothing but straight Populist will be nominated. We think Mrs. Lease has hit the situation about right.

The interest in the Labor Exchange is growing rapidly in Topeka. Once in awhile you meet a foghorn who is opposed to a "new thought," and strange to say such an one usually is found in the ranks of reform, professing to reach out after something new and better than the worn out old.

The returning "stalwarts" report John Martin in a very beligerent mood. Well may he be, for he has received a terrible back-set at the hands of the decent element of his party. Fusion democrats, as well as fusion pops, will find it exceedingly difficult, bordering upon even the impossible, to deceive the people and bind them together as the harmonious defenders of political prostitution.

It looks as though the Democratic stalwarts would win their fight for recognition from the President in the matter of federal patronage. Fusionists, by virtue of their own inherent corruption, will be turned under.

There can be no such thing as a fusionist party, any more than there can be a fusion Almighty God—part God and part devil.

Try your hand in making a fusion platform once then you will understand the matter.

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

From The New Era, Council Grove.
Practical education is what the people are now most standing in need of. Political theories, however fine and well laid, obtainable in the dim future, can have but little force to a people rapidly sinking in debt and robbed of the pleasures of life and of mental development by the cruel hand of poverty. Combinations rule the world today. These combinations are said to be all on the side of capital. Certain it is they bring to their members vast profits which leave the homes of the producers bare and scantily supplied. Combinations are the product of genius. They lie along the development of mind. Let the producers bear this in mind. Let them profit by their observation. Organize, and for specific purposes, not political, but to facilitate production and distribution. Don't cry out "we have no capital," meaning money. Labor has the best capital in the universe. It was made by the hand of the great God. It lies at the base of all enterprise. Learn how to use it. With such a capital at your command there is no end to the enterprises in which you may engage.

In and through the Labor Exchange the industrial classes will find their redemption from wage and tenant slavery. Here they will learn how to utilize their forces. Here they will be able to find out the vast powers they may rightfully use. In the Exchange they will be more than a match for organize greed and cunning avarice.

A CONFESSION.

Dr. McLellan, of the Advocate at Topeka, has been made the official state paper. This position was promised J. B. Chapman, a democratic fusionist, if he would sell out at Ft. Scott and start a daily paper at Topeka, but the middle of the road fellows bull dozed the executive council, and frightened them out of their promises. The republican papers are very much pleased with the outcome, which is sufficient to convince us that the party had some little agency in the consummation of the ingratitude and treachery. The influential populists of the state were for Chapman, and this action of the executive council will cause much adverse criticism. Our sympathies are with Chapman, but he is now foot loose, and there will be no necessity of making excuses or piling on soft soap in the future to the fellows who went back on their words.—Oskaloosa Times.

The Times is democratic, and we judge, tainted with fusion. According to the Times the Pop's must be a queer set of fellows, controlled alternately by Demos and Rep's. In the matter of state paper the Reps got ahead of the Demos, thinks the Times, and controlled Pop-fusion council which is now charged with "ingratitude and treachery." The council may have been treacherous to Chapman, but it showed no ingratitude in taking the Advocate. They would have been less than men not to have done so. No well informed man will claim that Chapman, a democrat, had stronger claims upon the People's party by virtue of his fusion contracts than the Advocate, and scores of other Populists papers, had by virtue of their unbought and conscientious services for reform.

Fusionists may have favored Chapman and they may censure the Executive council because it occurred to them ONCE to do the fair thing, but there are no Populists to kick about it.

But the Times inadvertently admits in this case what we have charged in all cases growing out of fusion, and that is that while Chapman was playing the fusion racket he was under bonds; he couldn't be a man and speak the truth; he had to "pile on soft soap" and pray what for? Simply to deceive the masses and hold the combination together.

If "treachery" to Chapman will help him henceforth to be a man and advocate his convictions of right, thrice welcome that treachery, though we be unto those by whom that "treachery" came.

MINNESOTA'S WAR.

St. Paul, Minn., April 8.—Governor Nelson went to the capitol last night and signed the Peterson grain bill and the bill for a new capitol to cost \$2,000,000 at St. Paul. The grain bill passed the House yesterday and the Governor's hasty action almost precipitated a riot in both houses. It was openly charged yesterday that corrupt means had been used to pass the Peterson bill, and that Governor Nelson had held a possible veto of the capitol bill over the heads of the St. Paul members in order to force them to vote for the grain bill. The Governor's signing both bills at night and together increased the bitterness and the storm broke this morning with great fury.

In the Senate a move was made to secure the impeachment of Governor Nelson. Senator Leavitt started the ball rolling by moving an investigation of the Governor's haste in signing the Peterson bill. He created a sensation by charging that the bill had not even gone to the enrolling committee. Senator Graff, chairman of that committee, being at his home at Wilmar, Senators McAlle and Hempe seconded the motion for an investigation in impassioned speeches, in which they said unworthy influences had been brought to bear to force the bill through the House. Senator Hempe said the Governor had forced some members to vote for the bill upon the threat that he would veto the capitol bill, and he hoped impeachment proceedings would be begun at the earliest possible moment. Senator Leavitt's motion to investigate was, however, lost, by a vote of 27 to 8.

The House also got into a row of pretentious proportions, with boodle as the central figure. The fight lasted an hour, and was precipitated

on the motion of Representative Wilson to investigate the charges that several members had been offered from \$1,000 to \$3,000 to vote against the Wyman log-sawing bill. After amendments had been adopted including the anti-elgarctee bill, the bill requiring that Chinamen in this country shall wear their shirts inside their pants, the Bleeker hoopskirt bill and the election of a United States Senator, the resolution was adopted. The bill for the erection of a farmer's elevator at Duluth to cost \$200,000 passed the House and now goes to the Governor.

The above is a fair outline of modern politics. Nothing as yet appears in sight to indicate an early change in political methods. The public mind seems clouded; the public conscience is badly scared. Even where most has been said and done a few corrupt ringsters have no trouble to impose upon the masses only so they march under the banner of reform and make loud pretensions.

In Kansas in 1890 "middle of the road" resolutions were in order in every reform convention and the work that was done was purely educational. True women and true men were in demand to carry the standards of truth and the state resounded with song and speech calculated to elevate and purify.

In 1892 these same people reversed their methods, relegated true men and women to the rear, hushed the voice of song and speech, closed the school house doors to our public teachers, and entered into BARTER and TRADE with the enemy for the offices to reach salary, boodle and power.

What wonder that humanity politically tends downward, that the air is thick with schemes, fraud and corruption in the insane struggle for boodle, salary, place and power?

The professing good pose as saints, seize committee-ships, make slates, trade with the devil, ring the noses of the membership of reform parties as well as of the old, crack the lash and assassinate the characters of those protesting.

What shall the end be?

Where and to whom shall the people turn for relief?

Is it possible for the people to get relief along the lines of political action? Darkly indeed lowers the future.

Scarcely a ray of light penetrates the gloom of the political horizon.

Because of this we feel inclined to turn our attention to business methods. It seems to us that without halting or wasting time and money in fruitless endeavors, that we can work out our salvation through the Labor Exchange; that through this association we can have immediate beneficial results; that we can banish partizan rancor and purify the political atmosphere. We think that in the Labor Exchange we have the grand and broad foundation of the "Brotherhood of man."

IGNORANCE THE TYRANT.

Money could not enslave the masses were it not for their ignorance. It would be impossible. Just as long as the schemers, who live on the sweat of other people's faces, can keep the people divided by means of political lines, shooting at each other, defaming and vilifying each other, enraging each other, just so long will they be able to pauperize the masses by centering the products of their labor in the hands of the few—the schemers.

The few men who essay the role of leaders, if not criminally incompetent—composed of CHEEK—are brought up by the cunning tricksters whose well developed powers lie in making political slates, engineering trades, etc., and soon the whole organization is moving with lightning speed along the lines of self destruction—an industrial hell. The same hand that guides the one political organization guides them all, and to the same end and for the same purpose. Do you need a forcible illustration of this? Mark well the campaign of Kansas in 1892 from the side of professed reform. What was it? It was openly charged that murderous and poverty making monopoly controlled absolutely two political organizations. Then the reform organization making this charge entered into a CLOSE partnership with ONE of these organizations SO CONTROLLED BY MONOPOLY, to whip the other organization, holding out to the reform membership and to the world, even thundering it in the ears of the Almighty, that by such a course they could absolutely destroy monopoly. What rank stupidity or colossal knavery! The world never saw its like before. And what was the result? Simply this, the money power controls THREE organizations now instead of two and has seated its pimps in the state house to enforce its orders and humbug the people. A new set of men feast at the public crib under a new political banner, that is all. Not a man in the state could receive recognition at the hands of these new made tools of monopoly who was true to the people. Efficient service in the cause of reform

was considered a crime for which the battle scarred heroes must suffer ostracism. Men who had never cast a reform vote in their lives; men who had done but LITTLE for the cause of reform and suffered no sacrifices whatever; men who had but an hour before left the haunts of the old, were caught by monopoly's command, and forced to the front and made to partake of the first fruits of the feast. "The old guard you have ever with you, was monopoly's sneering taunt. They have nowhere else to go. They have been brave and never flinching in the past, poverty stricken and weary with the burdens, let them fight in the future or die.

Monopoly's command became the law, and we challenge denial. Wall street is reaping the harvests from the toil of the thousands and it is being garnered in by the "NEW" (?) democracy. The hand of treachery in the garb of fusion struck at the temple of liberty.

Let that hand be forever damned.

We have taken pains to enquire into the "Labor Exchange" idea and with due respect and courtesy to our friend Mr. Corning, who is espousing the cause, we don't believe our people are in need of such an arrangement. The cost and risk would far exceed the imaginary benefits of the most sanguine. It is an elegant scheme to barter your stuff away and fall deeper into debt. We deem it our duty to warn people of schemes that are liable to become detrimental to them. You have our opinion, compare it with yours and arrive at your own conclusion. The New Era, the alleged state organ of the scheme emanates from the Guard office and though it claims to be strictly non-political is never misses an opportunity to give the People's party a slap in the face. We would advise People's party men to not interfere in the event of republicans and stalwart democrats carrying it into effect.—Council Grove Courier.

We are pleased to learn that our distinguished and talented brother has "taken pains to enquire" into the Labor Exchange. That is what we are working for, and if a person will throw away prejudice and honestly and earnestly study the Exchange he can only come to one opinion and that will be that the Exchange is the salvation of the people. Let's see. The Courier says that in their opinion the "people are not in need of such an arrangement."

We think they are, and if Brother Padgett will throw FEAR away and study the workings of the Exchange he will agree with us. Brother Padgett's article does not in the least touch the main parts of the Exchange, and when he says "that it is an elegant scheme to barter your stuff away and fall deeper into debt," it convinces us that our learned brother has not given it a thorough study and that he is not familiar with its objects and its working condition. There is no risk whatever to the farmer and there can be no loss. We have from week to week been showing the good of the Exchange and now we ask our brother to show if he can a single dangerous point in the Exchange that will hurt the producing class. Come Brother Padgett, give your reasons. Be honest, and show if you can a "detrimental" point. We shall insist upon it. You have "enquired" into the Exchange, now answer.

As to the NEW ERA, we have been in the reform movement for 10, these many years, and long before our brothers ever thought of raising their voices up for the down trodden, debt cursed humanity, and we reserve the right to openly and above board strike at any evil we see popping up in a party that we have helped to build, and we now say that fusion in the People's party must and will be stopped. We are fighting fusion and not the People's party, and we are surprised to see that the Courier don't know the difference between fusion in Kansas and the Second Declaration of Independence adopted at Omaha, and which says that both the republican and democratic parties are one and the same, that they are controlled by the same corrupt hand—Wall street.

So again we say that he who loves his God, and all mankind, cannot advocate fusion with either party, but must condemn it.—New Era.

We care nothing for a political party as such. We take no interest in the organization of a mere machine for getting the offices. If the People's party is ever to succeed, it will be by convincing the majority of the people that it is right. If it can not win by an appeal to the reason and conscience of the average citizen, it can not win at all. Hence the direct road to success is to get right, work right, and stay right. All reforms begin at the base and work their way upwards by means of agitation, education, and organization. There is no real good to be secured by shrewd political deals. We cannot hope to go any further in any reform than the education of the people will warrant.—Alma News.

The News is correct. If the Peoples party is ever to succeed it must do it by educating the people up to the grand standard of reform. We cannot make a success of it if we continue to make combinations with a corrupt political party such as we did in 1892. Our principles are grand and must not in the future be stained by the touch of fusion, as it has in the past.

EVERYBODY'S CLUB.

From The Lucifer, Topeka.

Mr. A. A. Avery made the opening address of the evening, giving a general statement of the workings of the competitive system in the past, also what it is now, and outlining what seems to be its inevitable fate in the near future. Outlined the remedy proposed by De Bernardi of Sedalia, Mo., and by C. T. Fowler of Westport, Mo., in his paper The Sun. Spoke of the present attempt to practicalize their views in Topeka, and claimed that substantial progress is being made—some fifty members of a co-operative organization having been already enrolled.

Cyrus Corning presented at some length, the merits of the "Labor Exchange" as a relief to the people from mortgages and poverty. It involves the practical application of business methods to the dealings of the producers with each other. Labor is the basis of all financial transactions and is the real wealth, the capital of the country and is in the hands of the people, who simply through lack of intelligence and watchfulness allow a few men to possess and control its advantages. The Labor Exchange makes no war on any class or party—does not antagonize employers or moneyed men. Ninety-five per cent. of the business of the country is done on credit, or by checks. The working people, the vast majority of the nation, having no system of credit, checks or bonds, are forced to deal on a cash basis with only the remaining five per cent; the inevitable result being debt, poverty and destitution.

The Labor Exchange establishes a system of direct and equitable exchange of the products of labor between producers.

Mr. Corning publishes a paper in Topeka, "The People," devoted to the interests of the Exchange, and fully explaining its system, which system is believed by those who have given it careful study, to be the most direct and practical method of relief possible for present stress of the people.

Miss Eva Corning recited "The Voice of the People" in a manner so effective that the audience would not be pacified till she returned to the stand and sang a labor song with the refrain "Tell it Again." Miss Corning possesses musical and dramatic talent of high order and it is hoped she will again favor the club in a similar way.

The closing address, by Mr. Radford, was being listened to with close attention when a somewhat hasty adjournment was made necessary by an approaching thunder storm. It is expected that the speaker will finish his discourse at the next regular meeting.

"CRUCIFY HIM."

Never yet lived a true reformer but was and is laughed at, discounted, persecuted if not martyred. Think of the fate of the spiritual Nazarene. Justice with purity was his cardinal factor of instruction, demonstrated divine by the life he lived. The class he assailed was the hypocrites, the wealthy oppressors, the self-righteous and implacable priests. The class he defended and loved lifted up was the poor and enslaved. "The common people heard him gladly." How was he compensated for his disinterested labors? Not his was an acre of ground or a home he could call his own. His was a tramp life of saviorhood. What was the last bitter cup proffered him? A mock trial and crucifixion. Who did this? The priests and other hypocrites, influencing the baser passions of the crowds that a few days before spread palm leaves in the road and shouted hosannas of popular praise. "And they crucified him," but "his soul went marching on." This martyr line of life and death has its parallels—though not so shining all through the centuries since. Space will not allow but an allusion. There was Columbus, whom the nations of the world propose to honor in '93. He "drank the honeyed drouth of popularity before enmity and detraction has time to drug it with bitterness." What a world of excitement and adulation his discovery created in Spain and other European nationalities! How he was flattered and even worshipped! Why was he carried back in chains on his second voyage home? Jealousy developed the inconsistency of public favor. Alluding to the unprovoked defamation he endured, and the unmerited distress and difficulty in which it involved him, Washington Irving says. "Thus it is with illustrious merit—its very effulgence draws forth the rancorous passions of low and grovelling minds, which too often have a temporary influence in obscure it to the world; as the sun, emerging with full splendor into the heavens, calls up, by the very fervor of its rays, the rank and noxious vapors which for a time, becloud the glory."—Progressive Age.

SERVED THEM RIGHT.

If the action of the courts in the Toledo railroad difficulty is sustained the death of organized labor is at hand. While all must view with alarm this condition of affairs, no one should sympathize with the membership of these organizations. Almost to a man they have continued to cast their ballots for the very political parties who have brought about the present situation of affairs. They have never voted as they have marched. They have never lived up to their obligations or attempted to carry out their principles at the ballot box. These organizations have always proven treacherous to every reform movement, and been false to the doctrines they profess to believe.

James B. Weaver is a Knight of Labor of long standing, was a candidate for President upon a platform that embodied all the reforms demanded by organized labor.

Outside of the Farmers Alliance did organized labor support him? No, indeed; it voted for the two old parties as it had during the past. How many votes did he receive in New York city? Only about 2,000. The writer of this article spoke from the same platform with Mr. Powderly on last Labor Day at Baltimore. Mr. Powderly boldly declared it to be the duty of every Knight of Labor to vote for General Weaver. How many votes did he get in the city? Only 189.

All over the country the sub-assemblies are in the hands of political hoodlums who sell them to the highest bidder. While such men as Powderly, Wright, Gompers and others are anxious to have their membership do right, the hoodling boss of the small divisions nullifies with his influences and money all such desires. For this reason organized labor has become a drag to reform and will remain so until some such high handed outrage as this Toledo affair awakens to a common membership to a sense of their peril. As now constituted and dominated it would be a fortunate day for the People's party or any other reform party when organized labor of this character is destroyed. While the two old parties do not in any sense control the high officials in these organizations, they do down and completely control the voting element through the hoodling bosses. To such an extent is this true that to rid the orders of their baneful influence will well nigh, if not quite destroy them altogether. We have no desire to make war on these orders but the time has come to tell the truth.—National Watchman.

Notwithstanding Senator Martin at the one end of the string and Lewelling at the other, each backed up by fusion frauds and traitorous committees there can and will be no fusion with the Peoples party in the election of 1893-4.

It will be a straight fight for the mastery on straight line, or it will be a vigorous and open revolt against the barnacles which have incrustated themselves upon the reform movement.

Until they are sloughed off there can be no improvement in the political situation of the country and no relief for our industries. The new will be worse than the old. The standard of public morals and of public thought will be lowered many degrees. Every lover of common decency must oppose himself against a system of barter and trade by which men, professing a desire for a change based on mental development, can secure the control of governmental affairs, and treat all public offices as public plunder open only to themselves.

A fusionist is a man of low political instincts. He plays cards himself to the public as upon the market ready to be knocked down to the highest bidder. Once in office his low instincts prevail in all that he does, and in supplying himself with assistants he exemplifies the old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together."

People in the east must not take a too serious view of the racket we had at Topeka of late. They must remember that this has been the hardest winter we have had for many years. Our people were prevented by severe frosts and snow storms from following their usual avocations of cultivating and improving their farms. What was more natural under the circumstances than they should seek some other mode of diverting themselves? It is the way we Kansas people have. When we can't raise plenty of corn we can raise h— instead. We Kansans never hurt anybody, especially not a Kansan man. Ten thousand men with loaded guns may face one another at Topeka, but they will not kill a single man, except perhaps some interloper from abroad. When Kansas people quarrel over politics they are a good deal like married people. It is not safe for outsiders to interfere.—LeRoy Reporter.

Political and Otherwise

GRAND WORDS.

Chairman H. E. Taubeneck, of the National Committee of the People's party, uttered the following grand words, of which we heartily approve.

"FUSION mean confusion and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get. We want every democrat and republican to come with us and we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we can't afford to secure either voter or office by bartering away our principles. The very moment we use them as trading stock and peddle them around to the highest bidder to secure an office we will sink into oblivion and we ought to. There is but one thing for us to do 'Keep in the middle of the road.' Hoist the black flag and neither give or accept any quarter.

Any one who expects any of the old parties to give us any financial reforms by fusion in my opinion, is a mental deformity."

THE KANSAS STALWARTS.

The so called "stalwarts" of Kansas claim the federal offices on the ground that they are all that remain of the democratic party in Kansas.

Now it is a fact that some very excellent democrats in Kansas did not see their way clear to help on the movement which resulted in taking the state away from the republicans last year, but as a rule the "stalwarts" who were active against fusion last fall and are now active in trying to control the federal patronage are mere corruption agents, acting in the interest of their employers to prevent the people of Kansas from regaining control of the state.

The populists of Kansas make some demands which democrats cannot indorse, nor did those democrats indorse them who last year joined the populists in beating the republicans. There was no surrender of democratic principle. It was merely a common attack on a common enemy. It was successful, and its success must not be punished by the recognition of the alleged "stalwarts" as the democratic party of Kansas.

Where a democrat did nothing to contribute to the success of the republican electoral ticket, where he merely remained neutral rather than support the fusion, it is no reason that he should be discriminated against; but these loud-voiced people, who were such stalwart democrats last year that they preferred helping Harrison to helping a democratic fusion with Harrison's opponents, have no claim on the democratic party for anything except its distrust and aversion.

A wise policy will make Kansas a democratic state. Of course, this cannot be done by the use of the patronage; but the patronage can be so used as not to make it impossible, and the rest can be done by steadily pursuing a policy that will relieve the west—such a policy as every western democrat who was elected to office last year promised his constituents would be the policy of his party in the event of its success.—St. Louis Republic.

To a thoughtful person the above is interesting. The Republic does not like a "stalwart," and why, pray? Do they not stand for their convictions? There was no surrender of democratic principles. It was merely a common attack on a common enemy." What was the attack made for? Principle? If so, what was the principle? The democratic party stood infinitely nearer to the republican party than it did to the people's party. Why did it not unite with the republican party? It did so in 1890 and what for, pray? Office solely. And the amalgamation was made in 1892 for the offices solely, and the spoils of office have gone to the men of both parties who did thus wantonly sell their manhood. No surrender principle, eh? Then neither party had principle which might be surrendered.

But, gentle reader; you who have puffed great volumes of reform lore until you were weary and burdened with the exercise, read over thoughtfully the last part of the above article. What was the object on the part of demo-fusionists in combining? Listen! "A wise policy will make Kansas a democratic state." This is the milk in the cocoa nut. Fusion got the offices, and now let the federal patronage be so used as to further bribe the leaders of these two factions, then they will deceive and control the masses and the two will become one.

THEY WERE TRAITORS.

How low and humiliating the spectacle! The State Committee of a reform party under the complete control of a democratic committee! When democracy said, "call in your women speakers," it was done.

They had helped us in our great struggle of 1890 and 1891 and we felt proud of their noble efforts in speech and song. They were with us in the forefront of the battle and nothing that could be done with woman's hands and woman's love to forward the cause was left undone.

Democracy said they must be silenced and a People's party committee yielded to the infamous demand and they were silenced.

Democracy absolutely controlled the selection of speakers of the People's party and not one was sent out who proclaimed in full the truths of the Omaha platform.

The campaign was a democratic campaign, so far the reform movement is concerned, pure and simple and the victory was a democratic victory.

The People's party from top to bottom played suckers for democracy.

It was a low and cowardly abandonment of principle for the loaves and fishes.

It was death to the reform organization.

It was rank traitorism equal to that of Benedict Arnold or Jefferson Davis. The people are beginning to see it.

The republicans of Topeka had a sweeping victory at the polls. Fusion has done its deadly work. With the administration at work in Kansas and Senator Martin at Washington trying to dovetail their one-horse schemes together both Populists and democrats are badly shattered and the end is not yet.

Democrats are now crying out "the nigger did it."

The Demo's, who went gunning for Populist suckers last fall, thought they would try their scheme this time on "niggers" and women, but it didn't work. After having boycotted women speakers last fall they thought they could capture the women vote of Topeka this spring by putting a woman on the ticket for school board. Of all things political tricksters and ranting demagogues who feast on boodle are the most reprehensible.

A Populist policeman said to us the other day that when the voting day came for 1892 he had three tickets in his hand and he didn't know which one to vote, but after awhile he concluded the Populist ticket would win so he voted that.

It was indeed a lucky guess and brought him the position of policeman. So you see that lucky guessing with a reform administration beats hard laborious reform work with its many sacrifices all to pieces.

We live in age of reforms.

Congressman Simpson announces through the chairman of his district that he is not a democrat, hence will have no part in the distribution of federal patronage.

The last time the public knew anything about Simpson he was hobnobbing with the democrats pretty lively and very vigorously demanding that Populists in the Second district vote the democratic ticket so as to secure democratic votes in the Seventh for himself. If Simpson isn't a democrat then he is a miserable demagogue.

During the last campaign the great State committee of the People's party was obliged to silence our women speakers in order to satisfy democracy. In the city campaign this spring democracy put a woman on the ticket for School Board, and then proceeded to ornament the ticket with the names of two colored men who if elected would proceed to deal out justice and execute the laws. Democracy for rank inconsistency beats the world. It is mighty elevating for a reform party to fuse with such an organization.

Congressman W. A. Harris says: "I do not agree with my friends Moore and Tarsney in regard to the places in the Kansas City packing houses. Of all the positions to be filled by appointment from Washington these are the least connected with politics. The system now in vogue is wrong and is not calculated to accomplish the best results. Every government employee in the Kansas City packing houses is appointed by the department of agriculture, and each one is responsible to the department direct instead of some one in charge on the ground. This should be changed. A superintendent should have the power to select all of the employees and be responsible for them. This would simplify matters and greatly improve the service. The system now in vogue is in the experimental stage and the knowledge gained by the several years experience should be utilized to improve it. This is a matter in which I, as a farmer and a live stock man, and am greatly interested, and I shall present my ideas on the subject to Secretary Morton."

Churches often fight balls and dancing. Down in Georgia the other day they undertook to stop one by an injunction but the judge refused on the ground that public policy favored the meeting of the sexes and rendering his decision he said: "Under the circumstances I think this dance will have to go on. It will not be proper for me to interfere at this date as the ball is to come off tomorrow night. The young ladies have, I know, gone to a great deal of trouble in preparing their new dresses with all their fancy fixings known to young ladies, and the young men have bought swallow tailed coats, low cut vests and fancy bosomed shirts, and it would be highly improper for me to stop the dance at this critical period. Then again, if I were to stop this ball it might break up several weddings and the most serious consequences might

follow. So I feel it my duty to say, 'On with the dance.'

All the society people of the surrounding country attended, while the church people held a prayer meeting in an adjoining church for the dancing sinners.—Alma Signal.

We are pleased to learn that so many of our business men are turning their attention to the workings of the Labor Exchange, and they all speak highly of it as an organization that will help both classes of our people.

REORGANIZE.

Something must be done and that speedily to restore the confidence of the members of the people's party. In our judgement nothing can do that except the reorganization of the party. The old committees must be turned under and new ones put in their place. These new ones must be wholly composed of men whose garments are free from the taint of fusion. If this is not done dismal defeat awaits us. Thousands of men in this state will refuse to the combat under the leadership of men who so recently sat at the council table with, and took their orders from, their enemies. It would be worse than folly to do so, it would be glaring imbecility. While the old leadership is continued the work of reform can not be carried on. The masses will not respond to the crying demand for action.

Think of it! Nearly five months have passed since the election and not a single speech in the state for reform. Agitation and education have completely ceased. The like of it has not before existed since the days of Peter Cooper. Until fusion struck its deadly fangs into the reform move one election was immediately followed by educational work in the field preparatory for another.

Friends and lovers of the truth, think of these things and go to work. Make your demand for a reorganization of your party, and not only demand it, but HAVE it.

KICK AND CEASE NOT.

Monday night a large crowd gathered to learn their fate at the hands of the new mayor of Topeka. As they crowded about the door we supposed the strikers were in session above, but upon inquiry learned that it was a gathering of the army of office seekers.

"Fighting the People's party," eh? Who and what is the people's party? Is it the new State house combination? Can it be that it is limited to the State Committee? Or is it a few leading tricksters in the Democratic and people's party ranks who imagine it to be their divine right to ring the noses of the membership and build upon the bartering of principle and the sale of manhood?

A blow at frauds, political nincompoops and tricksters who market manhood through fusion for the spoils of office is a blow struck for the elevation of the people. Let these blows be struck, and with vigor, while there is a fraud in politics preying upon the rights of the people.

If men had protested and with vigor, ceasing not their efforts, in the early days of Democracy and of Republicanism there would now be no need of a people's party and there would not now be a man in all the land so base as to propose a deal between two parties of opposite tendencies compromising principle for the sake of position, power or wealth.

When the lovers of truth cease to kick the devil is always on hand with his infamous deals and he is sure to robe himself in the garments of the People's party.

There are whole townships in the Cherokee strip where the soil is so strongly impregnated with salt that not a blade of grass will grow and the ground is as bare as a paved street. This is only found in the western part of the strip, however.—Kansas Democrat.

A curious exhibit is being prepared for the Chicago fair by the French department of police. Implements that have been used by all manner of criminals in their operations, and weapons used in notorious murders, will form an important part. The method of French criminal procedure will be illustrated by a series of wax-work tableaux, depicting the "history of a crime." The courts of justice, prison, etc., will thus be shown. The morgue will be represented in the anthropometric department, will furnish a set of the necessities by which the identity of criminals is established. Four detectives and four policemen will have charge of the exhibit.—Wyandott Herald.

In this Kansas conflict, there does not seem to be any place for a political

organ with anything like conservative views. When a republican paper like the Atchison Champion refuses to be as extreme in its views as the Topeka Capital the whole radical wing of the republican party jumps onto it and when a Populist paper declines to follow the lead set by too zealous party leaders it is accused of being a traitor to the party.—Kansas Democrat.

The American Type Founders' Company have reduced the price of type about twenty-five per cent. This is probably due to the many threats of publishers and printers to buy nothing from them, and from their failure to get certain foundries (three in number) among them the Great Western to join their trust. They have probably put prices down in order to injure these foundries, who have refused to join them. It still remains the duty of the publisher to buy of their friends—the foundries who refuse to join the ring.—Emporia Tidings.

The change in administration at Washington has disclosed a deal of party dirtiness. In investigating the Behring sea commission it has been discovered that John W. Foster, President Harrison's secretary of state, fixed the salaries to be paid the members of the commission—himself to get \$10,000 a year; others from \$6 to \$15 a day. But the worst of the whole job is they all continued drawing their regular salaries. It was a nice job. Foster was following the fashions of Paris. The present congress will probably follow in the footsteps of its old party predecessors, i. e., pass some stringent measures prohibiting such steals but take care to leave a hole for themselves to crawl out of a similar swindle.—Emporia Tidings.

HISTORIC DOGS.

One Brave Animal That Recovered a Flag at Austerlitz.

A French paper has published a roll of honor of celebrated dogs which have distinguished themselves in war. This is not inappropriate, considering that the dog has been pressed into military service. For instance there was Bob, the mastiff of the Grenadier Guards, which made the Crimean campaign with that gallant corps; and also Whitepaw, "Patte Blanche," a brave French ally of Bob, that made the same campaign with the One Hundred and Sixteenth of the line, and was wounded in defending the flag.

Another, Moustache, was entered on the strength of his regiment as entitled to a grenadier's rations. The barber of his company had orders to clip and comb him once a week. This gallant animal received a bayonet thrust at Marengo and recovered a flag at Austerlitz. Marshal Lannes had Moustache decorated with a medal attached to his neck by a red ribbon. Corps de Garde, a Norvel among dogs, followed a soldier to Marengo, was wounded at Austerlitz and perished in the retreat from Russia. The Sixth of the Guard had a military mastiff named Misere, which wore three white stripes sewn on his black hair.

We have also to name Pompon, of the Forty-eighth Bedouins, the best sentry of the baggage train; Loutoute, a Crimean heroine. Mittrill, killed at Inkermann by a shell; Mofino, that saved his master in Russia, and was lost or lost himself, but found his way going from Moscow to Milan, his first dwelling-place. The most remarkable, however, was the last, an English harrier named Mustapha, which went into action with his English comrades at Fontenoy, and we are seriously told, "remained alone by a field piece of the gunner, his master, clapped the match to the touch-hole of the cannon and thus killed seventy soldiers," and it is further added that Mustapha was presented to King George II. and rewarded with a pension alimant.

THEY HAD SNOW THEN.

In '67 Came a Storm Which Surpassed Anything Last Winter.

Perhaps it may be of interest to readers to know when we had our last big snow-storm. Well, if memory serves me right (and I think it does, for I have my diary for proof), it was on January 18, 1867.

At that time the writer was baggage-master on a train running between Boston and East Wilton, N. H., leaving Boston at 7 a. m. About three inches of snow had fallen before we left that morning, and it snowed hard all day. However, we went to Wilton and returned to Nashua, where I stopped over afterwards. We were due to leave Nashua Junction at 5:05 p. m., but left at 5:25, with two cars, baggage and passenger, and two engines. We should have had the northern mail, but it was late, so we did not wait for it.

We made the run to East Cambridge, thirty-eight miles, arriving at 7:45. We could get no further as there was a train stuck in the snow just below the depot, near Short street. The train consisted of eight or ten cars, having six engines—the "Lowell," "William Sturgis," "Mars," "McNell," "Nashville" and "Nashua." They managed to get the train through at about 9:15. I arrived in Boston at 9:25, making the last mile in one hour and forty minutes.

Snow! Why, that was the biggest snowstorm I have ever seen. Boston was almost completely blocked—snow drifts from one to seven feet deep. Walking down Portland street you could only see the head of a man on the opposite side.

OF TWO ANCESTORS.

A Woman Inherited the Instincts of the Coward and the Hero.

Among the women in and about Boston who know who her great grandfathers are is one whose ancestors played prominent but widely different parts in the battle of Concord.

One was appointed to lead the yeomen, the other was one of the yeomen to be led.

When the cry of battle sounded the leader, the man to whom the troops looked for direction, deserted them. At the last moment his fear overcame him and he fled.

The other ancestor, seeing that the troops were without a commander, rushed from out the ranks and shouting: "For God's sake, fire!" made himself the leader the men needed.

From the time this woman was a little girl in short dresses she had repeatedly heard this story and had been proud of the brave man, and oh! so ashamed of the coward. As she grew into womanhood she found in her nature parts of both ancestors.

"Let me tell you how I often feel," she would say. "For instance, when I go to a party I am happy in anticipation until I get to the drawing-room door and catch a glimpse of the guests within and the hostess standing stiff and prim to receive me.

"There comes over me a terrible fear and the runaway ancestor in me says, 'Take to your heels, Annie, you can never face these people.' I'm on the point of obeying this impulse when 'For God's sake, fire!' takes full possession of me. With a bound I attack my hostess and the battle's won."

BATTLES FOUGHT ON SUNDAY.

Historical Engagements of Waterloo, Bull Run and Chickamauga.

Many of the most famous battles of history have been fought on Sunday. To go no farther back than the beginning of the present century, the Globe-Democrat cites the battle of Eylau, won February 8, 1807, by Napoleon over the Russians and Prussians, and the battle of Friedland, June 14, 1807, won by Napoleon over the same allies, were both fought on Sunday. On Sunday, May 21, 1800, Napoleon was defeated at Essling; on Sunday, May 2, 1813, won the victory of Lutten, and on Sunday, June 17, 1815, was overthrown at Waterloo. Wellington, besides Waterloo, won several of his greatest victories on Sunday, being victorious at Vimereira, in Portugal, August 21, 1808; at Fuentes de Onoro, May 5, 1811; at Orthez, February 27, 1814; at Tarbes, March 20, 1814, and at Toulouse, April 10, 1814, all these battles being fought on Sunday. During the civil war in this country the first battle at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, was fought on Sunday, and the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, ended on Sunday. Vicksburg was surrendered on Saturday, July 4, 1863, and formally occupied on Sunday, the following day, and on the same day Lee began his retreat from Gettysburg. Petersburg fell on Sunday, April 2, 1865, and on the following Sunday Lee surrendered.

JIM-JAM VALLEY.

A Beautiful Vision of Paradise Among the Mountains of California.

"In the Jim-Jam valley, in California, there are many wonderful and reasonable mirages," said John E. Owens of New York. "It is named Jim-Jam valley because of the curious and strange sights seen there. The valley is about forty miles long and thirty miles wide. Not a soul lives within its territory. Mountains capped with snow all the year surround the valley. In it the eyes see lakes, green trees, bubbling springs, and even lilies growing in the marshes. Contrast these with the rugged mountains that surround you, and the picture is one of indescribable loveliness and beauty. You imagine that no paradise, ethereal or heavenly, could surpass it. In the distance there are beautiful lakes with lovers paddling softly over the calm waters; fantastic craft and beautiful water nymphs show themselves. Weird and somber figures gleam at you from all directions, and dimly outlined forms of all colors, shapes and sizes may be seen.

"Occasionally there is a storm in the valley. Forked lightning leaps from the mountain tops and in its light you see strange animals, different from any you have ever heard about before.

"These mirages strike the observer with awe, and few men who see them once care to repeat the visit."

Preaching Monkeys.

The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest and makes a signal with his forepaw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings, but no other traveler has confirmed the statement.

Anecdote of Sherman's Son.

A detachment of soldiers was told off to take charge of young Tom, now Father Sherman, while crossing the pontoon bridge across the Potomac when the armies of the country were coming to Washington to take part in the great review there in 1863. He was then about eight years old.

One of the men asked him if he expected to grow up as smart a man as his father, the general, and he promptly answered "No."

"Why?" was the next question. "Well," he replied with the same readiness, "there are plenty other men who have grown up, and why ain't they as smart as my father."

BUSINESS HABITS.

Girls Should Be Taught Them From Early Years.

Whether a woman is poor or rich it behooves her to acquire methodical business habits keeping her little accounts accurately and knowing to a cent just what she does with her money, whether she has 10 cents or \$10 to expend on her own little personal wants. An allowance is the first step toward this end if, at the same time, it is impressed upon her that every sum spent should be set down with unflinching regularity.

In black and white one notes how much more easily the money can be spent, how quickly it goes, and just what foolish little things have lured it from our pockets. Without setting down each item, it is ten chances to one that you will conclude you must have lost some money when you cannot see how that ten-dollar bill went when you only bought such a very few things. The neat little figures are a genuine restraint, besides instilling a habit and system that will be of great value if ever fortune smiles and a great estate comes to your hands, and still if greater economy is a necessity and the dollar has to be forced into doing duty for two.

Unless the accounts are kept accurately and the cash made to balance every evening, you had better not attempt any book-keeping at all, for slipshod methods are worse than none and only confuse everything rather than help matters. If anything is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and there is nothing so productive of future good as the habit of looking carefully out for the pennies when school days are the only trials and the allowance of fifty cents a week goes for candy and pickles. If this plan is once established in childhood, the girl will grow to womanhood with a clear knowledge of where her money goes and what she has to show for it.

FRANCE'S CANAL SYSTEM.

It Is Practically Free From Tolls and Covers Fully 8,000 Miles.

Interior navigation has long held a prominent place in the traffic of France, and it is not surprising to learn that the length of navigable waters in that country is 8,000 miles, of which 650 miles are returned as tidal, 2,100 miles navigable without works, 2,250 canalized rivers and 3,000 miles canals.

The state looks out for all but seven per cent of this network, which is, therefore, practically free from tolls. This system of inland navigation has cost about \$300,000,000 for construction and purchase and \$25,000,000 for concessions. The annual cost of maintenance is about \$2,000,000, or \$325 a mile, which covers all expenditures whatsoever. The number of vessels employed on the water-ways is between 15,000 and 16,000; and about twenty-six per cent have a capacity of 300 tons or more, while more than half have a capacity exceeding 100 tons. Moreover, about 2,000 foreign boats use the French canals each year.

The motive power is now almost furnished by draft animals, although a few steam tugs are used on the Seine, the Oise and some other rivers, and steam cargo boats are occasionally met. Cable towing and tow locomotives are also used in a few places. The average cost of moving a ton of freight one mile is stated to be .0046 on rivers and twenty-five per cent less on canals.

In Love With His Princess.

A pretty love story concerning the late Dowager Queen Olga, of Wurtemberg, was published in Stuttgart. Forty-eight years ago, when she was the greatest beauty at the Russian court. Prince Barlatski, an officer in the imperial guard, fell in love with her. When he learned that she returned his love he became alarmed, obtained an audience with Czar Nicholas, and, falling on his knees, implored pardon for his audacity for having loved the daughter of his sovereign.

Pleased with his honorable conduct, the czar created him field marshal and made him governor of the Caucasus. One year later the Grand Duchess Olga was married to the Wurtemberg prince. Barlatski acquired some fame in the Crimean war, but never recovered from the moroseness following the disappointment of this love.

A Smart Girl's Lecture.

A 16-year-old girl reads a lecture to the young men in a Maine paper. She exclaims: "Why do the young men of Edgcomb do so much loafing? Go to work! Push ahead! I am but a young girl; I have clothed myself and got money in the bank, and only 16 years old. I lay up more money every year of my life than any boy or young man within a radius of three miles of my home. When they get a dollar they go to a dance and go home a dollar out. My father is able to support me, but I choose to support myself. I advise all girls to cut clear of those loafing boys. Give them a wide berth, and never marry a man unless he is able to support you. And never put your arm through the handle of a rum jug."

A Question for Scientists.

Dr. Richardson, an English physician, who has investigated the matter, says that the men who work in the Paris sewers are as healthy as the average, and no other 800 men in Paris are so free from zymotic diseases. This leads Dr. Richardson to ask: "Do sewer men gain an immunity from contagion by their occupation, or are we at sea as to the mode of communication of the spreading diseases?"

A Poet Lariat.

The Panxutawney Spirit says: "No, we do not want a poet laureate in this country, but a poet lariat would be a good thing with which to tie poets up to a tree or lamp post or other convenient object." Jefferson county bards must have been working double-time on holiday gems for the inspection of the editor of the Spirit.

THE GOLDEN EXCEPTION.

She looks back the window curtain;
She closes the gate below;
She smiles a coquette, I am certain;
Her eyes take a tender glow.
Will it be this way after marriage?
Will they play at sweethearts through life?
Alas, you who true love disparage;
They have flirted for years—that's his wife!
—New England Magazine.

A FLASH IN THE PAN.

It takes a tough man to stand it when you Texas fellows drop a link an' strike an all-day gait. Y' think that because a man's punched cows in th' North he don't know an 'apple-horn' from a 'visalia,' or a 'rope' from a 'lass,' or either of 'em from a 'necarte.' I s'pose, now, y'd look at me red-eyed if I was t' tell y' that I've done as much twinnin' amongst th' chaparral as I have on top o' th' bunchgrass, an' dopped my lip over th' chuck in a greaser's adobe as often as I've pounded my ear in a Montana shack.

Now jest s'pose a man—not me, but another fellow—t' be peaceably shackin' along on his mustang over one o' them big mesas down there, when out from th' gates o' a hacienda he was passin' rode a beautiful creature, not sixteen—they ripen early down there—with black hair, languishin' eyes, an' a figger t' set fire t' th' heart o' any vaquero that over coiled a rope, an' dashin' up t' Bill Snooks turned loose her pleadin' dark eyes on him, an' said:

"Does th' caballero ride t' th' rancho of Senor th' Intendant o' th' herds o' th' Blazin' Brazos?"

"Good Lord!" said Bill Snooks to himself, "this lays over me." But t' her he said in his softest voice, a good deal spoiled by pretty steady "singin' to 'em" for a number o' years:

"Si, senorita; y' can bot yor sweet life he does."

"An' will he chage himself with this, to me, letter o' life an' death, an' deliver it safely into the hand of one Don Henrique Martinez at that rancho?"

"That little cuss, Hen Martin, fer th' whisky! Gorge, what luck some men do have!" said Snooks ag'in to himself. But, bein' short on Spanish, he had t' git off pretty much th' same old gag t' her.

"Si, senorita; y' can bank on Hen—on Don Henrique's gettin' it all right."

"An' I shall t' th' Senor Caballero my thanks o' th' most deep, an' prayers t' th' Holy Mother of Heaven!" with which polite remark th' lady wheeled her horse an' vamoed as sudden as she came.

Martin was a man o' simple habits, an' easy t' find. He was stretched in a hammock under a big cottonwood, with a cigarette in his mouth, a dirty French novel in his hand and a whisky cocktail close by. He was a handsome little cuss, born and bred in Boston, where most o' th' company stockholders lived, and though his services wasn't very valuable it was understood t' be worth all it cost to his friends t' keep him safely caged 3,000 miles away from home.

Snooks havin' delivered th' letter, Martin chuckled away his cigarette and perched t' read it, not noticin' that Bill was still standin' there. Now, as I told y' Bill's affections had taken such a strong delawelt around th' lovely senorita that not havin' much fear o' Hen Martin before his eyes he jest naturally stayed there t' see what 'd happen; an' in about a minute Martin jumped up, an' pitchin' his novel after his cigarette yelled out: "Oh, Lord, what a fix! What an infernal fix!"

"What's up?" said Bill. There bein' nobody else there he took th' view that Martin must a spoke t' him.

"Up!" said Martin, lookin' at Bill sort o' wild like. "Everything's up! I'm up, up a tree! Look here, Bill, y' saw that girl that sent me th' letter? We're in love, Bill; madly in love! An' at last she's consented t' go off with me. Listen. One so adored! Bother, that's not it. Um, um, here you are:

"Meet you on foot, at 9 to-night, by th' broken cross where th' roads meet, an' fly—t' be parted, never!"

"Well," says Bill, "what's th' matter with that? You'll fly, o' course, an' everything'll be lovely." "Oh, Bill, I can't! I haven't got any money! I'm dead broke, strapped, clean busted! I got my quarter's pay on Friday, an' Willy th' Kid an' Black Joe cleaned me out at draw before night. Oh, curse th' luck! Bill, what shall I do? I love her so! An' she'll die with shame an' disappointment, for she loves me just as hard. Oh, Bill, Bill!"

"How much 'd it take?" said Bill. "About five hundred. Jest th' lot I dropped at those cursed cards. Enough t' go North an' live on till we can bully her uncle out o' some more. She's an orphan an' rich. If we was once married he couldn't keep her out o' it long."

"I'll lend it to y'," said Bill.

Martin pulled himself up an' glared at th' other with a blink o' manly spirit in his eye. "I didn't suppose you'd go t' baitin' me now, Bill," said he.

"Baitin', be blowed!" said Bill. "I'll give y' a square check on the Stockman's bank in Dallas for 500 good states dollars."

Martin looked hard at him. "Bill," said he, "d' y' mean it?"

"Sure," said Bill Snooks.

"Where'd y' git it?"

"Saved it up. Meant t' quit punchin' an' go in for sheep on my own hook."

"An' now y' offer t' lend it t' me?"

"On th' dead straight," said Bill.

"An' give up yer sheep? Five hundred in sheep'll make a man o' y' in a few years, Bill. A feller like you that can work."

"Ye—; I s'pose it would. But what's th' odds, long y' re happy? As she's happy, that is. Take th'

money, Martin, an' go along. Sheep ranchin' 'll last, I reckon. Y' can pay me, y' know."

"Pay y'! Why, Bill, ye shall have a hacienda stocked with full-blooded merinos. Oh! Y' shall be paid—in money! but th' kindness of it! Well, it's no use t' talk, Bill; but I shan't forget it. An' now, if y' do mean it, Bill, I must hustle! I've got t' fix up some little things here, and hunt up a horse that'll carry her."

"That's so," said Bill. "Her letter said on foot, didn't it? Y'd better take Cringo."

"Bill! Your little racer, that y' set so much by."

"Well, I don't s'pose y' want t' put 'or on no bench-legged plug, the'll lopo all day in th' shade o' a cottonwood tree. An' now, Martin, look here; y' want somethin' t' go on; here's a dozen greaser dollars for change; I'll give y' a check for th' five hundred, so y' can git it in Dallas, or y' can tell th' old man that y' won it off o' me, an' he'll cash it fer y', he knows it's all right, an' then I'll ride over t' Las Casos an' hunt up a woman's saddle, an' there I'll feed an' rub down Cringo, an' have him at the crossroads, as fresh as paint, at five minutes before 9. O' course you'll be waitin' for me there, an' when she comes, an' is once up, there ain't a horse in th' country thet Cringo can't show a clean pair o' heels to."

At the time set Bill Snooks rode his racin' mustang, "Cringo," slowly down the trail from Las Casos toward th' broken cross where th' roads met. There was a touch o' sorrow in his heart, fer Bill loved th' little mustang better'n anything else 'n th' world—except th' lady o' th' hacienda; but he hadn't long t' think about it before a little veiled figger came creepin' down th' trail, an' a soft voice whispered: "Thou art waitin' for thy so late Ninita, but my uncle—." Here Bill was obliged t' explain th' situation, an' cursin' Martin under his breath for a cowardly sneak t' make th' flatterin' little creature wait, he begged her as politely as he know how t' mount th' bay horse, an' th' Senor Martinez would be with them in a'most no time.

"Ah! he has sent you with a horse; so kind, so thoughtful!" as, touchin' her little arched foot t' Bill Snooks' big brown hand, she sprang t' th' saddle. "But listen! I hear th' trampin' o' horses. It must be ho, yet they seem many. Senor Caballero, if there be danger I look to you for protection!"

"With my life, senorita!" said Bill. Addin' to 'imself "for God's sake, Bill Snooks, keep yer gun in yer belt, an' yer mouth shut, till y' see what'll do her th' least harm!"

By this time th' clatter o' hoofs had stopped, an' plumb in front o' Bill an' th' senorita pulled up Don Juan Felipe Aguado, th' uncle an' gardener o' th' lady; an' Mr. Warren Maitland—usually known among th' boys as "th' old man"—th' manager o' th' Blazin' Brazos cattle company.

"The Senorita Ninita, here!" cried Don Juan, almost knocked out o' his saddle by th' shock.

"Bill Snooks, you hero!" put in old Maitland in a voice like the beat o' a bull-calf under the brandin' iron.

"What does this mean, senorita?" thundered Don Juan.

"An' what in—! What on earth are you up to, Bill?" yelled Maitland in the same breath.

"If my uncle will listen," said the senorita, at last.

Bill hed bin dumb, not knowin' in th' least what lino she meant t' take, an' feelin' sure he'd only put his foot in it if he tried t' talk. "If my uncle and the Senor Maitland will listen, it means that I am about t' become th' wife of a caballero so noble, so brave an' honorable, that my family can feel gratified by the alliance. I speak of th' Senor Don Henrique Martinez, who will on th' moment arrive t' claim me for his bride."

"But if this be true," said th' Don, "how comes it that I find you here with this common vaquero, an' mounted upon his horse—which I recognize as from th' track o' th' race?"

"Don Juan," put in old Maitland, "My nephew, Mr. Martin, would, I have no doubt, feel flattered at th' idea of an alliance with th' family o' th' Senor Aguado; but I am in a position to state with certainty that he has not at this time anticipated or prepared for th' honor. I left him at th' rancho, somewhat overcome—in deed, I will not hesitate t' speak plainly—dead drunk—having spent th' afternoon at cards an' lost heavily—a sum received in payment of an old gambling debt. I need not say that it gives me pain t' speak o' these habits, so degradin' t' my young relative—but better so than t' believe him capable o' attemptin' th' abduction o' a child—for y'r niece is little more."

"As for you Snooks, I won't allow myself t' use harsh language in th' presence of a lady. Here's a month's wages; yer bounced from th' pay-roll o' th' company, an' I know my friend th' Senor Aguado will join me in sayin' that th' faster y' make tracks from this part o' th' country th' better."

"Don Juan will no doubt escort his niece home. You can mount yer own horse, an' as neither his people nor mine will be likely t' feel very friendly if this gets out, better fan him a little on both sides till y' git over th' line."

What became o' th' senorita? Quen sabe. If it hed o' bin Bill Snooks that she was willin' to run off with, things would have ended different. As it was, Bill was scooped. He traveled North by long stages, joined a cattle drive at Abilene an' never stopped till th' snowies was below him an' th' Canada line nigh in sight.—San Francisco Examiner.

A PERSISTENT HEN.

Even in Its Cooked State It Was a Dis-
mal Failure.

Mr. Jones is of Lynn. After months of thought he went into the hen industry on a small scale. He secured a batch of chicks from Mr. Smith, and then asked the ages of the various members of his new family. Smith admitted that one of them was peculiarly old.

"I bought her three years ago," he said, "and she was old then."

Jones kept hens until he was tired. The most venerable of the lot was always "too old to kill," but never an egg did she release. Jones sold his brood, the venerable one and all, to Mr. Alley.

Jones' wife wanted a fowl the other day for a fricassee. The butcher was appealed to. He didn't have a fowl, but he would get one. He did. Jones' wife boiled it for four hours, but it was not eatable. Jones suggested that she reboil it the same afternoon, and she did, but the fowl was still far from tender. The next day she boiled it some more, and it remained unpalatable. It had to be thrown away.

"Where did you get that fowl?" asked Jones of the butcher.

"Bought it from Alley," answered the man of meat. "He said he would give me a fresh one."

"I thought so," said Jones, who had reached the conclusion—and was right—that he had paid a dollar for the infirm hen that he had been glad to sell to Alley for twenty-five cents.

NO GETTING OUT OF IT.

The Fates Were Against Them and the Ring Was Unbroken.

There were tell-tale furrows in the powder that besprinkled her cheek. She had been weeping, beyond the shadow of a doubt. She shivered and grew sick at heart when the chap for whose footsteps she had been listening all the evening rushed impetuously forward and kissed her hand.

"How angelic!"

He pressed his lips fervently upon her third knuckle.

"—in you to send for me."

She smiled sadly.

"Yes," she murmured in a voice heavy with emotion, "I have decided to revoke my refusal. I will marry you."

An ethereal joy transfigured his countenance.

"Oh, heaven—"

It was the grateful cry of a happy soul.

With streaming eyes he gathered her yielding form to his breast.

"And did you find," he warmly demanded, "that you loved me after all?"

"No—"

It was as if an arrow had pierced his heart.

"But I did find that I couldn't get your engagement ring off my finger, do what I would, and I was left with only one alternative."

Go West, Young Man.

Nozo Pomura, a Japanese gentleman now in this country, says: "We have organized in Tokio, a society called 'the Going to America society.' Its object is to facilitate Japanese travel to the United States during the exposition. As I say, the travel will be very large. We have made arrangements with the Pacific mail steamship company and the American and Japanese railroads to such an advantage that a person in Japan can visit the fair and spend about six weeks in America for 700 yen, or a little less than \$500. Hundreds of my people have already made their arrangements to come and the lists are growing rapidly every day."

Possessed Voltaire's Heart.

The lovers of the curious coincidence will be interested to know that the heart of the great hater of priests and nobles—Voltaire—was in the possession of the bishop of Moulins, Monseigneur de Dreus-Breze, when he died recently at the age of 82. The bishop was the youngest son of the grand master of ceremonies in the court of Louis XVI. The church dignitary inherited the heart of the great scoffer from the Marquis de Villette, to whose family belonged the house on the Quay Voltaire, in which the Ferney philosopher died.

For Etiquette.

An elderly lady in a modest manner leaned over the counter of a West end drug store, says a Baltimore paper, and, pointing to a letter with a Columbian stamp, asked: "Will you please tell me if these stamps are good for just common use?" When assured that they were so intended, she bowed politely and remarked as she left: "I didn't know; I thought they were to be used, perhaps, for etiquette."

Censorship of the Press.

When Rome was still under the papal rule a play was once submitted to the prelate charged with the revision of manuscripts to the press. The first scene represented a restaurant and an actor sitting at a table and calling to a waiter:

"Waiter, a beefsteak!"

The scrupulous censor wrote in the margin: "Note—When the piece is played during Lent the actor, instead of calling for a beefsteak, will order an omelette."

Curlosity Rewarded.

Some travelers were recently visiting in an elegant private garden at Palermo, in Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings they came to one upon which was written, "Non asperite," that is, "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very unconvincingly proceeded to disobey the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door a strong jet of water was squirted into their faces.

INVENTOR WATTS' VISION.

It Came in a Drunken Sleep and Made His Fortune.

Before Watts, the discoverer of the present mode of making shot, had his notable dream, induced by overindulgence in stimulants, the manufacture in question was a slow, laborious and consequently costly process. Great bars of lead had to be pounded into sheets of a thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shots desired. These sheets had then to be cut into little cubes, placed in a revolving barrel and there rolled around until, by the constant friction, the edges wore off from the little cubes, and they became spheroids.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at an ale-house, he went home, went to bed and soon fell asleep. His slumbers, however, were disturbed by unwelcome dreams, in one of which he was out with "the boys," and as they were stumbling home it began to rain shot—beautiful globules of polished, shining lead—in such numbers that he and his companions had to seek shelter.

In the morning Watts remembered his curious dream and it obtruded itself on his mind all day. He began to wonder what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air, and finally, to set his mind at rest, he ascended to the top of the steeple of the church of St. Mary at Radcliffe and dropped slowly and regularly a ladleful of molten lead into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of the most perfect shot he had ever seen. Watts' fortune was made, for from this exploit emanated the idea of the shot tower, which ever since has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so important in war sport.

SHE WAS GRATEFUL.

But Took an Economic Way of Showing Her Appreciation.

We were nearing Jacksonville, Fla., after the long trip from New York. The porter had finished brushing off a mother and her four children, each of whom had demanded attention every fifteen minutes, when the woman turned and said:

"You have been very attentive to us during the trip, and I wish to reward you."

"Yes, um."

"What is your name?" she asked, as she took out pencil and notebook.

"William White, mum."

She wrote for a minute on one of the leaves of her book, and then tore it out and handed it to him with the remark:

"A colored man who is ambitious to get along will always find friends."

I caught him in the vestibule two minutes later and asked to see the paper. It read:

MR. PULLMAN: Your man, William White, has been very attentive to me and my children, and I would recommend that you raise his salary and let him know that you fully appreciate his efforts.

Mrs. S. B.—

I read it aloud to the porter and then looked at him. He gasped for breath and it was a long minute before he could ejaculate:

"Befo' de Lawd! but I dun thought dat was a \$15 check on some bank in Jacksonville. Huh! Sho! Wall, of all de deleterious obnoxiousness I eber did dun meet up wid in all my life dis captivates de pinnacles!"

Marie's Tact.

There was a little scene in a Wabash avenue cable car recently that would have made a picture after Du Maurier's heart. A young girl inclined to plumpness got in, and greeted with effusiveness a widow concerning whose figure roly-poly seemed the only applicable adjective. The widow glanced at her young friend, and said politely:

"Why, Marie, how well you're looking! The mountains must have agreed with you. You are positively as plump as a partridge."

To which Marie tactfully replied in tones of horror:

"Oh, don't tell me that! If there is anything I dread becoming it is a fat woman!"

John Wesley's Autograph.

An interesting letter, the last written by John Wesley, was sold a few days ago by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge. The text was as follows:

"To the Board of Customs. Gentlemen: Two or three days ago Mr. Ireland sent me as a present two dozen of French claret, which I am ordered to drink during my present weakness. The White Swan inn. It was seized—beg it may be restored to your obedient servant, John Wesley, 14th November, 1790. City Road. Whatever duty comes due I will see duly paid." This touching appeal to the board of customs is indorsed, "Rejected, W. W." The writing is very feeble and broken and the reference to the White Swan is not clear; possibly he wanted the claret sent there. This letter realized 2s.

Buttons and Combs Made of Blood.

There is a large factory at a small town near Chicago employing about 100 to 150 workers, which is wholly given over to the manufacture of useful articles from waste animal blood.

At certain seasons of the year this unique factory uses from 10,000 to 15,000 gallons of fresh blood per day. It is first converted into thin sheets by evaporation and certain chemical processes, and afterwards worked up into a variety of useful articles, such as combs, buttons, earrings, belt clasps, bracelets, etc. Tons of these articles are sent to all parts of the world every year from this "bloody" Sucker state manufactory.

KILLED THE LITTLE LION.

He Was Not Four Months Old and His Brain Was Diseased.

An African lion in Central park, having been adjudged insane, was shot through the brain the other day. It was a baby lion in its fourth month, and its brief existence is supposed to have been full of pain.

The lion—he had never been christened—belonged to Barnum & Bailey's show. He came to the park menagerie two months ago, with the elephant, the boa constrictor and the antelope.

The circus often sends such animals to the park for the winter. The elephant and the boa constrictor thrived and grew fat; the antelope languished; the lion pined away. His eyes were full and sad, and the keepers saw he was suffering, but he did not roar or cry.

About two weeks ago he began to stagger up and down his cage, as if his legs were too weak for his body. Then, instead of walking on the under part of his toes, he doubled them and walked on his talons. When Felix McDonald, the superintendent of the circus menagerie, called at the park, attention was called to the lion's condition. He decided that the lion's brain was affected, and that he must be killed.

Chloroform was chosen at first, but after more deliberation it was decided to shoot him. At 2 o'clock one afternoon the execution took place. The keeper's gathered in front of the cages and stood there with grave faces. The lion had stretched himself out to his full length, four feet from nose to tail tip, and his eyes were turned full upon the men. He was as motionless as a bronze figure. One of the keepers raised a rifle and held the muzzle within a few feet of the lion's ear. There was a flash and a loud report. The lion's head fell and remained motionless. The shot had pierced his brain, and had killed him.

The skull was opened, and it was found that the lion's brain was thick with blood clots.

ON THE YUKON.

Alaska's Mighty River Is to be Used for Commerce.

The Yukon river is now to be made the scene of commerce, and will soon be navigated by regular side-wheel steamers. The idea is to run regular boats up and down the Yukon river for the purpose of trade and connecting at St. Michael's island with the Sound steamers. The new steamer, which is to be called the P. B. Weare, had her frame laid out and fitted at Seattle. She will be put together on St. Michael's island, will be 175 feet in length, twenty-eight feet beam and four feet deep.

The Weare will run up the Yukon river, the mouth of which is about twenty-five miles from the island, and for a distance of 2,200 miles will establish trading posts along the river. The trade will be of all kinds of merchandise, and the returns will be in gold dust and furs. There will be also a complete assaying outfit on the steamer, and everything that a miner can use in testing and taking out valuable mineral from the ore.

A sawmill will be taken along for the purpose of cutting timber for trading stations. The Yukon river is only navigable during July, August and September, and, for the present, only three or four trips may be made during the year.

Worthy of Witch-Burning Days.

A Kentucky Baptist minister says that some years ago a Baptist church in that state tried a man for kissing his wife. The formulated charge was entered: "Unbecomingly levity." The gentleman accused had been from home several weeks on business, and on his return met his wife at the meeting house, and in the presence of the congregation embraced her with a sounding smack on the lips. Some of the staid old deacons were so shocked at such levity in the house of God that the gentleman was arraigned on the above charge, and escaped dismissal from the church by agreeing to do his kissing at home in the future.

Charging a 110-Ton Gun.

There are nine 110-ton guns in the British navy at the present time. The projectile fired from these guns when attacking ships or forts weighs exactly 1,500 pounds and leaves the muzzle with a velocity of 2,105 feet per second, and has a destructive energy equal to 55,305 foot tons. When the monster engines of death are to be turned upon an army of men or a flotilla of ships they are loaded with cylinders of steel, and each of which is filled with 2,300 four-ounce bullets. The amount of powder used behind such projectiles is something enormous—960 pounds to each charge.

Sagacity of a Dog.

Morris Thompson, East Cain, Pa., was sitting reading his paper one evening, when a dog came to his door and began scratching. He went out and the dog ran toward the orchard. Mr. Thompson returned again to his reading and once more the dog came to his door and began scratching. This time Mr. Thompson followed the dog into the orchard, and there up a tree the dog had scared two coons. Glad he was when Mr. Thompson came to his assistance, and with the aid of the dog both coons were captured.

Wanted to Learn Monkey Language.

A remarkable request was received recently at the office of the Providence park commissioners of St. Louis. The city has established an animal department at the Roger Williams park and among other attractions is a cage of monkeys. J. D. Thorgart, of the city, writes that he is a philologist and would like to have permission to enter the monkeys' cage and live there for a time that he may study the cries of these animals. He believes they have a distinct language of their own.

WILL OF AN EX-SLAVE.

All of Her Property Left to Her Former Master's Son.

There was a queer last will and testament offered for probate in Aikens, Ga., lately.

Some years before the war Julia Phinizy, a buxum young slave woman with health and energy, contracted with the late Ferdinand Phinizy—her owner—for her freedom, agreeing to pay a stated sum therefor. By industry, frugality and economy she managed to pay the amount and gain her freedom just before the emancipation proclamation was issued. Julia continued to work and economize, and was always regarded as an exceptionally good woman. She thought a great deal o' her master's family before and after freedom and never ceased to hold them in the highest esteem.

They also loved Julia, their old slave. A few days ago she died. She left a will duly executed and signed. By the will she bequeathed all her property, which amounted to a nice little sum, considering the fact that it was entirely the savings of an ex-slave made dollar by dollar with hard work, to a member of her old master's family.

She named as the beneficiary in this carefully drawn document Mr. Marion Phinizy, a son of the late Ferdinand Phinizy, who lives in Atlanta and who is worth in his own right a quarter of a million.

Having no heir of her own, this honest and devoted old slave left her earthly possessions as a monument of her love for her old master's family, which will be perpetuated by being spread upon the records of the courts of the country.

STRANGE MALFORMATION.

The Case of a Man Who Could Control His Heart-Beats.

Dr. E. A. Groux, surgeon of the Twenty-eighth New York regiment, who died in 1878, was, during his life, the most wonderful living human malformation. The surgeons regarded him with special interest because, having been born without a sternum—the sternum is the flat bone in the middle of the breast—he could control or suppress all the pulsations of the heart. The post-mortem examination was made by Professors Dalton, Welcher, Daring and Pilcher of the college of physicians and surgeons and Long Island college and Drs. Riedel, Brady, Hesse, Jewett, Schlitz

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Political and Otherwise

GRAND WORDS.

Chairman H. E. Taubeneck, of the National Committee of the People's party, uttered the following grand words, of which we heartily approve.

"FUSION mean confusion and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get. We want every democrat and republican to come with us and we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we can't afford to secure either voter or office by bartering away our principles. The very moment we use them as trading stock and peddle them around to the highest bidder to secure an office we will sink into oblivion and we ought to. There is but one thing for us to do. 'Keep in the middle of the road.' Hoist the black flag and neither give or accept any quarter.

Any one who expects any of the old parties to give us any financial reforms by fusion in my opinion, is a mental deformity."

LET KANSAS LEAD.

The initiative and referendum is not an experiment, but has long been in use in Switzerland in some of the cantons, and it has worked so satisfactorily that all the cantons and the Swiss national government have adopted it. It has demonstrated its utility in causing a more general interest and greater intelligence on the part of the people in public affairs. It has also destroyed that bane of all good government, partisanship, the people now discussing the merits of measures instead of parties. It has civilized politics by taking out the bitterness, malignity, prejudice and abuse out of the field. Appeals are no longer made to passion, prejudice or party hatred, but to opinions of measures proposed.

Another especially valuable result is the much higher character, both morally and intellectually, of the men that it has brought to the front in public affairs. It is now possible to get the ablest and purest men to take part in the government, which it was not so long as all appeals were made to partisan hatred and prejudice, as it still is with us. Another good result has been greater economy and honesty in public expenditures. Corrupt jobs are voted down by the people, and useless offices abolished.

Why should we be so far behind the old world in the science of government and in respect for popular rights? Let Kansas take the lead in this great reform, as she has in others, and show the other states the first example of a free democracy—a government of, by and for the people.—Wakefield's Jeffersonian.

The principle of law, laid down by Ricks, Speer, and other federal judges, that public interests are paramount, and that employees of a common carrier may not lay down their work to the detriment of the carrying service, if correct, is also applicable to the carrying companies themselves, unless we are to have one law for the corporation and another for the employee. In the great South-west strike, for instance, when Gould by stubbornly refusing to arbitrate differences between the company and its employees, blockaded the wheels of commerce for weeks, he should have been amenable to law, and the charter of his company as a common carrier should have been cancelled by reason of the non-performance of the carrying service. If his company would not perform its contract with the people, the government should have taken charge, in the interest of the general welfare, held by recent decisions to be paramount. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways.—Junction City Tribune.

The Georgia Central Railroad is in the hands of a receiver and the government has control. The engineers appealed to the federal courts to compel the receiver to carry out the contract that existed between the road and the Brotherhood before the receiver was appointed. Judge Speers decided the case in favor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and the receiver will be required to deal with the duly appointed representative of organized labor. The engineers regard this as a signal victory, and so it would be if the road was not under the control of the federal court. As it is, the decision is more of an argument in favor of government ownership than it is a victory for labor organizations over private corporations. The receiver of the Georgia Central could not make the same fight against the Brotherhood of Engineers that would have been made by the Georgia Central railroad company.—Alma News.

A LETTER TO POPULISTS.

BY J. HOWARD MOORE.

I am not a Populist nor the step-son of a populist. This letter, therefore, I shall say in the beginning, is not official. It comes from good will, but is not official. I write to you because I esteem you and because I feel like it. I write because I want to kill two birds with one stone—to relieve myself and bless you. There is nothing that I know exactly like an exchange of ideas. It is a great antiseptic, you know. And in these times of typhus, antiseptics and disinfectants are, in the language of the fair ones, "just too sweet to live."

Well, in the first place you are more innocent than deep—are you? I am glad of it. Your condition is not terrible. It suggests childhood and the ability to grow. It were better to be so than the opposite. American politics is already frightfully overcrowded with shrewd fiends.

But certain accidents of recent birth have caused some of us to fear that your innocence is growing too rapidly. When you elect and out and out democrat to the national legislature in return for promissory support two years hence, you come perilously near splotching your spotlessness. Such an event, standing alone, charity calls an accident, but when accompanied by others of a like complexion it suggests something like nuptials. And for you, a reform party, to wed the most ultra-conservatism is little less than horrible. It is very like a genteel youth leading a carcass to the altar. Such nuptials are invariably stuffed with skeletons.

If it is not for spoils for your chiefs, it is difficult to understand why you ally yourself with the democrats at all. It is certainly not because of their distinguished radicalism. The democratic party is less numerous and perhaps less mischievous than the republicans, but on the whole it is more conservative. Its love for the grave is montanic and well known. It is not absolutely certain that it really dis-believes in ghosts yet. True, remnants of the democratic party supported Gen. Weaver at the last election, but green-horns are the only persons who accuse them of doing it through any genuine love of progress. It was simply a little twist of the wrist, well understood by themselves and opaque only to simpletons. If you will pardon the truth from one who wishes you well, I will say—you are about to do what you can not afford to do—sacrifice the ultimate success of the party for a little temporary triumph and spoils.

Avoid entanglements, especially of the hideous sort, if you would avoid the tomb. Keep stubbornly in the middle of the way. You are not in this world to gather posies—you are going somewhere. Boverly by-ways are the ways for the browser, but the Appian way is the road to Rome. Beware and be wise! A few more John Martin performances and you will need the service of an undertaker.

This thought—that you are going somewhere—keep chronically in mind. It is just the thing to never let go. Don't spurt off as if you were going all the way without refreshments, but keep pegging away. Keep your eyes on the constellations and feed your back bone all the iron it can assimilate. You will encounter grades and some missiles on your way up, but none worse than you have already conquered. There is at least no visible sense in starting out to go somewhere and taking to your heels at the first black stump. Such is the heroism of hares.

If you were right in assaulting the conditions of two or three years ago, you are right now—for identical conditions still live. Furthermore, you will mimic knaves if you fail to continue your war as long as the financial and industrial conditions of this country are hideous. In the presence of infamy, tranquility is treason.

There is a better land, and toward that land your eagles look. I think you have not yet found the best way and the land is yet invisible. But there is a land and there is a way. You know too, that the land and the way are somewhere in the direction in which you are groping. Now, after all that has been said and hoped, if you turn back and seek the cobwebbed caves

of Erebus, you are a set of ignominious duces.

Besides, what can you expect from the old parties? What can you hope for from the apostles of Mildew who worship the ruts where their fathers toddled and who think there is nothing under the firmaments quite so perfectly heavenly as the backward creep of the crawfish.

I have marched to the polls regularly every election since I was old enough with one stone—to relieve myself and defeat was absolutely assured. And I haven't been politically miserable either. In fact, if it is at all necessary, I shall be greatly pleased to continue the performance till I get ready to go to the grass roots. If I can not go to my grave realizing that I have always managed to keep with the herd, I can at least carry with me the realization that when the grubs of the earth banquet about my bones they will not eat the miserable clay of a coward. To the virtuous man or woman the mob can have no fascinations comparable to the benedictions of duty. The man or the woman who has convictions and respects them always finds intense pleasure in their companionship than in the empty thrills of a vile triumph. The great Kentuckian was a hero and worthy of more general mimicry when he said, "I would rather be right than be president."

Another thing—you ought to grow. I do not mean numerically, but qualitatively. You are not rational enough—in other words, radical enough. The cries of "socialist," "anarchist," and the like have too much terror for you. Before you get through you will have to say a great many things you are yet afraid to say. You will have to say that wealth is the product of labor and that no man under the firmaments has so good a right to the products of labor as the one who made them. You will have to say that the butt end of the products of labor should go to the laborer, who furnishes the sinews and not as at present to capital which furnishes merely the tools. You will have to say that no man under any circumstances has any right to more than a reasonable portion of the means of earth's comforts. You will have to say that the millionaire is doubly a nuisance, who by his redundancy saps his own pleasure and by extortion from thousands of others destroys their happiness. You will have to say that the mania for hoarding fabulous fortunes is madness and that no mortal is entitled to more than what is reasonably necessary for his happiness. In short, you will have to declare that the only way to put an end to piracy and monopolies and speculations and gambling and pell-mell industries generally, is to destroy the incentive by making property-monopoly impossible.

Another thing you will probably have to say some day is this—that the blackest marauders of the republic are not the gold-gods of Wall street, but the 240,000 white-aproned swell-bellies who pilage and poison across the bars of American helleries. You will probably have to say this because it is a terrible truth.

I wish you very well. If I did not, I would not write this letter. May your sun set in splendor.

THE ETHICS OF FUSION.

Political parties stand for something or nothing. Political platforms are either right or wrong. Voters either believe in a platform or they do not. There is but one logical course for a voter who believes in a principle, and that is to vote for candidates who believe in that principle. A belief in a principle and a vote for a candidate who believes in an opposite principle places a voter in a ridiculously inconsistent position.

Men who profess to be reformers should keep within reform lines. Reform parties are not instituted for the purpose of furnishing positions for ambitious office-seekers. Office is but an incident of party success. Two things are wrong for a professed reformer. First, voting for the candidates of a party opposed to reform ideas. Second, to compromise on principle for the sake of opposition voters.

With this preface, let us consider fusion in the concrete. The first case in hand is that of Hon. Marion Cannon. Mr. Cannon was a Populist leader of

national repute. He was his party's candidate for congress. To him the party looked for wisdom and guidance. That he would keep "in the middle of the road," no one doubted.

The election passed, and Mr. Cannon was elected to congress. The Populists were delighted. Eight Populists were elected to the state legislature. A candidate for United States Senator was nominated. Surely Mr. Cannon will do all he can for the election of a Populist. So thought the people. But it turned out that Mr. Cannon's influence was promised to Stephen M. White, a democrat. It was a mutual affair. Two ambitious politicians wanted office, and they formed a combination for that purpose.

Well, our reader know the sequel. A Populist legislator for votes had pledged himself to White. Mr. Cannon's influence kept him in line for democracy. For a two years position for himself, he granted a six years position to a democrat. If nothing else was involved, it was an unfair bargain for his party. For six years the Populists are shut out of a position that we might have captured in two years.

In Kansas the democrats endorsed the Populist state ticket. For this endorsement they claimed and secured a United States Senator. In the same state the Populists endorsed a few democratic candidates for the legislature who were elected. In the trouble between the Populists and republicans, the democrats showed their gratitude by going over to the republicans. In Wyoming the Populists endorsed the democratic candidate for governor. Did the democrats concede them a United States Senator for their endorsement? Not much. They refused to elect, and the governor appointed a millionaire democrat. In Nebraska alone, where each party stood on its own ground in the campaign, the democrats and Populists combined and elected a Populist United States Senator.

When people or parties hunt together they must divide the game. Moral.—Do not hunt together.—National Spectator

Essentials of a Successful People's Party.

Wide-spread political unrest is the striking feature of the many letters received in response to our editorial "The Nation's Opportunity," written just after the close of the last campaign. There is a feeling that old political alignments and battle-cries are not sufficient to meet the demands of the new and tremendous problems which are forcing themselves for settlement upon the American people, and that a new adjustment of political forces about new issues is, in the near future, inevitable. That some such readjustment must come the majority of the writers whose letters we publish this week are substantially agreed. There is also the same substantial agreement that no permanent and satisfactory readjustment can take place which ignores the tremendous moral, political and financial issues of the drink traffic. Equally certain are most of the writers that readjustment along sectional lines of the West against the East or North against South would be a national calamity. In any readjustment the great question of the rights, duties and opportunities of labor in its most comprehensive sense must be met with wisdom and equity.

Here is a magnificent opportunity for the political organization that shall measure up to these demands. A great national party representing the interests of the whole people as distinguished from those of any particular class and based upon the desire to do right is foreshadowed. The masses of honest American citizens are waiting, once they are convinced of its existence and honesty of purpose, to give their allegiance to such a party. Is it within the power of any present political organization to become that triumphant party?

The first essential, it seems to us, for the development and permanent success of such a party is a great moral issue about which the people, irrespective of class or locality, can rally for the defense of the right. No mere details of currency or tariff, no trumped up issue of the East against West, or North against South, are sufficient upon which to build and maintain a great and successful national party. Such details once adjusted, the cause for party agitation in their behalf ceases. We have already seen the downfall of more than one party based upon sectional and class interests. The triumphant party of the people must plant itself upon the broad prin-

ciple of equal rights to all, special privileges to none, the defense of the home and the downfall of American dramsshops. The last is essential to the accomplishment of all the others.—[New York Voice.

An exchange sings this doleful song: "Father, dear father, come home with me now, for ma has some carpet to beat; she's got all the furniture out in the yard from the front porch clear down to the street. The stove must come down and be put in the shed, and the yard must be cleaned of dead grass, for it's time to clean house and the devil's to pay—and the front windows need some new glass. Father, dear father, come home with me now, and bring some balogna and cheese; it's most twelve o'clock and there's nothing to eat—I'm so hungry I'm weak in the knees. All the dinner we'll have will be cold scraps and such, and we'll have to eat standing up, too, for the tables and chairs are all out in the yard—oh, I wish spring house-cleaning was through! Father, dear father, come home with me now, for ma is as mad as a Turk. She says you're a lazy old thing and that she proposes to put you to work. There's painting to do, and paper to hang, and windows and casings to scrub, for its house-cleaning time, and you've got to come home and revel in suds and cold grub."

KANSAS MATTERS.

There are now only 105 counties in the state.

The whist season has been brought to a close at Emporia.

Lots of land is changing hands now in Franklin county at \$40 an acre.

A Hiawatha woman plays the piano with rare skill at the age of 70 years.

Barbers are still known in most sections of Kansas as tonsorial artists.

There is a Peace creek in Rice county in which the Baptists immerse their converts.

The orders are away ahead of the output with the brickmakers of Independence.

A slice of strawberry shortcake costs twenty-five cents in Topeka. It's the lard that makes it dear.

The biggest township in Kansas is Garfield, which has recently been annexed to Finney county.

Oskaloosa wants a trade association that will make a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

Over twenty head of antelope pastured on the wheat field of a Kearney county preacher all winter.

A Kansas colored boy is getting a start in life by hauling oats straw to Atchison for a dollar a load.

A number of Kentucky families are now passing through Kansas in the direction of the Cherokee strip.

Mr. Ingalls recently delivered a lecture on Shakespeare at the Midland college in Atchison for nothing.

A Morton county man has laid the foundation of his fortune by purchasing a sow and three pigs for \$15.

A fine herd of Buffalo, owned by E. M. Hewens of Chautauqua county, will be taken to the world's fair.

A Hiawatha man whose wife made him sleep in the wood shed recently got a divorce. The wife paid for it.

George R. Peck is a man who will be accounted brilliant and genial even in Chicago. His is no merely provincial name.

If there is luck in odd numbers Kansas will be better off since she has but 105 counties than she was when she had 106.

Atchison's latest wonder is a Missouri river catfish which weighed 120 pounds after it quit flopping around on the scales.

Preston has the mumps and the grip and there is some talk among the young men of the town about organizing a brass band.

An Atchison family which has an assortment of dogs recently traded one of them off for a head of cabbage and a bushel of potatoes.

Mr. Reinhart, the new president of the Santa Fe, is a brother of Reinhart, the eminent artist, and shares with him the artistic taste.

There is a bachelor in Atchison who has never been in love, but that doesn't go to say that the women in that town are all freaks.

A couple at Whiting who have lived together for forty years and raised a large family have separated and divided up their possessions.

A man living near Pittsburg experimented last year on ten acres of ground with garden truck. He cleared \$1,000 and is going in deeper this season.

About 1,700 varieties of the flora of Kansas have been collected for exhibition at the world's fair. Botanist B. B. Smythe is preparing the display.

Cawker City, with a healthy situation, pure water, a low rate of taxation, freedom from debt and \$700 in its treasury, thinks she is strictly in it.

The Sunflower orchestra of Garden City celebrated its first anniversary with a calico ball. Good lively calico always makes a person think of sunflowers.

In Winfield the other night the question was debated as to whether the ox was more useful to mankind than the horse, and the judges compromised on the bicycle.

The town of Meriden, which is fourteen miles distant from Topeka, can easily be seen from the dome of the state house when the wind is in the right direction.

KANSAS MATTERS.

An Atchison county farmer is feeding 5,000 head of sheep.

At Osage City a new co-operative store with a capital of \$50,000 is soon to be started.

Good government land can still be had in Gray county for the payment of the filing fee.

A Newton woman has just completed a point lace "Josie" which she values at \$500.

Arkansas City hotels are enjoying a largely increased business on account of the strip opening.

An Independence lady has an invitation to the inaugural ball held in Washington March 4, 1865.

One Salina firm paid out \$11,000 to the farmers of Salina county last month for poultry and eggs.

Newton has a barber who "bears a striking resemblance to Paderewski, but he can't earn \$40 a month."

The seniors of the Kansas university are going to have a "hot-latch" on class day, whatever the day may be.

The Third Presbyterian church congregation of Topeka will soon commence on a new place of worship.

The sun of prosperity has risen upon Chanute and it is a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Mrs. Ella W. Brown of the law firm of Brown & Brown of Holton is the attorney for the state equal suffrage association.

Lots of people who live out along the Central Branch make a living raising chickens, which they ship East and to Denver.

A monument for the soldiers of Johnson county will be placed in the cemetery at Olathe and dedicated on memorial day.

The city council of Stockton borrowed Cawker City's chicken ordinance and is going to protect the industry of raising garden truck.

The business men of Newton have a thrifty plan of allowing their earnings to remain exposed to the weather until they fall to pieces.

There is not an empty business house of any kind in Burlington. That shows what may happen in a town that has never had a boom.

Hattie Horner, the sweet singer of the Walnut valley, writes poetry good enough to appear in the Arena, a way-up magazine published in Boston.

A Kansas man has just turned up at Chicago whose wife has worn mourning for him for five years. Black must be mighty becoming to that woman.

A Harvey county farmer didn't think much about going to the world's fair until he found a double egg which was laid by a wild goose on his farm.

It is rumored that Strong City and Cottonwood Falls are to have another railroad. At present there is only one line by which people can get out of town.

Coffeyville has secured the necessary bonus and will have its big flouring mill. That town seems to get everything it goes after since it "got" the Dalton gang.

When the chancellor's residence and the new library and the scientific hall are completed the Kansas university will have nine buildings, exclusive of the coal house.

A Havensville man had to pay \$32.40 for three turkeys and two chickens sent from Pennsylvania. The transportation problem is still a live issue in this country.

The farmers of Cowley county always begin to sow their oats as soon as the students of the Chillicothe Indian school sell their winter clothes to the rag men of Arkansas City.

One of the big conservatories at the Kansas agricultural college is to be devoted entirely to the culture of roses. That will make Manhattan a great place for visiting girls.

Endora is feasting on home grown lettuce, and not lettuce with your new fangled French dressing, either, but lettuce wilted with hot vinegar and ham gravy. Yum, yum, yum!

Kansas is always doing the unexpected thing. They had a bank failure out there the other day and one of the bank officials actually lost heavily by the collapse.—Chicago Times.

The Columbian chorus of Topeka and the Columbian chorus of Emporia are vying with each other in the quality of their social texture and the resonance of their vocal properties.

Wichita has found a dumping ground for its garbage. Now, if it will fight shy of premature cucumbers and green apples, it may get through the summer without a visitation of cholera.

Improvements to the amount of \$10,000 will be made on the mill property at Cottonwood Falls this spring. A new dam will be built, the building enlarged and new machinery put in.

Frank A. Waugh, a McPherson county boy and graduate of the Kansas agricultural college, has been elected to the chair of horticulture and entomology in the agricultural college of Oklahoma.

The cost of operating the Soldiers Orphans' home at Atchison is less than that of any of the eight charitable institutions in the state. The expense during the month of February was only \$1,259.

Forty-two Kansas high schools and seven academies fully prepared students for entrance into the Freshman class. Besides these there are twenty-three which do not fall short more than three terms.

Ten or twelve of the normal boys at Emporia have applied for positions on the world's fair police force. The Normalites are mostly from the country, and when it comes to muscle rate

—A No. 1

THE PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

CYRUS CORNING, Editor.
EVA L. CORNING, Associate.

Is the report true that the State House officers each contributed to the Topeka Press \$50 since the making the Advocate the official paper?

If a tithe of the expenses necessary to keep up secret labor societies could be expended upon an organization like the Labor Exchange this country of ours would be blossoming like a rose. Think of this.

Whatever the people can do for themselves independent of law that they ought to do. By careful study the people will be able to neutralize many of the evils resulting from bad laws, and in doing so raise the standard of intelligence.

The NEW ERA published at Council Grove by Ed C. and Wm. H. Corning, sons of the irrepressible Cyrus Corning, comes to our table. The paper is middle of the road Populist, and organ of the Kansas Labor Exchange. Success, boys, success.—Kansas Commonwealth.

McBride, though loaded down with serious charges, stood the test of an examination before the Governor and was acquitted. Reform journals would do well not to engage in wholesale defaming, merely as a stepping stone to power. A fusionist is a poor specimen anyway to be charging fraud upon any one.

Political secret societies injure the people far more than they can possibly benefit. Upon the floor of a convention one delegate has as much right as another, and no delegate has a right to come in with his slate made and an organization at his back—in that convention—to railroad it through.

Such schemes can only work with the ignorant.

It will never do to put off the re-organization of the People's party until 1894. If this is done it will be impossible to restore the confidence of the membership in the organization. Fusion frauds will do their utmost to put fusion tickets into the field in every county in the state this fall. If this infamy is perpetrated it will end the life of the People's party. There can be no better time to call a halt than now.

No more fusion in Kansas, must be the watchword of every lover of principle, of common honesty and common decency. Fusion must be trampled under foot and fusionists rebuked. They are the scum of civilization, schemers labeled as bribe givers and bribe takers. They corrupt the public morals and strafe the public conscience, and do it all in the name of the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost, simply that they may feast on salary and exercise of official power. They are worse a thousand fold than the professional wreckers of industries. They debauch the public mind and open wide the door to the cormorants who feast upon the toil tears and sufferings of the masses.

Shrewd men, desirous of increasing their fortunes, combine their influence and capital and commence business. If they need more favoring conditions than naturally belongs to them they use their influence, and perhaps their means, and the masses authorize these desired conditions to exist and this authority is the product of law made by the masses. If as the result of these law-made conditions too much of the people's wealth flow to the combinations, a howl is raised, societies are organized, strikes are ordered, and general chaos is made to prevail. It never occurs to the people to change conditions by repealing laws, or to adopt these conditions to themselves and go to work for themselves. A society organized to repress greed is worthless. A society organized to produce wealth and distribute it may be of vast value to the people. If such organizations have been beneficial to the few they may be made so to the many. The Labor Exchange fully recognizes this truth.

State laws have been and are more destructive of the people's prosperity than national laws a hundred fold, yet the people do not realize this important fact.

Few of our reformers have studied the nature of our state laws; they have been, and are, hammering against congressional legislation for dear life, and it does not occur to them that by no possible process known to the U. S. constitution can congress be changed in time to save the people, it matters

not how harmonious the people may be in their action.

The man who is ignorant of the laws of his state makes a mighty poor reformer. Few, indeed, have as much as read the laws with which they come in close contact, yet most of them can chew up a supreme court in the twinkling of an eye.

Intelligence is the true base of reform.

Without it all is chaos and a few men can ring the noses of the membership of party with perfect ease.

The new Populist bank commissioner of Kansas says that the banks of Kansas are "hoarding gold." "Hoarding gold" is a pet bugaboo of the party to which the bank commissioner of Kansas belongs. It has been a favorite scare-crow in a sterile field of played out finance for twenty years. But it has never frightened any one. If the bankers of Kansas are actually "hoarding gold," it shows their stupidity; a Kansas farm mortgage on improved land is better than all the "hoarded gold" in the mill-vaults of the world. Kansas wheat, Kansas corn, Kansas hogs and fat cattle, Kansas grain and garden truck and land and houses are better than gold. And the Kansas bankers know it. The probabilities are that they are not "hoarding gold" for any "ulterior" purpose. There is no deep laid scheme on the part of the bankers at least to turn their gold into trinkets to lure Leveillé and Jerry Simpson into captivity and thus enslave the state. If gold is being "hoarded" it is that it may be converted into harvesters and sulky plows to make Kansas blossom next summer. As a "bogus man" "hoarding gold" is all right in Wall street, but it doesn't scare in Kansas worth a cent.—Kansas City Star.

We publish the above mainly to emphasize this one fact: "Kansas wheat, Kansas corn, Kansas hogs and fat cattle, Kansas grain and garden truck and lands and houses are better than gold."

Some of us have been many years saying this and we never knew until the advent of this fusion administration that the utterance of such a truth made criminals of men.

Now what we want to know is this: If our wheat, corn, hogs, cattle, houses and lands are better than gold why can we not use these as a base for our currency, and especially, and above all, why will they not make a most excellent base, in the hands of the Labor Exchange, for certificates of deposit, or labor checks, to be used in facilitating exchange as well as to increase production?

And when so used why will not these checks be better than gold.

The reaching of reform will not be found so difficult if the people will turn their attention to thinking outside of party platform ruts. Why can not the people through association furnish themselves with means and methods of exchange? Why perish in a business way and suffer want because a few cormorants have cornered the money market? Do not business men associate and do a vast volume of business without the use of a dollar in currency? If they can invent a system that raises them above the government stamp may not the people do the same? Will not the varied products of labor—actual wealth—form as good a base for a check, or a certificate of deposit, as the people's marvelous faith in a bank or investment company? If not, why not?

There can be no reform in which mind is not pitted against mind.

Farmers and laboring people should regard themselves as much of the business world as they now regard bankers, money lenders and merchants and traders in general. When this is done the worst part of the battle is over, and labor will find itself raised to the level, if not far above, the rich man's dollar.

The Labor Exchange is an association of wealth producers so operating as to utilize present business methods with all the advantages to the membership that now accrue to present business combinations, and without any of the evil effects that now flow to the public from business combines.

What ever the people can do for themselves should be done without delay, and if not done, let the people cease their grumbling, and patiently bear their burdens.

A Berlin correspondent states that the imperial health office has recently issued an announcement to the effect that experiments have demonstrated that the bacteria of cholera, in contact with the cut surfaces of both oranges and lemons, are destroyed in a few hours. They remain active for some time longer on the uninjured rind of the fruits, but even then they die within twenty-four hours. The destructive property as regards the cholera bacteria is supposed to be due to the large amount of acid contained in these fruits. In consequence of this quality the health officer considers it unnecessary to place any restriction on the transit and sale of these fruits, even if it should be ascertained that they come from places where cholera is prevalent at the time. Not a single instance was noted in which cholera was disseminated by either oranges or lemons, and as these are consumed in larger quantities in this country than perhaps any other fruit the news will be reassuring.—Ex.

STRIKES.

The strike for universal suffrage in Belgium is assuming threatening proportions. The military power of all foreign nations is being strengthened preparatory to the general uprising of the oppressed and discontented laboring people. In our country strikes are becoming alarmingly frequent and portentous of evil. Scarcely does one die away before another, greater in magnitude, takes its place. Organized labor is now tussling with the Santa Fe and the Union Pacific. What the end shall be no one can tell. Perhaps it will be only a repetition of those that have ceased to exist. Corporations have confederated, and with countless thousands behind them, and with numerous wealth-making agencies under their control, they have not much to fear.

Organized labor is now already loaded down with grievous burdens; many within its ranks are homeless; many are working for small salaries; most of them have but little ahead upon which to rely, hence it is in poor shape to stand a siege with organized capital when that siege involves a loss of employment and means cessation of salary. A strike is a feeble weapon in the hands of wage-seeks with which to combat their masters, supplied with their millions and able to remain idle, without fear of suffering, the balance of their years.

When the working people will learn to match their minds with the intellect of the corporation geniuses then work of reform will be well on its way and the remainder will be easily accomplished.

Out of every strike the employer, it matters not how the battle turns, comes with relatively increased strength, and the general tendency of labor is downward.

THE LABOR EXCHANGE IN KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

At a meeting held in Industrial hall last night the final steps were taken by which an organization will be effected in this city. The objects of the Labor Exchange have only been partially explained in the papers. It is the intention to associate farmers and laboring men in a corporation concern which will issue checks or scrip for either produce or labor. A farmer who belongs can deposit a bushel of wheat or corn and receive for it a certificate which will entitle him to draw to that extent on the exchange. Laborers must cut loose from the establishments which employ them and work for the Labor Exchange. The shoemaker will no longer have a boss over him, but will, after paying his membership fee of \$1, deposits any given number of shoes with the Labor Exchange, and certificates will be issued to him accordingly. In the Labor Exchange, which will have headquarters in this city, fourteen counties will be represented, seven of which are in Missouri and seven in Kansas. These counties will be represented by the Farmers' Alliance although membership in the Exchange will be by individuals and not by organizations.

Mr. E. Z. Ernst of Olathe, Kan., the originator of the scheme and the national organizer, attended the meeting last night and fully explained the objects to those present. A vote was taken and every man present pledged himself to become a member. Mr. Ernst explained that the merchants of Olathe were glad to take the labor checks issued by the Exchange, and that the same would be true of Kansas City. The members were confident that all the merchants in Kansas City would ultimately take their checks and that no difficulty whatever would be experienced. The intention is to make the Kansas City Exchange the great central exchange of the country.

Work will be provided for idle laborers and as the Exchange grows all branches of trade will be included.—Kansas City Times.

Since putting the above into type, we learn through the same medium, that the friends and advocates of the Labor Exchange met Saturday night at the same hall and completed an organization by making G. B. DeBernardi president; Vice president, Harry Moulder; Horse Collar makers Union; Secretary, Thos. Morrison; Saddle and Harness makers Union; Accountant, N. S. G. Twiss; Painters Union. An executive board was elected for the ensuing year. So the good work goes on.

A good story is being told at the expense of J. M. Dunsmore the "speaker" of the late populist house. It is to the effect that one night during his recent visit at Washington he attended a theater. A newspaper reporter who knew him informed the manager of the theater that he was in the audience and

they concocted a dark and hellish scheme to play a practical joke upon Mr. Dunsmore. It is said that the manager came out upon the stage in front of the curtain holding something that greatly resembled a telegram aloft in his hand and said: "Is the Hon. J. M. Dunsmore, late speaker of the Populist house of representatives of Kansas, in the audience?" The story goes that Mr. Dunsmore promptly arose and responded: "I am the Hon. J. M. Dunsmore," whereupon the manager said: "All right then, let the show begin," and the curtain at once went up.—Emporia Gazette.

Eugene V. Debs, in *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, says: "There is just one way out of the woods for organized labor to pursue, and that is to go forward pleading the cause of union, federation, united and compact organization and action, to create a band of union so strong that unity will be secured when there is a conflict between right and wrong, truth and error, and to force the fight into legislative halls, and to never cease the struggle until there shall be, in fact, in reality, truth in the declaration, that the 'rights of employers and employees are equal.'"

The following is told by the pastor of a church not far from here: He was sitting in his library one evening recently, when there came a knock at the door. He answered and found a couple who desired to be united in matrimony. The pastor asked them into his parlor, and preformed the marriage ceremony, after which the groom handed him a sealed envelope supposed to have contained the usual compensation. The happy couple departed, and the reverend gentleman opened the envelope and found the following note: "If she turns out as well as I think she will, I will come back and pay you for your services." And he never came back.

A Kansas editor and a rich widow were engaged to be married when the neighbors began to talk about, charging that he was marrying her for her riches. The young editor was vexed at this, of course, in order to show up its unfaithfulness, he persuaded his affinity to turn all her worldly pelf over to a grown daughter and that would prove to the world the sincerity of his affections. The trusting widow did so, and the first night the editor and the girl eloped and in the morning the widow pined the forms in the office, and would have pined the editor if she could have found him.—Chanute Tribune.

Cowardice and poverty make slaves, and the Rothschilds have learned the way to do it. Does it not mean something that less than 5,000 men have in their possession more property than all the rest of the world can lay claim to. These 5,000 men are those who control and debauch legislation. They deal in money, and by dealing in money they deal in the rights of the world's inhabitants. They are now as they have been, seeking to further control the liberty of all men in this country. The reason they have been able to do this thus far is because the representatives of the people have been cowards and have bowed down before them.—Senator Stewart.

Samples of the admission tickets to the Chicago World's Fair have just been struck off by the American Bank Note company, which has a contract to furnish 6 million of them. The tickets are well executed and about the size of the old twenty-five cent "shinplasters." There are four tickets, each of which calls for a single admission at any time during the World's Fair. Different colors are used in each variety. One bears a handsome vignette of Washington; another of Abraham Lincoln; the third an ideal head of an Indian; and the fourth a portrait of Columbus. The vignettes are on the left side of the tickets, while on the right is engraved "World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago. Admit the bearer 1st May to 30th October, 1893."

The backs of the tickets are plain, but the fine engraving of the words "Columbian Exposition, Chicago," is a proof against counterfeiting. Another safe-guard against counterfeiting is the use of a strip of localized planchettes running through the ticket, being dots of four different colors. This is the first time paper with these planchettes has been used. The seal and the back of the ticket on which Washington's head appears is blue; the one bearing Lincoln's head is red; green is used on the tickets on which the Indian appears, while the Columbus ticket has a yellow seal.

These tickets are in great demand as souvenirs of the exposition.—Leavenworth Standard

INITIATIVE AND THE REFERENDUM.

BY W. P. BRUSH.

In *Topeka Populist*.

The reader has doubtless learned ere this that reforms in governmental affairs have their origin mainly within the ranks of the so-called common people. The wage-worker and the land-tiller, once learning that wealth is the product of labor, and that the bosom of mother earth is the primary source thereof, it is but natural that persons belonging to these classes should endeavor to acquaint themselves on the rights and duties of citizenship, for the purpose of securing unto all citizens alike the blessings of civil liberty. The encroachments of the strong upon the weak, always brings its train of evils, and sooner or later, attempts at reformation commonly called revolution, are resorted to in order to right the wrongs complained of. The history of the Swiss people is a reproduction of the struggle for self government since civilization was inaugurated, and it very aptly illustrates the demoralizing influence of partisan supremacy and the evils that grow out of the strife for the ascendancy. The conditions that confronted the Swiss wealth producers, from time to time during their struggle, for a period of nearly six hundred years were to some extent, similar to those the British government imposed upon our colonial forefathers, which created a desire for self, and better government. History informs us that about seventy per cent of the bare-footed patriots that fought the battles of the revolutionary war, were either individuals or their descendants, that had been deported, because they entertained ideas not in conformity with the old feudal system of civil government, or compelled by the effects of nefarious class laws, both civil and ecclesiastical, to leave his native land and seek new conditions more favorable for obtaining a fair share of his earnings, thereby guaranteeing a

hope of a home of his own, an abode that could be with a certainty called "his castle," the unit community, the only absolute and sure foundation rock upon which all pure civil governments are built, whose life and tenure depend on the consent of the governed. The Swiss tried compromises and found that combinations, now modernized by the names, trusts and corporations, under the guise of utility and an inexplainable degree of patriotism that crept into existence and secured through the people's representatives, the legislature, special and class laws whose principles and methods of operation were not possessed by the individual citizen nor guaranteed him by the sovereign power that lies inherently within himself. Conditions like these very naturally arouses and inquiry concerning the future and its welfare. Out of the investigation springs a desire for reformation that has always been met with violent opposition by the urban aristocracy, under all forms of civil government, and always sustained by the educated agrarian democracy. The Swiss historian, McCracken, in the chapter on the "Recent Constitutional Changes in the Swiss Cantons and Confederation," says, "Perhaps the most encouraging feature of modern Swiss statesmanship is that steady striving after a fuller recognition, and practice of popular sovereignty, which has been expressed in the institutions of the Initiative and the Referendum. There is no movement in any other country, at present, which can be compared to the masterly and systematic reform on democratic lines. It has already fulfilled many of its earlier promises and is rapidly converting the Swiss people into a nation of governing itself upon an almost ideal plan, directly, logically, and without intermediaries. The key note to this reform is its directness. Hereafter, Switzerland must become more than ever the standard bearer in all reforms which make for the direct and efficient self-government, while we, of the greater Republic, must acknowledge with humiliation that we have been distanced in the race for pure politics. It has become somewhat of a common place assertion that politics in the United States has reached the lowest stage to which it may safely go.

There seems to be no longer any necessity to prove this proposition, for the general conviction has gone abroad amply justified by the whole course of history; that no democracy can hope to withstand the corrupting influences now at work in our midst, unless certain radical reforms are carried to a successful conclusion. Unfortunately, all attempts to prove the fundamental, first cause of our corruption are checked at the outset, by the difficulty of bringing the popular will to bear upon public questions. Our whole administrative system, and all the methods by which our people are supposed to

make known their desires, are prevented and diseased, so that the sovereign body are prevented by mere tricksters from exerting their legitimate control of laws which are to govern them. We are suffering not only from deep-seated economic and social diseases, of which, perhaps, the most alarming symptom is the concentration of the wealth in the hands of the few, but from the rule of Boss, and from the lamentable fact that the people at large are divorced from legislation. As a matter of fact, nothing stands between us and the tyranny of municipal, state and federal bosses, as unscrupulous as any feudal lordling in the thirteenth century, except public opinion, imperfectly expressed by the press. In the light of these facts, the question of the hour resolves itself into this: How best to bring our representative system into conformity with the principle of popular sovereignty. In the point of fact, the combination of the Referendum and the Initiative is fatal to the lobby. Under its beneficent influence politics ceases to be a trade, for the power of the politicians is curtailed and there is no money in the business. No chance is offered of devising deals and little give-and-take schemes, when everything has to pass before the scrutinizing gaze of the tax-payers. Democracies have been justly reproached for the fact that their political offices are not always been filled by men of recognized ability and unstained honor; that the best talent of the nation, after a while, yielded the political field to adventurers. This is not the case in Switzerland, under the purifying working of the Referendum and the Initiative, for these systems substitute a government based upon business principles, displaying ability and stability, simplicity and economy."

The friends of J. V. Randolph of this city will be glad to learn of his appointment as state organizer of the Labor Exchange. Mr. Randolph is one of the pioneers in the reform field and will do the new organization great honor.—Tulsa, Emporia.

In discussing a few days ago the various sums that are said to be expended annually in this country for necessities and luxuries, such as food and clothing, education, religion, whiskey, tobacco, etc., a statistical friend called our attention to an expensive luxury that we have never seen included in the list. He said—and had statistics in detail to prove the assertion—that while we pay 37,311 ministers in this country only \$7,000,000 a year, and the 33,263 lawyers receive but \$35,000,000 for their support, we pay out every year to support the countless army of dogs in the land \$50,000,000. Of course, religion comes high—everyone knows that; it is a universally admitted fact. Lawyers, too, are expensive; they say so themselves. Many a princely fortune is consumed annually to support them. But the above statistics show that for expensive and high-toned luxuries, which none but a self-sacrificing people would maintain, the preachers and the lawyers are mere side shows compared with the mean and hungry curs that belong to every neighborhood, make the nights hideous with their howls, strew lawns with old bones and kill sheep. All honor to the American dog!—Burlington Independent.

In their zeal to serve the corporations the federal courts have decided that railroad employes are in the service of the public and therefore the public has a right to punish them for engaging in a strike and thus neglecting the public service. Such decisions will prove a boomerang. If the employes are in the service of the public then the same public, the great mass of whom depend upon their labor for a subsistence, will see to it that their fellow workmen have no cause to strike. If the public has a right to coerce the employes, it also has the right to coerce the employers, fix the rate of wages, and cover all the surplus earnings into the public treasury. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. If the employes are in the public service then the railroads are public property and must be so treated. This is the coming solution of the railroad question, and it might be forced to a speedy settlement on this basis by a general tie-up of the business of railroad transportation. The railroads themselves are forcing this decision of the questions at issue between them and their employes. The sooner the great mass of railway employes move in this direction, the sooner will they be masters of the situation. Government ownership must be the ultimatum.—Alma News.

The Kansas building at the World's fair will have eight drinkable basins representing prairie dog holes with a prairie dog standing erect just behind them. The cups will be of silver and on each one will be engraved the name of some Kansas city. The motto over the fountain will be, "Come, drink with the Boys and Girls of Kansas."

ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.

His Wife Gets His Life Insurance, but He Bobs Up Again.

A romantic affair has just come to light in Essex. Seven years ago Henry Chaney, a sailor belonging to Wivenhoe, in that county, left England on board of the ship Ironopolis of London. The ship was wrecked and most of the crew were lost, including, as there was good reason to suppose, Chaney. An insurance on his life was paid by the Prudential company, and death allowances were also granted by the Fishermen's Aid society and the Foresters. Mrs. Chaney bravely set to work to earn a living for herself and her children, whom she brought up most respectably. Last spring two of the daughters thought they saw their father in the street at Wivenhoe, while quite recently another daughter, who is now a lady's-maid in London, wrote home to say that she had met her father, and that each had recognized the other. Soon after this the missing man wrote a letter to his wife, describing the wreck of the Ironopolis and saying that he was picked up by a passing steamer and taken to Brussels infirmary, and thence to an asylum, where he was detained till last April. He then returned to London, and visited Wivenhoe with the intention of seeing his wife, but being told (which was not true) that his wife was on the point of getting married to another man, he did not fulfill his intention. In consequence of the accidental meeting with his daughter in London, Chaney has been reunited to the family from which he has been so long separated. He is now employed at a warehouse in Cheapside.

SHE WAS FAST

How a Cow Was Made Prisoner in a Hollow Tree.

Owen Glacey of Summit, Wash., missed a very valuable cow last week, and spent several days in searching for her without finding any trace of her whereabouts, and had about concluded that she had been stolen when one of the children discovered the animal not over fifty yards from the house. She had wandered into a hollow cedar tree, presumably to get out of the sun, and in pushing her way for fifty feet into the log she passed through a space where it had splintered in falling, with the end of the splinters headed in her direction. Of course, when she attempted to back out her exit was effectually stopped, the splinters having sprung back. And there she was as securely imprisoned as any of the repentant sinners at Walla Walla. When discovered she had been there five days. Mr. Glacey had to cut the log in front of her before she could be taken out, nothing the worse for her imprisonment, except for her enforced fast. When we state that the cow would weigh 1,500 pounds our readers will be able to form an idea of the size of the cedar timber "in this neck of the woods."

A MAN AT HER FEET.

Why Women Are Always so Suspicious of Each Other.

"Why is it that women are always so jealous and suspicious of each other?" asks the professor in a plaintive voice of the lady with whom he had been dancing. "Oh, because they know each other so well. Now, there's that Kate Lawson. Do you know what she told young Anderson to-night?" "No. Please enlighten me." "She said she had one of the most eligible young fellows in town at her feet. Such a whopper, when everybody knows she's never had a single offer." "I can prove the truth of Miss Lawson's assertion," said the professor, in his cold, calm voice, that sounded like a brook gurgling over broken glass. "Oh, were you the man?" spitefully. "No," not in the least disconcerted, "she was buying her wedding shoes, and the man at her feet was the clerk, who was fitting her." "Her wedding shoes! You don't mean to say that that girl has at last caught a husband?" "So they say." "Who is the unhappy man?" "Herself."

Oldest of Time-Pieces.

The most curious of time-keepers in the world, perhaps, are those used by some South sea islanders. Taking the kernels of the nut of the candle tree, they wash and strip them on the ribs of a palm leaf. This is placed in an upright position and the upper kernel lighted. As the kernels are of the same substance, each burns for a certain time setting fire then to the kernel below. To mark divisions of time the native ties bits of bark cloth along the string at regular intervals.

Fashions Not Made for the Old.

Elderly women often complain, with a considerable amount of justice, that the fashions seem to be intended only for the young, and that those women who have passed a few more or less to their own devices. Few fashion papers contain any designs or suggestions for the attire of women of middle age, and a newspaper devoted to this subject would doubtless be regarded as a boon by all those many women who are sensible enough to bear their years becomingly and gracefully.

After While.

Ludicrous deliveries are common in advertisements, especially in those of a personal nature. Here's one that appeared not long ago in a New York paper: "While, return to your distracted wife and frantic children! Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will, if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's meerschaum."

IMAGINATION'S POWER.

A Cavalryman Who Thought His Boots Were Filled With Blood.

"During the war I belonged to a cavalry regiment, and our company was ordered to dismount and make a charge upon the rebel General Bate, who with his men were entrenched behind breastworks at the battle of Stone River," said a gentleman. "We charged, but the bullets came so thick and fast that every man of the company who was not wounded turned and made tracks for our own breastworks. I was a fleet runner, and made better time in that race than ever before. About 100 yards from our breastworks I felt a ball strike my leg near my boot top, and in less time than I can tell it I could hear the blood goosh, goosh, in my boot leg, yet I never slackened my speed, although I went with a limp. I limped over the breast works and lay gasping for breath. One of the boys said: 'Al, what is the matter?' I replied that a bullet had struck me in the leg, and that I was bleeding to death. "Two of my comrades came up and began searching for the wound. The boot was drawn carefully from my foot, when out fell a minie ball. It had passed through the leather, but had not even broken the skin. A swollen place about the size of a hickory nut, where the ball had struck it, was all the wound that could be found, but I never could imagine why I could feel the blood slosh around in my boot leg, when the skin was not broken."

SHE WAS STUPID.

The Idea of Leading the Subject to His Lungs.

They spoke at greater or less length upon politics, religion, weather, millinery, gloves, neckties, skating, the drama, society, dancing, the public schools, the church and its mission, the probability of a continuance of sleighing, the difficulty of getting hired girls, the supply of natural gas and other topics of minor importance. Still he lingered. Instantly told him that the old man was yet awake, but he set the danger at naught and stayed. There was another danger which he wished to broach. "My dear friend—" It seemed a very cold and distant form of address, but he had previously decided it was the best under the circumstances. "I wish—to speak to you of something very near my heart." "Why—" As she stared at him the perplexity in her face suddenly gave way to intelligence. "Oh, yes, I know; your lungs. How are they, anyway? How stupid in me not to ask."

He never knew what he murmured in reply. When he recovered complete consciousness he was walking home and the crisp snow was crushing noisily under his feet.

A CLEVER RUSE.

How Baron de Reinach Won Applause for Acrobatic Feats.

An amusing story is told of the late Baron Jacques de Reinach, whose end was so tragic. Last year, at a large costume ball given in a house in the avenue d'Iena, the dancers were suddenly disturbed by the appearance of a clown wearing a mask, who proceeded to perform acrobatic feats worthy of a professional. Everyone crowded round the new-comer, pressing him with questions as to his identity, but with no result, and he disappeared. Later on in the evening the clown again was seen, and this time he deigned to lift his mask. The astonishment of all was great when they recognized M. de Reinach, who, however, did not deserve the compliments that were showered upon him. There were two clowns! Baron de Reinach had engaged the services of a well-known performer at the Nouveau Cirque. He had two costumes made exactly alike, and after the professional had departed M. de Reinach appeared on the scene and reaped his undeserved laurels.

Ancient Bridal Wreaths.

The Roman bridal wreath was of verberna, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulations, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The Hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day, in our own country, the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange-blossoms, on a background of maiden-hair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness.

Scholar Snake.

There is a little reptile belonging to Madagascar known as the scholar snake, that is the curling sword. Running along the back from head to tail is a blackish, horny substance, which bends with the convolutions of the snake's body as readily as would a well-tempered steel spring, and throughout its entire length it bears an edge as hard as flint and as sharp as a razor. They are not poisonous, but when one of them springs on a man, which he likes very well to do, he will soon have a leg off unless cracked on the pate.

The Persian Derby.

They enter a derby in Persia. A lot of men enter their horses and deposit the entrance fees with the shah. The race is then run after which the shah takes possession of the winner, and sticks to all the entrance money.

DWARFS IN MOROCCO.

Stunted in Growth by Poor Food and a Rigid Climate.

The existence of a race of dwarfs on the Atlas range, about which there was an animated controversy last year, has received unexpected confirmation. Walter B. Harris, who has returned from a journey in Southern Morocco, communicates the facts. While traveling along the foot of the mountains he saw thirteen or fourteen persons, none of whom were over four feet six inches in height, natives of the upper mountain regions. The Moors describe them as "a wild people, living in built houses in the rocks and snow, hunting moulton with extraordinary agility and given to shooting anyone penetrating to their domains." He attributes their small stature not, as some have asserted, to the fact that they are the remnants of the troglodytes, but to the circumstances in which they live. He believes them to be "merely a certain collection of Shlah tribes, who, through the high altitude at which they live and the extremes of climate they are subject to, from their poverty and inability to raise crops, from the scarcity and bad quality of such food as they are able to collect, have, in the lapse of centuries, become of almost extraordinarily stunted growth."

SELF-EVIDENT.

Almost Unnecessary to State That It Was Wagner Night.

It was a Wagner night. And the large and appreciative audience sat spellbound under the skillful and artistic interpretation of the great musical master by artists who had been called by the great master's secretary, companion and leader, reluctantly filled up the aisles and down stairs of the academy of music, whose whole atmosphere was redolent with harmony, whose echoes fondly clung to every corner of the auditorium and lingered within the portals.

As the delighted auditors wended their way homeward, melodies still filled their minds, set their souls a-singing with seraphic visitations that would not be exorcised. Melodic strains flitted into their slumbers and led the dreamers into sylvan retreats where birds warbled dulcet refrains, caught up in turn by rippling waters, then snatched aloft by rustling foliage and carried onward by the jubilant zephyrs from bush to flower, to tree and grove, until all nature responded in symphonic chorus and all verdure became vocal with praise. Finally the Sunday dawn broke upon the awakened dreamer, whose whole being was thus fitly prepared for the contemplation of sacred things and attuned for the spirit of devotion.

ENGLISH WAITERS.

How They Are Paid and Held Responsible.

In English restaurants, where the customer pays his bill through the waiter, the latter is held responsible for its due payment from the moment he receives the articles ordered by the customer from the kitchen, and what is known as the "check" system is pretty generally adopted. The waiter, on beginning his day's work, pays in to the proprietor or his clerk from \$10 to \$25 to cover the orders he is likely to receive during the day, and he is given in exchange a number of "checks." For every order he gives he hands in checks to an equivalent amount. If the value of the orders exceeds the amount of deposit the waiter must pay in more money before he receives the dishes. What the customers pay him he retains until settling time. If the customer goes away without paying the waiter must bear the loss. The waiter is the person on whom the blame naturally falls if orders are not promptly executed. But he is himself at the mercy of the kitchen porters, who pass the dishes from the kitchen, and these men seriously impede him by dawdling in carrying out his orders if he fails to square them with a fee.

Strychnine Settled Them.

One month ago the splendid crop prospect of Washington county was seriously threatened by that abominable pest, the squirrel or gopher, but the farmers said no, and they meant it. Such a buying of powder and shot and strychnine was never heard of in this country, and the war was made in dead earnest. Most of the farmers now report that they have the upper hand of Mr. Squirrel, and that he is not doing much damage. It is estimated that 100 pounds of strychnine have been purchased for this purpose at an average price of \$8 per pound, say \$1,800, and that 700,000 squirrels have been killed in the county, and that each squirrel would have destroyed and eaten one peck of wheat, or 50,000 bushels which at fifty cents per bushel would make \$25,000.

Antidote for Onions.

It is told of a well-known Kentucky colonel that once he invited a gentleman to dine with him at Chamberlin's, in Washington. Among other things ordered was portehouse steak with onions. His guest asked to be excused from partaking of this dish. "It gives you a bad-spelling breath," he said. "Never you mind about that," remarked the colonel: "wait till you get the bill—that will take your breath away." The case with which the colonel changed from host to guest nearly took his friend's breath away. The bill did so completely.

Delusive Hopes.

When Captain Cook first visited Tahiti, the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell and stone. When they saw iron nails, they fancied them to be shoots of some hard wood, and desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.

ERECTED HER TOMBSTONE.

Recentriety of Character Displayed in an English Graveyard.

A remarkable, but perfectly reliable story comes from Wales which throws a strange light upon eccentricity of character. In the graveyard of the parish church at Churchstoke, a small village in Montgomeryshire, there is to be seen a gravestone which bears an inscription recording the death of a maiden lady who, nevertheless is actually living in the village referred to, and within a short distance of her tombstone.

Her brothers and sisters died in the early part of this century, and a single stone announces their deaths. It stood undisturbed until 1855, when it was renovated, and at that time the lady referred to, who was then in her 63d year, gave orders to a local stonecutter to insert her name at the foot of the stone. This was done, but he was rather surprised to receive a further order to add the words "Died 1859."

At first he hesitated, and afterward complied with this request, although he did not credit his customer with any remarkable degree of prophecy. Year after year passed by, and when 1859 came the eccentric lady was still living, perhaps contrary to her own expectations. The epitaph now confronts her every time she wends her way to church service. So robust is she that since 1859 she has visited America, and apparently derived considerable benefit from the voyage.

The following is a copy of the inscription on the stone: "In memory of Edward Lockley, stonemason, son of John and Mary Lockley, who died July 30, 1843, aged 36 years. Also John, their son, who died December 7, 1845, aged 35 years. Also Thomas, Richard and Joseph, their sons, who died in their infancy. Also Sarah, their daughter, born August 8, 1819, died 1859."

WASN'T CONFIDENTIAL.

His Mistake Was in Thinking That He Could Keep It From Her.

Now that her husband was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary for poisoning his mother-in-law she declared she would insist upon a divorce as provided by statute. He reproached her with lack of affection, but she was obdurate. He pleaded, but her heart was like stone.

"What a spectacle—" The few minutes during which they were to be left alone were almost spent and he was becoming frantic. "—of devotion it would be were you to wait patiently for my release. What a rebuke to the world's condemnation."

She tossed her head impatiently. "Deliberately—"

She spoke with seeming nonchalance.

"You have destroyed the confidence that should subsist between husband and wife. You—"

He would have interrupted, but her glance commanded silence.

"Went to work and killed ma without saying a word to me about it."

Then the guards came and led him away.

NOT HIS FATHER.

He Wouldn't Be Called "Papa" in Business Hours.

It is whispered among a certain gay young set but lately entered into society that one of its members, a college graduate, but a regular "mam-ma's boy" for all that, is feeling a trifle sore over an episode that marked his first day in business.

His father, the president of a prominent insurance company had made a place in the office for his son, and the young fellow was eager to take it. It so happened that his first dip into the great sea of worldly ambition occurred on the same day as a meeting of the directors of the well-known corporation.

Being sent on an errand to the president, the young hopeful burst into the room where the magnates were assembled and in the familiar parlance of the home began "Papa—"

The august president with a look of absolute horror, turned to the agitated messenger, and to the intense amusement of the others present, and to the everlasting chagrin of the dudedet, roared out, "I'm not your father—at least in business hours."

A Lucky Cat.

Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt's cat, Koko, is said to have cost, counting original price paid and cost of importation, close upon \$1,000. He was born in the palace of the mikado, and is the most beautiful, as well as the most costly cat in this country. Of unusual size, he is like a maitre d' in color and intelligence. His mouse-colored coat is like heavy satin, so rich and showy and sleek. Every morning he has his bath and is combed and fed before he is allowed to present himself in Mrs. Vanderbilt's rose-colored morning room. His breakfast of cream and grilled bones is served in a delicate china bowl and soup plate, very like those used by children for their oatmeal. One of Koko's accomplishments is the delicate way in which he partakes of his meals. He never spills a drop of cream or touches the delicate carpet with a piece of meat or bone.

Curious Bequest.

The Italian journals state that a wealthy person of Florence, just deceased, has left a singular will. It declares that the greater part of his fortune shall go to the man with the largest hump on his back in all Tuscany, and that the person entrusted with the duty of selecting him shall be themselves twelve humpbacks. To recompense the latter for their trouble he directs that, in addition to traveling expenses, each shall be presented with a gold medal, bearing the effigy of Esop, their prototype.

COURT VS. LEGISLATURE.

Minnesota's War on the Coal Combine Productive of Real Sensations.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 21.—The excitement over the conflict between the legislature and the coal combine is so great that hardly any other topic is discussed. The joint legislative committee and the officers and attorneys of the coal combine spent yesterday in preparation for the legal battle which began Saturday before Judge Egan. Richard A. Walsh, the member of the committee who has charge of the letter-book of John H. Rhodes, head of the combine, having been summoned to appear in court. He admitted that he had possession of the book but he refused to give it up, and read to the court the resolutions of the legislature authorizing the committee to keep it.

At the time Walsh was taken to court the senate was considering the house joint resolution instructing the investigating committee to retain the letter book. The house resolution was finally adopted by a vote of 31 to 29.

In the house an even warmer debate was indulged in, and threats of impeachment of Judge Egan for detaining an officer and a member of the legislature, were freely expressed. Various methods of procedure were proposed and finally a call of the house was ordered and Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Wells was instructed to bring into the house the body of Representative Walsh, detained illegally by the district court. The greatest amount of feeling was expressed and several speakers advocated the passage of resolutions instructing the governor to call out the militia to enforce the orders of the legislature.

When Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Wells appeared in the court Judge Egan was about to announce his decision. The appearance and demand of Wells for the custody of Walsh disconcerted the judge so much that Wells and Walsh walked out without any attempt at detaining them, as also did Sergeant-at-Arms Smout, who had been under arrest since Friday.

At the afternoon session of the district court Judge Egan made the legislature's victory complete by deciding that his court had no jurisdiction over members or officers of the legislature and could not compel them to give up the books of the combine in their possession. The latest sensational turn of the case was taken last evening when John J. Rhodes brought suit in the district court for \$50,000 damages against the joint legislative committee and the officer alleging that they kept from him his property and ruined his business.

SWEPT BY A HURRICANE.

Portions of Australia and Surrounding Islands Visited by a Tornado.

SYDNEY, March 21.—This island has just been visited by a most destructive hurricane. Large numbers of the natives are said to have perished and extensive districts were devastated. New Caledonia with neighboring islands, the most important penal colony of France, was storm swept and particulars are anxiously awaited as to the destruction of life and property at Noumea and other points. The New Hebrides have but few white inhabitants, but among these are missionaries from America and Europe.

The hurricane was the worst one ever experienced in the region. It raged incessantly for three days and the rainfall was enormous. Half of New Caledonia is flooded. In the Hebrides alone, ten persons were drowned. The loss of property was at least \$120,000. Most of the settlers were ruined.

PREPARING FOR THE OPENING.

Secretary Smith Taking the Preliminary Steps in the Cherokee Strip Matter.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—Secretary Hoke Smith is making preparations to carry into effect the act ratifying the agreement with the Indians ceding to the government the Cherokee strip in the Indian territory. In a letter to Principal Chief Harris, the secretary advises him as to what steps are necessary to be taken on the part of the Indians, and suggests that he call the national council together to take such action as to allotments and other details as they may see fit. In a letter to Governor Seay of Oklahoma the secretary asks for information and suggestions as to the establishment of the number of counties and other matters connected with the proposed opening of the strip to public settlement.

NO HOPE FOR THE NARONIC.

The Missing Vessel Surely Lost Off Newfoundland.

LOXDOX, March 21.—All doubts as to the fate of the missing White Star liner Naronic have been dispelled by the arrival of the steamship Coventry at Bremen yesterday, Captain Wilson reporting that on March 4 when off the banks of Newfoundland he sighted a white life boat with the name "Naronic" painted on her stern. Another Naronic boat was also found nearly turned bottom upward. Both were south by west of Sable island on the banks of Newfoundland. There is a chance that the occupants of the boats were picked up by a passing vessel as there was evidence that one of the boats had only recently been occupied. That the Naronic is now at the bottom of the ocean cannot be disputed, but the cause of the disaster is still a matter of conjecture.

The President's Birthday Outlet.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—President Cleveland was 56 years old Saturday and he celebrated the day in the same way he passed nearly every day since his induction into office. For three hours he was busy receiving official seekers and their congressional friends.

HIS LIFE A TRAGEDY.

One of the Survivors of the Donner Party and His Relics.

A gray-bearded, weary-looking man of giant size came down from California lately, and registered at the Russ house, in San Francisco. He had with him a peculiar looking bag of buckskin, which he handled carefully, as though its contents were of priceless value, and did not rest contented till the yellow bag was in the safe. The old man was W. C. Graves, and his life has been an eventful one. He was one of

the celebrated Donner party, who were lost in the Sierras in the terrible winter of 1846-7 while trying to reach California, suffering unheard-of privations. Out of ninety-three people forty-seven perished from cold and hunger. The party came to a stop on the edge of Donner lake, November 1, 1846, and it was March 5, or four months and four days, before all those yet alive started away. Mr. Graves was at the time 18 years old. He started out about March 1 with the first relief party. His father had previously died while trying to get relief. Before his mother started with the remaining emigrants on March 5 she hid what silver money she had. Edward Reynolds, a prospector for gold quartz, found the silver coins two years ago, after the long interval of forty-two years. Mr. Graves secured them and those were what he had in his yellow bag. They consist of over 100 coins of the value of \$154. A majority are fifty-cent pieces of the United States. Besides these there are Mexican dollars, Bolivian, French, Belgian, West Indian and Argentine coins. The old pioneer told how his mother died in the mountains on her way out and alluded graphically to their imprisonment in the snow.

THE HAT BOY.

How He Remembers the Men Whose Headgear He Cares For.

The man in the light suit was in a hurry. He was hungry. His miniature cocktail had been down precisely nine minutes, and was beginning to be self-assertive.

The individual in uniform by the dining-room hat-rack, caught the tile man in the light suit tossed him, gave a quick glance at the back of the light suit disappearing in the dining-room entrance, placed the hat in a row with a score of other tiles of all shapes and sizes. Half an hour later the man in the light suit emerged from the dining-room slowly and with an expression of satisfaction, for the cocktail had succumbed to the attack of coffee, porterhouse steak, chops and other concomitants of a good breakfast. The hats now adjusted, the cigar lighted and the individual in uniform added a silver coin to the pile in his pocket.

"The ability of the hat boy to remember different faces and heads and the hats that go with them," said the clerk, "is marvelous. Out of the hundreds who daily pass into that dining-room, strangers, transients and permanent, he never makes a mistake and returns the wrong hat. I confess I myself am perplexed at the wonderful memory and faculty of association, which is the chief recommendation of the average hat boy. One would imagine that in a rush he would hand over the wrong hat, but he never does. However, that is all he has to do, and as his position depends upon his accuracy he soon becomes an expert in his particular line."

TOMBSTONE.

How This Gold Prospecting Town Came by Its Name.

Richard Schieffelin, of Los Angeles, who was at the Palmer in Chicago lately, attracted considerable attention by his peculiar Western attire and long, flowing hair. Mr. Schieffelin was famous a few years ago as the discoverer of Tombstone, in Arizona. He was a poor prospector on the Arizona desert in search of gold, which he believed was located in the southern part of the territory.

After getting a "grub stake" at a store in Yuma he started out alone to cross the arid waste lying west of Yuma. As he left the town he was told that instead of finding gold he would find his tombstone. For weeks the daring prospector struggled on until his provisions were nearly exhausted.

One night, while camping beside a small, dry stream, he was obliged to dig in the sand of the river-bed to get water, and while thus employed unearthed several nuggets of gold. The next day he staked his claim and started back to Yuma, where he reported that he had found his tombstone, but that it was lined with golden nuggets. From this the present city of Tombstone sprung, and today "Dick" Schieffelin is one of the wealthiest men in Los Angeles.

Japanese House Mats.

Japanese house mats, says Miss Bird in her work on Japan, are as neat, refined, and soft as covering for the floor as the finest Axminster carpet. They are five feet nine inches long, three feet broad, and two and a half inches thick. The frame is solidly made of coarse straw, and with very fine woven matting as nearly white as possible, and each mat is usually bound with dark blue cloth. Temples and rooms are measured by the number of mats they contain, and rooms must be built for the mats, as they are never cut to the rooms. They are always level with polished grooves or ledges which surround the floor. They are soft and elastic, and the finer qualities are very beautiful. They are as expensive as the best Brussels carpet, and the Japanese take great pride in them, and are much aggrieved by the way in which some thoughtless foreigners stamp over them with dirty boots.

Does One Thing Well.

There is a woman in Pittsburg who has applied the principle of doing one thing well so successfully that she has at her command a modest competence. Her specialty is washing curtains, her trade being entirely with the wealthy families of the city. So excellent is her work that many of the local firms who pretend to send their customers' soiled curtains to New York to be done up merely send them out to Norville street to her. She is mistress of her art; just what it is nobody knows, but curtains from her hand have a whiteness and smoothness no one else can attain.

VERY LONG SLEEPS.

There Is Nothing New or Strange Under the Sun.

"I noticed a suggestion some time ago that science might yet make it possible for a man to go to sleep in the first quarter of an century and wake up in the last quarter of the next," said Colonel Jeff McComore, as he pulled away at a big, black cigar.

"The writer probably got his idea from the account given by Sir Claude Wade, who relates that while residing at the court of Loodhianna he saw a fakir resuscitated after being walled up for six weeks in a brick vault without the possibility of receiving a breath of fresh air.

"I was inclined to doubt Sir Claude's story until I witnessed a feat fully as remarkable among the Yaqui Indians in Mexico a few weeks ago. An old widowed squaw had a daughter, a rather comely girl of 14, who had an unpleasant habit of going into trances whenever she counted her beads, mother and daughter being devout Catholics. The girl would lie like one dead until her mother uttered some cabalistic words over her and applied a crucifix to her lips, when she would revive on the instant, apparently none the worse for a lapse into a state of coma. The mother took service in a family quite a distance removed and left her daughter with the tribe. The latter soon passed into a trance, and all efforts to resuscitate her were unavailing. A messenger was posted off for her mother, but returned with the answer that she had accompanied her mistress to Monterey. The girl lay for several days motionless and was at last pronounced dead and consigned to the grave. A month later the mother returned, and, learning what had happened, proceeded to dig her child up. The body had not changed in the least since being consigned to the grave, and when the cabalistic words were repeated and the crucifix applied to the lips the girl started up, and, after partaking of a cup of water, accompanied her mother home."

REFORMING A PARROT.

The Scheme Did Not Work in an English Parish.

A Pittsburguer who spent a part of last summer in England tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance.

A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing, at frequent intervals:

"I wish the old lady would die."

This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it.

"I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two birds had become accustomed to each other the bad bird remarked:

"I wish the old lady would die."

Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added:

"We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.

A Remarkable Eagle's Nest.

Some Swiss papers relate that a sportsman recently succeeded in capturing in the Savoy Alps an eagle's nest, after killing the mother bird. The nest, which was large enough to hold several persons, was made of thick branches covered with straw and rubbish, and in it he found, besides a young eagle, the following remains of a feast: Fresh and stale meat, a recently killed hare, twenty-seven chamois feet, four pigeons' feet, thirty pheasants' feet, three chickens' feet, eleven chickens' heads, eighteen heads of grouse and other wild birds, and remains of snakes, squirrels, rabbits, marmots and other game. Truly a royal feast!

The Law as to Apron Strings.

"Apron strings must be let alone," said Judge Ermentrout the other day to a Reading jury. "People have no business with other men's wives, whether in a playful way or any other way." This bit of wisdom was spoken at the close of the trial of Isaac Gross for assault and battery. A month ago Augustus Pottenger met Mrs. Gross on the street and playfully untied her apron strings. Gross saw the proceeding from across the street, walked over promptly, and knocked Pottenger down. The arrest of Gross followed, but the judge told the jury to acquit him, which it did, and the costs were put upon the man who untied the apron strings.

His Field.

An old gentleman, after the funeral of a relative, in the West of England, was listening with rapt attention to the reading of the will in which he unexpectedly proved to be interested. First, it recounted how that a certain field was willed to him; then it went on to give the old gray mare in said field to some one else, with whom he was on anything but friendly terms, at which point he suddenly interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming indignantly: "Then she's eating my grass!"

Next Able Liar Has the Floor.

In answer to a prize offered by a French paper for the best example of microscopic writing, a constant reader sent in the whole history of Christopher Columbus written on an egg.

Another wrote on the back of a cabinet photograph Francois Coppee's novel of "Henriette" of 19,000 words.

The prize was won by a man who sent in the contents written at length of the first two sheets of a great newspaper written on a postal card.

BUSINESS HABITS.

Girls Should Be Taught Them From Early Years.

Whether a woman is poor or rich it behooves her to acquire methodical business habits keeping her little accounts accurately and knowing to a cent just what she does with her money, whether she has 10 cents or \$10 to expend on her own little personal wants. An allowance is the first step toward this end if, at the same time, it is impressed upon her that every sum spent should be set down with unfailing regularity.

In black and white one notes how much more easily the money can be spent, how quickly it goes, and just what foolish little nothings have lured it from our pockets. Without setting down each item, it is ten chances to one that you will conclude you must have lost some money when you cannot see how that ten-dollar bill went when you only bought such a very few things. The neat little figures are a genuine restraint, besides instilling a habit and system that will be of great value if ever fortune smiles and a great estate comes to your hands, and still if greater economy is a necessity and the dollar has to be forced into doing duty for two.

Unless the accounts are kept accurately and the cash made to balance every evening, you had better not attempt any book-keeping at all, for slipshod methods are worse than none and only confuse everything rather than help matters. If anything is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and there is nothing so productive of future good as the habit of looking carefully out for the pennies when school days are the only trials and the allowance of fifty cents a week goes for candy and pickles. If this plan is once established in childhood, the girl will grow to womanhood with a clear knowledge of where her money goes and what she has to show for it.

FRANCE'S CANAL SYSTEM.

It Is Practically Free From Tolls and Covers Fully 8,000 Miles.

Interior navigation has long held a prominent place in the traffic of France, and it is not surprising to learn that the length of navigable waters in that country is 8,000 miles, of which 650 miles are returned as tidal, 2,100 miles navigable without works, 2,250 canalized rivers and 3,000 miles canals.

The state looks out for all but seven per cent of this network, which is, therefore, practically free from tolls. This system of inland navigation has cost about \$300,000,000 for construction and purchase and \$25,000,000 for concessions. The annual cost of maintenance is about \$2,600,000, or \$325 a mile, which covers all expenditures whatsoever. The number of vessels employed on the water-ways is between 15,000 and 16,000; and about twenty-six per cent have a capacity of 300 tons or more, while more than half have a capacity exceeding 100 tons. Moreover, about 2,000 foreign boats use the French canals each year.

The motive power is now almost furnished by draft animals, although a few steam tugs are used on the Seine, the Oise and some other rivers, and steam cargo boats are occasionally met. Cable towing and low locomotives are also used in a few places. The average cost of moving a ton of freight one mile is stated to be .0046 on rivers and twenty-five per cent less on canals.

In Love With His Princess.

A pretty love story concerning the late Dowager Queen Olga, of Wurtemberg, was published in Stuttgart. Forty-eight years ago, when she was the greatest beauty at the Russian court, Prince Barlatski, an officer in the imperial guard, fell in love with her. When he learned that she returned his love he became alarmed, obtained an audience with Czar Nicholas, and, falling on his knees, implored pardon for his audacity for having loved the daughter of his sovereign.

Pleased with his honorable conduct, the czar created him field marshal and made him governor of the Caucasus. One year later the Grand Duchess Olga was married to the Wurtemberg prince. Barlatski acquired some fame in the Crimean war, but never recovered from the moroseness following the disappointment of this love.

A Smart Girl's Lecture.

A 16-year-old girl reads a lecture to the young men in a Maine paper. She exclaims: "Why do the young men of Edgcomb do so much loafing? Go to work! Push ahead! I am but a young girl; I have clothed myself and got money in the bank, and only 16 years old. I lay up more money every year of my life than any boy or young man within a radius of three miles of my home. When they get a dollar they go to a dance and go home a dollar out. My father is able to support me, but I choose to support myself. I advise all girls to cut clear of those loafing boys. Give them a wide berth, and never marry a man unless he is able to support you. And never put your arm through the handle of a rum jug."

A Question For Scientists.

Dr. Richardson, an English physician, who has investigated the matter, says that the men who work in the Paris sewers are as healthy as the average, and no other 800 men in Paris are so free from zymotic diseases. This leads Dr. Richardson to ask: "Do sewer men gain an immunity from contagion by their occupation, or are we at sea as to the mode of communication of the spreading diseases?"

A Poet Lariat.

The Punsatunway Spirit says: "No, we do not want a poet laureate in this country, but a poet lariat would be a good thing with which to poets up to a tree or lamp post or other convenient object." Jefferson county bards must have been working double-time on holiday gems for the inspection of the editor of the Spirit.

BRAVE ANIMALS.

The Elephant Shows Courage in the Face of Danger.

It is said that the scent or roar of a bear in the jungle will often scare elephants beyond control. And they have the same intense nervousness shown by the horse at the sight of things unusual or out of place. A big elephant, which was employed to drag away the carcass of a dead bullock, and had allowed the burden to be attached by ropes without observing what it was, happened to look around, and instantly bolted, its fright increasing every moment as the unknown object jumped and bumped at its heels.

After running some miles like a dog with a tin can tied to its tail, the elephant stopped and allowed itself to be turned round, and drew the bullock back again without a protest. Yet an elephant without a mahout gives, perhaps, the best instance of disciplined courage—courage, that is, which persists in the face of knowledge and disinclination—to be seen in the animal world. They will submit, day after day, to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keeper, and meet danger in obedience to orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril, and far too great for man to trick them into a belief that it is non-existent.

No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding. As an instance, take the following incident, which recently occurred in India, and was communicated to the writer. A small female elephant was charged by a buffalo, in high grass, and her rider, in the hurry of the moment, and perhaps owing to the sudden stopping of the elephant, fired an explosive shell from his rifle, not into the buffalo, but into the elephant's shoulder. The wound was so severe that it had not healed a year later. Yet the elephant stood firm, although it was gored by the buffalo, which was then killed by another gun. What is even more strange is that the elephant was not "gun-shy" afterward.

WANTED BY BRITISH LORDS.

New York Dealers Kept Busy Shipping Wild Animals Abroad.

There is a great demand nowadays from wealthy Europeans for American wild animals. Every year hundreds are shipped abroad by New York dealers, but there never was a finer pair of any kind sent to Europe than the young bison which left by the steamer Bovie lately.

They came from the St. Louis Zoo, where they have been on exhibition for a number of years. They were consigned to W. A. Conklin, who purchased them for William Cross, a Liverpool animal dealer, who in turn purchased them for an English lord, to be placed in his game preserve for breeding purposes. The bison came originally from the plains of Wyoming.

On their way East they got into a terrible rage and ripped and tore their boxes to bits, and the train men had hard work to keep them in subjection. When they were boxed at the St. Louis Zoo they gave considerable trouble. John C. Gray, a veteran cowboy, and James Crawley, a former lion-tamer, lassoed them around the legs and horns and then bound them tight. The male weighs fully 5,000 pounds and the female 3,000.

Mr. Conklin has a large order for bison and other wild animals to be filled for the English nobility before next fall. Some of the animals are on their way East. Several panthers from Washington state are among the lot, besides several consignments of deer, elk, mountain sheep from the Rockies, some bear from the Sierras and a large lot of other game. He has one pair of handsome panthers at his stable.

It's a Wet Day.

A stout man got on a horse-car the other day.

"Wet day," he said to a stranger, who was sitting near him.

"Hey," said the other.

"Wet day," said the first, a little louder.

"Excuse me, I'm a little deaf and hardly caught your meaning."

"I said, 'It's a wet day,'" howled the fat man, getting red in the face, as the other passengers looked up from their papers.

"Ah, yes, yes; how much you must pay. Five cents, that's the fare."

Whereupon the fat man got off the car.

"Yes," said the deaf man gently, "that's the seventh man within an hour that told me it's a wet day. Praps they imagine I don't know it."

Fat Enough.

A Philadelphia citizen who was raising a fine hog in the rear of his residence was notified by the board of health to remove the animal outside the city limits. Not wishing to move and thinking the hog was not fat enough to kill, he sent word to a colored man who had a small farm in Montgomery county to take the pig to his place until it was fat enough to kill, agreeing to give one-half his carcass for his trouble. Sam took the hog home and the next morning brought half of it back to the Manayunk. "Why, Sam," said the owner, "I told you to keep that hog until it was fat." "He was fat enough for me, sah; dar's yo' haf," replied Sam.

A street car trust, headed by Boston capital is the latest in the line of proposed combinations.

New York's reform club is preparing a tariff reform bill, which, it expects, will go before the next congress as an administration measure.

Clothing manufacturers of New York have notified the cutters that unless they recede from their position by March 22 they will inaugurate a general lockout.

John Ortilly, a rich bachelor of San Francisco, has died and left \$1,000,000 or more to his brother, Michael, who is a wanderer and cannot be found.

A PERSISTENT HEN.

Even in Its Cooked State It Was a Dismal Failure.

Mr. Jones is of Lynn.

After months of thought he went into the hen industry on a small scale. He secured a batch of chicks from Mr. Smith, and then asked the ages of the various members of his new family. Smith admitted that one of them was peculiarly old.

"I bought her three years ago," he said, "and she was old then."

Jones kept hens until he was tired. The most venerable of the lot was always "too old to kill," but never an egg did she release. Jones sold his brood, the venerable one and all, to Mr. Alley.

Jones's wife wanted a fowl the other day for a fricassee. The butcher was appealed to. He didn't have a fowl, but he would get one. He did. Jones's wife boiled it for four hours, but it was not eatable. Jones suggested that she reboil it the same afternoon, and she did, but the fowl was still far from tender. The next day she boiled it some more, and it remained unpalatable. It had to be thrown away.

"Where did you get that fowl?" asked Jones of the butcher.

"Bought it from Alley," answered the man of meat. "He said he would give me a fresh one."

"I thought so," said Jones, who had reached the conclusion—and was right—that he had paid a dollar for the infirm hen that he had been glad to sell to Alley for twenty-five cents.

NO GETTING OUT OF IT.

The Fates Were Against Them and the Ring Was Unbroken.

There were tell-tale furrows in the powder that besprinkled her cheek. She had been weeping, beyond the shadow of a doubt. She shivered and grew sick at heart when the chap for whose footsteps she had been listening all the evening rushed impetuously forward and kissed her hand.

"How angelic!"

He pressed his lips fervently upon her third knuckle.

"—in you to send for me."

She smiled sadly.

"Yes," she murmured in a voice heavy with emotion, "I have decided to revoke my refusal. I will marry you."

An ethereal joy transfigured his countenance.

"Oh, heaven—"

It was the grateful cry of a happy soul.

"—be praised."

With streaming eyes he gathered her yielding form to his breast.

"And did you find," he warmly demanded, "that you loved me after all?"

"No—"

It was as if an arrow had pierced his heart.

"—but I did find that I couldn't get your engagement ring off my finger, do what I would, and I was left with only one alternative."

Go West, Young Man.

Nozo Pomura, a Japanese gentleman now in this country, says: "We have organized in Tokio, a society called 'The Going to America society.' Its object is to facilitate Japanese travel to the United States during the exposition. As I say, the travel will be very large. We have made arrangements with the Pacific mail steamship company and the American and Japanese railroads to such an advantage that a person in Japan can visit the fair and spend about six weeks in America for 700 yen, or a little less than \$500. Hundreds of my people have already made their arrangements to come and the lists are growing rapidly every day."

Possessed Voltaire's Heart.

The lovers of the curious coincidence will be interested to know that the heart of the great heretic of priests and nobles—Voltaire—was in the possession of the bishop of Moulins, Monseigneur de Dreux-Breze, when he died recently at the age of 82. The bishop was the youngest son of the grand master of ceremonies in the court of Louis XVI. The church dignitary inherited the heart of the great scoffer from the Marquis de Villette, to whose family belonged the house on the Quay Voltaire, in which the Ferney philosopher died.

For Etiquette.

An elderly lady in a modest manner leaned over the counter of a West end drug store, says a Baltimore paper, and, pointing to a letter with a Columbian stamp, asked: "Will you please tell me if these stamps are good for just common use?" When assured that they were so intended, she bowed politely and remarked as she left: "I didn't know; I thought they were to be used, perhaps, for etiquette." "I have to answer that same question ten times a day," said the clerk, "but I wonder what she meant by etiquette?"

Censorship of the Press.

When Rome was still under the papal rule a play was once submitted to the prelate charged with the revision of manuscripts to the press. The first scene represented a restaurant and an actor sitting at a table and calling to a waiter:

"Waiter, a beefsteak!"

The scrupulous censor wrote in the margin: "Note—When the piece is played during Lent the actor, instead of calling for a beefsteak, will order an omelette."

Curiously Rewarded.

Some travelers were recently visiting in an elegant private garden at Palermo, in Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings they came to one upon which was written, "Non asperite," that is, "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very unconvincingly proceeded to disobey the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door a strong jet of water was squirted into their faces.

OF TWO ANCESTORS.

A Woman Inherited the Instincts of the Coward and the Hero.

Among the women in and about Boston who know who her great grandfathers are is one whose ancestors played prominent but widely different parts in the battle of Concord.

One was appointed to lead the yeomen, the other was one of the yeomen to be led.

When the cry of battle sounded the leader, the man to whom the troops looked for direction, deserted them. At the last moment his fear overcame him and he fled.

The other ancestor, seeing that the troops were without a commander, rushed from out the ranks and shouting: "For God's sake, fire!" made himself the leader the men needed.

From the time this woman was a little girl in short dresses she had repeatedly heard this story and had been proud of the brave man, and oh! so ashamed of the coward. As she grew into womanhood she found in her nature parts of both ancestors.

"Let me tell you how I often feel," she would say. "For instance, when I go to a party I am happy in anticipation until I get to the drawing-room door and catch a glimpse of the guests within and the hostess standing stiff and prim to receive me."

"There comes over me a terrible fear and the runaway ancestor in me says, 'Take to your heels, Annie, you can never face these people.' I'm on the point of obeying this impulse when 'For God's sake, fire!' takes full possession of me. With a bound I attack my hostess and the battle's won."

BATTLES FOUGHT ON SUNDAY.

Historical Engagements of Waterloo, Bull Run and Chickamauga.

Many of the most famous battles of history have been fought on Sunday. To go no further back than the beginning of the present century, the Globe-Democrat cites the battle of Eylau, won by Napoleon over the Russians and Prussians, and the battle of Friedland, June 14, 1807, won by Napoleon over the same allies, were both fought on Sunday. On Sunday, May 21, 1800, Napoleon was defeated at Essling; on Sunday, May 2, 1813, won the victory of Lutzen, and on Sunday, June 17, 1815, was overthrown at Waterloo. Wellington, besides Waterloo, won several of his greatest victories on Sunday, being victorious at Vimereira, in Portugal, August 21, 1808; at Fuentes de Onoro, May 5, 1811; at Orthez, February 27, 1814; at Tarbes, March 20, 1814, and at Toulouse, April 10, 1814, all these battles being fought on Sunday. During the civil war in this country the first battle at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, was fought on Sunday, and the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, ended on Sunday. Vicksburg was surrendered on Saturday, July 4, 1863, and formally occupied on Sunday, the following day, and on the same day Lee began his retreat from Gettysburg. Petersburg fell on Sunday, April 2, 1865, and on the following Sunday Lee surrendered.

JIM-JAM VALLEY.

A Beautiful Vision of Paradise Among the Mountains of California.

"In the Jim-Jam valley, in California, there are many wonderful and reasonable mirages," said John E. Owens of New York. "It is named Jim-Jam valley because of the curious and strange sights seen there. The valley is about forty miles long and thirty miles wide. Not a soul lives within its territory. Mountains capped with snow all the year surround the valley. In it the eyes see lakes, green trees, bubbling springs, and even lilies growing in the marshes. Contrast these with the rugged mountains that surround you, and the picture is one of indescribable loveliness and beauty. You imagine that no paradise, ethereal or heavenly, could surpass it. In the distance there are beautiful lakes with lovers paddling softly over the calm waters; fantastic craft and beautiful water nymphs show themselves. Weird and somber figures gleam at you from all directions, and dimly outlined forms of all colors, shapes and sizes may be seen.

"Occasionally there is a storm in the valley. Forked lightning leaps from the mountain tops and in its light you see strange animals, different from any you have ever heard of before.

"These mirages strike the observer with awe, and few men who see them once care to repeat the visit."

Preaching Monkeys.

The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of money called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest and makes a signal with his forepaw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregreve, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings, but no other traveler has confirmed the statement.

Anecdote of Sherman's Son.

A detachment of soldiers was told off to take charge of young Tom, now Father Sherman, while crossing the pontoon bridge across the Potomac when the armies of the country were coming to Washington to take part in the great review there in 1865. He was then about eight years old.

One of the men asked him if he expected to grow up as smart as his father, the general, and he promptly answered "No."

"Why?" was the next question. "Well," he replied with ready readiness, "there are plenty of smart men who have grown up, but they are not as smart as my father."

INVENTOR WATTS' VISION.

It Came in a Drunken Sleep and Made His Fortune.

Before Watts, the discoverer of the present mode of making shot, had his notable dream, induced by overindulgence in stimulants, the manufacture in question was a slow, laborious and consequently costly process. Great bars of lead had to be pounded into sheets of a thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shots desired. These sheets had then to be cut into little cubes, placed in a revolving barrel and there rolled around until, by the constant friction, the edges wore off from the little cubes, and they became spheroids.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at an ale-house, he went home, went to bed and soon fell asleep. His slumbers, however, were disturbed by unwelcome dreams, in one of which he was out with "the boys," and as they were stumbling home it began to rain shot—beautiful globules of polished, shining lead—in such numbers that he and his companions had to seek shelter.

In the morning Watts remembered his curious dream and it obtruded itself on his mind all day. He began to wonder what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air, and finally, to set his mind at rest, he ascended to the top of the steeple of the church of St. Mary at Radcliffe and dropped slowly and regularly a ladleful of molten lead into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of the most perfect shot he had ever seen. Watts' fortune was made, for from this exploit emanated the idea of the shot tower, which ever since has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so important in war sport.

SHE WAS GRATEFUL.

But Took an Economic Way of Showing Her Appreciation.

We were nearing Jacksonville, Fla., after the long trip from New York. The porter had finished brushing off a mother and her four children, each of whom had demanded attention every fifteen minutes, when the woman turned and said:

"You have been very attentive to us during the trip, and I wish to reward you."

"Yes, um."

"What is your name?" she asked, as she took out pencil and notebook.

"William White, mum."

She wrote for a minute on one of the leaves of her book, and then tore it out and handed it to him with the remark:

"A colored man who is ambitious to get along will always find friends."

I caught him in the vestibule two minutes later and asked to see the paper. It read:

Mr. WILLIAM WHITE: Your man, William White, has been very attentive to me and my children, and I would recommend that you raise his salary and let him know that you fully appreciate his efforts.

Mrs. S. B.—

I read it aloud to the porter and then looked at him. He gasped for breath and it was a long minute before he could ejaculate:

"Defo' de Lawd! but I dun thought dat was a \$15 check on some bank in Jacksonville. Huh! Shoo! Wall, of all de deleterious obnoxiousness I eber did dun meet up wid in all my life dis captivates de pinnacles!"

Marie's Tact.

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. 2

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893.

NO. 6.

Political and Otherwise

GRAND WORDS.

Chairman H. E. Taubeneck, of the National Committee of the People's party, uttered the following grand words, of which we heartily approve.

"FUSION means confusion and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get. We want every democrat and republican to come with us and we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we can't afford to secure either voter or office by bartering away our principles. The very moment we use them as trading stock and peddle them around to the highest bidder to secure an office we will sink into oblivion and we ought to. There is but one thing for us to do. 'Keep in the middle of the road.' Hoist the black flag and neither give or accept any quarter.

Any one who expects any of the old parties to give us any financial reforms by fusion in my opinion, is a mental deformity."

Hell Let Loose.

What made the old political organizations drift from their moorings? Do you know? Have you studied their history?

If you have made the record of the past a study you will find that good men did protest against departures from the land-marks, but they were immediately pounced upon by the vicious, by the scheming, by the demagogues, by the party bosses, and either silenced or "killed off" by the virulent attack of these God-cursed crew who are always ready for pillage and plunder, and who pose as the elect of God and as the guardians of equity and justice.

And so it is today. The People's party in Kansas has degenerated to the same low level as the democratic party which it so fiercely denounced in its "Second Declaration of Independence," and it proposes to live on this same degenerated plane for another two years. Wee be to the man who has the honor, the courage and the manhood to sound the notes of warning to the lovers of justice and to enter his protest in enduring terms against the infamy to be consummated in the holy name of reform. But Kansas has such men and their voices will be heard; though the heavens fall. The old ship of reform must right herself. She can do it now before it is too late. The baronets must be cut off. Let the process be commenced and without a moments delay.

Sound the bugle blast for the charge; let every patriot to the front. Stand firm for principle and yield not.

Reform is the outgrowth of education.

The agencies working reform must themselves be above the plane of corruption.

So long as the recognized leaders of a reform party meet in secret, or otherwise, with the recognized leaders of an opposition party—a party antagonistic to every demand of that reform party—so long as these recognized leaders undertake, and are permitted, to make their trades the base of a campaign, then a campaign a "reform campaign" there is no hope for our industrial classes.

It is simply hell let loose with her pimps masquerading in the robes of righteousness.

Subscribe for this paper.

Cooling Off.

Fusion has been like an iceberg in cooling off the political fervor of the People's party. Never again will the reform forces of Kansas rally to the conflict as in 1890 until the party is thoroughly re-organized in the State, congressional districts and counties, and the fusion element turned under. Indeed, it is a serious question if the People's party within the state isn't wrecked by the infamous fusion deals of last fall and the equally infamous fusion deals of the legislature and state administration following. It will do us no good to deceive ourselves or hide our heads under base falsehood. Fusion has wrecked every moral movement it ever touched, and the nature of this de-lusive fraud will ever be the same.

Virtue can never lie down in the same bed with vice and get up again rejoicing in her purity and innocence. He, who thinks it, is an idiot; he, who teaches it, is a knave. Safety lies not in the counsels of an idiot. Death lurks in the pathway of a deceiver.

REFORM ON WHEELS.

Free Rides, Free Dinners, etc., for Populist Assessors.

Grand Junketing tour for officials and their Wives.

CIGARS AT \$11 A BOX.

Not too Good for the "Reformers" of Kansas.

All the Luxuries of the Season free as Air.

NOT ALL ON ONE SIDE.

LADIES OF THE PARTY REMEMBER A RAILROAD OFFICIAL WITH A HANDSOME AND COSTLY SOUVENIR ON SILVER.

The State board of railroad assessors in their biennial tour of the Kansas roads are combining pleasure with business to a greater extent than any previous administration. Until two years ago the board of assessors was never accompanied by ladies, and then it was after all the roads had been inspected. The Missouri Pacific tax commissioner chaperoned a party of state officers and their wives on an excursion into Colorado, where the members of the party were banqueted and feasted at every stopping point. One of the results of that excursion was that every member of the board of assessors was retired from office by a vote of the People at the next election, and a board of "reformers" elected to take their places.

This matter of riding over the railroads to inspect them is largely buncombe anyway. The tax commissioner of each road presents the board with a full list of all property and makes a sworn statement as to the value of each item. From these sworn statements the assessors take the figures by which they make the assessment, and the trip over the lines is not for the purpose of counting all the ties, making a list of the tools in each section house, listing all the hand cars and extra headlights, or investigating the truthfulness of the report of the railroad's tax commissioners as to the number of cog wheels in each turn table on the system. These little details do not bother the average board of assessors, and from their behavior on this pleasure excursion over the Santa Fe last week the present board of assessors is not any better than those that preceded it. As a matter of fact, the board of assessors stopped just 40 minutes in Argentine, where the Santa Fe has 35 miles of side-track, thousands of cars and one of the biggest collections of rolling stock in the United States.

Until Governor Lewelling made the precedent last week, a Kansas governor has never accompanied the railroad assessors on their trip, but Governor Lewelling, with his wife and two daughters, had a good time at the expense of the Santa Fe. The acceptance of favors of this sort from the Santa Fe railroad, illy comports with the declarations made by the governor and his supporters in the early weeks of his administration.

A former state treasurer, who now lives in Topeka, says both years he was a railroad assessor the members of the board were invited by the railroad officials to take their wives along, but the invitation was always rejected, and the presentation of a silver cup, saucer and spoon to Tax Commissioner E. T. Cartledge of the Santa Fe, by the wives of the Populist state officers is a new feature in railroad assessing in Kansas. There seems to be a thorough understanding between this "reform" board of assessors and the Santa Fe railroad. We fear the reformers have fallen by the wayside.

The reform board of assessors not only took their wives along, but took other reformers and their wives on board the Santa Fe special train, and all enjoyed the luxury for once in their lives of eating and sleeping on wheels.

The Santa Fe special car consisted of a private car of the "Frisco" line, a Pullman sleeper and a dining car. The bill of fare on a Santa Fe dining

car is always good, but on this particular occasion it was supplied with all the luxuries of the tropics. The gentlemen members of the party did not use their cob pipes once during the trip; it was not necessary, for they were supplied with choice Havanas by the Santa Fe, for which the road paid \$11 a box. There were some \$9 cigars on board, but they were not good enough for this party.

Among the guests of Tax Commissioner Cartledge last week, in addition to Governor Lewelling and family, there were Mrs. Percy Daniels, wife of the lieutenant governor; Mrs. R. S. Osborne, wife of secretary of state, and Miss Osborne, and Mrs. Van B. Prather wife of the state auditor.

Among the people who are in no way connected with the assessors, but who enjoyed the privileges of the excursion, were Adjutant General Artz, who was along as a body guard. C. H. Taylor, now assistant superintendent of insurance, was a member of the party. W. L. Brown of Kingman, secretary of state senate, with his wife and daughter and Senator Landis, of Medicine Lodge, who is known as a railroad hater, all occupied berths on board the Santa Fe special.

Brigadier General Sears, of Lawrence was also a member of the party, and last but not least, Bob Semple of Ottawa, the man who a few years ago made himself prominent by trying to raise a crowd of Kansans to release the anarchists. Mr. Semple is probably not now so anxious to crush hydra-headed monopoly. He finds hydra-headed monopoly pretty nice with \$11 cigars and *pate de foie gras* and *terrapin*.

Patriotism had its representation on this trip, too. The ice cream was red, white and blue. Fortunately, the junketers stayed within the state's limits. Last time when the republican assessors crossed the prohibition line in Colorado, some of the crowd got drunk.

Tomorrow the assessors will start out for their trip over the Rock Island, and it will be another pleasure excursion, although there will not be so many ladies in the party. Private Secretary Fred J. Close and wife had intended to go but there is getting to be so much talk about it, the private secretary this morning decided not to go, although he has some property interests at Phillipsburg he wanted to look after when the assessors would stop at that town.

Assistant Secretary of State D. C. Zercher and wife, Assistant Auditor R. S. Mackey and wife, Geo. W. Clark of the attorney general's office, and Mrs. Clark will be among the guests of Tax Commissioner Cooper of the Rock Island this week.

Secretary Osborne and Auditor Prather will both stay at home this week, while their assistants are out on the excursion.—Journal.

Gentle reader, how does the above strike you?

Do you remember the speeches of the recent campaign?

Could you even imagine from their wise counsels, from their honeyed words, from their gracious promises, that they would so soon pass under the influences of railroads? That they would even out do the wicked republicans who preceded them in office in fawning at the feet of corporations?

Can you imagine why railroad corporations should so lovingly reach out their hands, laden with luscious bounties, to this reform Board of R. R. assessors which was bursting with indignation over the cruel wrongs inflicted upon the people by these cruel corporations which have been outraging the people with excessive rates and other forms of extortion?

Corporations.
Palace Cars.
Royal Feasts.
Reformers.

What a lovely sight for God, Angels and men.

It is the budding and blossoming of Fusion.

It was the idiotic display of the intelligence of vice and virtue fast in each other's loving embrace.

In short, the corporations set a trap to catch the angels of mercy, the evangelists of a better civilization, the custodians of equity, justice and the prosperity of the people, and the fusion idiots walked in and were slaughtered.

Shall we have an extra session of the legislature to discipline railroads?

Conservatism.

In a press dispatch our good governor Lewelling is made to say the Populists are "conservative" men. It would be absolutely impossible for a Third party, a party of reform, to be builded, and upon such a platform as the Omaha platform, and be composed of conservative men. It is the men of radical ideas, men of advanced thought, who get dissatisfied with old notions, and prevalent systems, and climb up out of the old ruts and begin to cut new channels of thought and action. Conservative men are inactive. When they do move they generally do so as the tools of others. They are easily satisfied with conditions, and if not satisfied, they are content to rest easy until some one else with more radical thought comes to the front and stirs the water, then Mr. Conservative is sure to get a hustle on himself, if he can see an official plumb dangling in sight.

A conservative man always has an itching for office, and he is quite sure he is the only available man in the state because he has done nothing to offend any one.

A fusionist is a conservative man. He is willing to do any thing and be anything, only so it will increase his chances of getting an office. He would crucify his Christ or sacrifice his best friend, if he thought he could get an office by so doing. When Gov. Lewelling speaks of "conservative" men in the People's party he means fusionists, political demagogues, tricksters, men who advertise themselves as on the market ready to do any thing; only so they can cover up their doings by apparent hostility to the republican party.

Be not deceived. Common sense, and the long line of history backs it up shows that conservative men never compose and form the body of a reform organization. And more, when conservative men officer and control reform organizations those organizations move in circles, contributing to the wants of the enemy, and soon go out of the business of propagating ideas.

Once in a rut, conservative men will fight vigorously to remain there. In their estimation those are criminals who would molest them or disturb their surroundings. If they change it must be done so quietly, or so suddenly, they don't know it, then they will settle down in the new rut as complacently as in the old, with all their old hates, aversions and slothfulness.

Conservative men are never the pioneers of thought. They never blaze the road into the wilderness. They are never the first to engage in any great undertaking. Their lights never blaze to bless humanity. Moss grown they revel in their old haunts upon the results of others' toil and thoughts then curse the hands that feed and guide the world.

A Plucky Governor.

It is rumored that Gov. Lewelling is going to battle for the strikers against the Santa Fe and the U. P., and that he will, if necessary, send the United States General Commanding Artz out to organize the strikers into militia and thus coerce the roads.

Lewelling is a plucky governor. He has shown his grit on several occasions, notably when he bluffed the life out of the Douglass house, twined the nose of sheriff Wilkerson and cowed the plutocrats of the supreme court who thought they had a constitutional right to inquire into a legal question touching the organization of the house.

When Jesse Gray, of Lyon county, was candidate for the position that Gen. Artz now fills, the burden of the governor's thought was: Is he well formed? Has he an imposing figure? Will he make a handsome appearance on parade?

To say the least, the governor's determination may enable General Artz to show off his well formed figure and make a handsome and imposing appearance. Let the dance go on.

It is rumored that brotherly love prevails among the new State house outfit to a marvelous extent. Barring the fact that this outfit consists of demons and pops, this is not wonderful. The former State house ring were strongly affected the same way, but we believe the people of the state are jog-

ging along in the same old way, listening to the siren song of hypocrites.

Is it true that Governor Lewelling held Insurance Commissioner McBride's resignation at the time the examination of populist's charges against him was going on? If he did, why was it? What prompted McBride to give it then and under such circumstances? And what prompted Gov. Lewelling to receive it, and what effect did it have upon our good governor's decision? What were those "irregularities" the governor found in McBride's case? How extensive were they and what was their nature? If sensible people knew just what these "irregularities" are they could form some conclusion for themselves.

We welcome The PEOPLE, Topeka, to our exchange list. The name of Cyrus Corning, as editor, will be taken as a guarantee by a very large number of reformers that The PEOPLE will never trail the Populist banner in the gutter.—Alma News.

For years reformers have been proclaiming on every important occasion that political parties can not reform themselves, hence the need of a "third" party. Very well. How now about the demo-pop-fusion outfit of Kansas? Will it be able to reform itself? Or will another "third" party be necessary?

Since the Topeka Populist came out a virulent opponent of the people's party the Alliant makes frequent quotations from its columns. Well, why should it not? Persons in close sympathy should be loving and kind to each other.—Concordia Blade.

We cannot conceive how so fair and honorable a man as Bro. Hagaman could make such an unjust reference to the Populist. We have criticised a governor whom we believed to be a traitor to the people's party, and a state auditor whom we consider both politically and personally unworthy the confidence of well meaning, intelligent men, and we have criticised a treasurer who openly says he wants no "old reformer" (like Bro. Hagaman—Ed. Pop.) "around my office, because they have drawn the fire of the enemy." We have no apology to offer. We were right in taking this position and time will prove it, or if it demonstrates the contrary we will be very glad. If Bro. Hagaman will honestly watch the logic of events, he will see as we do in less than three months. We have nothing personally against either of these gentlemen. Van Prather we knew was a shyster and a sneak, and only voted for him because he was on our ticket. Bidle, we think, is simply a mullet head. We do not in question his integrity—as far as he knows. But we believe Lewelling is a tool in the hand of the Rock Island railroad, a traitor to the men who elected him and to the principles he pretended to represent while he was seeking a nomination. We have closely watched the under current of his conduct and can reconcile his actions on no other hypothesis. His choice of Judge Doster as chief adviser, a man utterly without either personal, judicial or political integrity, we regard not as a mistake, but as a crime.

Do you know Judge Doster, Mr. Hagaman? Do you know his personal morality? We don't want to discuss that. Do you know his judicial reputation? Do you know his political record? Do you know that in 1888 he most maliciously denounced the Union Labor men as anarchists and villains? Do you know that in 1890 he, as a republican judge, contributed \$500 to the republican campaign fund and the day after election swung out as a candidate for senator by the "Alliance party" and delivered the most violent and bare-brained harangues, thinking to catch the favor of the new party? Don't you know that by his and Lewelling's manipulations he was made the only antagonist of John Martin in the late senatorial contest. Don't you know that there is at this moment a conspiracy headed by John Martin and Governor Lewelling, and then he has appointed to office, to lead the people's party into the democratic party and perpetuate their power by official spoils?

A hundred things have transpired in Topeka since Lewelling's accession that would make your eyes bug out as much as ours if you could see them, and you would revolt against them as vigorously as we have done.—Topeka Populist.

NEWS NOTES.

The manufacturers of playing cards have organized a trust. Only one company is outside of the combine.

Heavy rains have caused the inundation of several towns in Southern California.

Louis Schilling was found murdered in his meat market at Kalamazoo, Mich., with his throat cut and a hole in his head.

John Stein escaped from the Marshall, Mo., jail by prying the bricks out of the wall.

Lincoln's monument at his grave in Springfield, Ill., is scarred and mutilated by relic hunters.

Ocean competition caused a loss of \$1,000,000 in the earnings of the Southern Pacific road for 1892.

Robert M. Phillers, a farmer living near Effingham, Kan., committed suicide by hanging himself.

It is said the Standard oil company is backing a scheme to wipe out the middlemen in the oil business.

The colored people of Guthrie have issued a call for a new political party to secure protection and advancement of their race.

A Chicago syndicate of capitalists is contemplating the establishment of an extensive packing house plant in the City of Mexico.

Ex-President Harrison has declined the presidency of the University of Indiana, being engaged for the Leland Stanford university.

The "Jingle Bob" herd of cattle of New Mexico numbering 13,000 has been sold to the "Turkey Track" ranch in the Texas panhandle.

The financial situation of Chili has been greatly relieved. The government will take up the forced loans of Balmaceda, amounting to \$9,000,000.

Mrs. Caroline Hagan, wife of Charles Hagan, a member of the fire department of Dayton, Ohio, in a fit of jealousy dashed a bottle of vitriol into her husband's face.

The Southern Pacific has virtually obtained control of the Arkansas Pass road, evading the Texas law of railroads purchasing competing lines, by getting it through the Pacific investment company.

Nicholas H. Meyer, traveling collector for a Chicago firm, was arrested in New Orleans for embezzlement. He had lost several hundred dollars on the races.

The body of an unknown young man was found on the railroad track north of Olathe, Kan. The man had been cut in two by a train.

"Wizzard" Shaefer's broken wrist is not as serious as was first reported and he will be able to again shove the ivories in three or four months.

A band of revolutionists entered the town of Allegro, Brazil, which they sacked after a fight in which forty residents were killed.

"My son," said an old Comanche county farmer, thoughtfully, the other evening to his boy, "you can turn that \$12 cow out of the lot, and take that blanket off that \$25 horse and put it on that \$35 hog."

The Kansas state university employs twenty-two professors, four associate professors, forty-four instructors, fifteen assistant instructors and three lecturers, and none of them fool away any time, either.

A Lawrence woman made application some time ago for a divorce from her husband, who was then in the penitentiary. In the meantime he was released and now she proposes to drop the matter and wants people to forget all about it.

A Progressive City.

A judge in a rough-and-ready but ambitious town, had occasion, or thought he had, to comment severely upon the heinous crime of horsestealing, and thundered forth: "For century after century, that dread command, 'Thou shalt not steal,' has rolled along the ages. It is, moreover, a standing rule of the court, if not yet a by-law of our progressive and soon-to-be-incorporated city!"

Will Not Be Exhibited.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—The original drafts of the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States will not be sent to the world's fair. Secretary Gresham has decided that the risk is too great, and the precious old parchments will not be exposed to the perils of the journey and the chances of mishap while on exhibition.

Four Killed by a Boiler Explosion. LACONA, Iowa, April 4.—By the explosion of a boiler in a saw mill near here owned by Henry McKinness, he and his three sons were instantly killed.

A Heavenly Attribute.

Quester—It's funny how some people's opinions vary. There's Meekleigh, for instance; he was of the opinion that his wife was heavenly before he married her.

Jester—And to a certain extent he has occasion to think so yet.

Quester—In what regard, pray? Jester—Why, they say "Order is heaven's first law," and it's Mrs. Meekleigh's, too. She doesn't do much else but order, and the worst of it is that he doesn't find it politic to do other than obey.

A Hundred Carriages Followed Him. "And a hundred carriages followed him to his grave," said the man who was describing the funeral.

"Who are they talking about?" asked a stranger; "a great statesman, warrior, poet or what?" "They are talking, sir, of Mike the bruiser, who kept the dive."

THE PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

CYRUS CORNING, Editor.
EVA L. CORNING, Associate.

Labor Exchanges form perfect savings banks for the people.

For every dollar put in to the Labor Exchange two circulate.

The best men of Bennington and vicinity have gone into the Labor Exchange.

Bank bills circulate by common consent. Labor Checks, infinitely better, can do as well.

Cy Leland thinks Secretary Osborn has been lying about him, and he seeks redress in the courts.

Through the Labor Exchange distribution is most readily and equitably effected, the cost being reduced to the minimum.

The Ottawa Index, one of the best anti-fusion papers in the state, edited by an old war horse, is working for the Labor Exchange.

It is not difficult to get good men to put their stocks of goods into the Labor Exchange and take checks in payment for the same.

As the Labor Exchange builds, political demagogues, tricksters, traders, fusionists, will hunt their holes, or "draw the fire of the enemy" themselves.

Remember that through the Labor Exchange you utilize the products of your farm so as to make the base for the issue of your own currency—checks.

Through the Labor exchange the laborer gets all he produces or creates and this destroys wage slavery. The producer gets the best value of the products of his labor, and this cuts off the stream of profit which go to build monopoly.

Through the Exchange the people get an immediate good. Through political action relief is far removed. If not impossible, money spent through political action is money thrown away. If put into the Labor Exchange it forms the base of productive enterprises.

A man is a foolish being to be howling for law all the time to do something for him that he can as well, or better, do for himself. Such a course is dwarfing to the intellect, destructive of the noble impulses and ends in disgraceful trades and dickering with its most bitter enemy.

Senator Vorhees don't like Judge Ricks' decision. The "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" can attest his loyalty to the interests of labor in no better way than to sturdily resist the seductive influences of Cleveland's federal patronage, and stand up manfully for the free and unlimited coinage of silver.—Kansas Commoner.

It is surprising to find so many who know all about the Labor Exchange and have been familiar with its workings for many years, since it has only been in existence and advocated a few months. We have lots of reformers who are intellectually crippled, yet they are mighty men in political warfare. They expand on wind and feast on fusion.

If industry is to be promoted and the industrial classes freed from the chains of serfdom it must be by the natural, powerful and logical workings of the mind pitted against mind. In no other way can it be done. The Labor Exchange opens up the way. It puts mind to the front. It turns down shysters and has no room for men who barter principle for power and position. It cultivates morals and enables the people to utilize their sovereignty for their own highest good and the advancement of their prosperity.

Thinking men, and among them we may include bankers, admit that the productions of labor make quite as good a base for money as does a U. S. bond, and why not? The bond itself rests upon the products of labor, and from them they must be paid. If a bond can support a bank bill and make it perform the functions of money, why can not the productions of labor, the true and only base to the bond, form a good base for certificates of deposit, or labor checks, and make them perform the functions of money.

Only the other day a banker said to a friend of ours that the base of the labor checks made them perfectly good and that there was merit in the Labor Exchange.

The Labor Exchange.

From The New Era, Council Grove.

Our good friends over the way who have been vigorously assaulting the breast-works of Satan for something like a quarter of a century or less, are very solicitous for the welfare of the people, lest they may be taken in by the visionary schemes of the Labor Exchange.

This solicitude is very commendable in these two venerable pioneers of thought, and when we think of their unrequited toil, their many sacrifices in behalf of reform, it does not lie in our heart to censure them. We feel more like sitting humbly at their feet and drink in wisdom, in the hopes that we to may round out in the fulness of wisdom. But trusting that we may not offend our seniors in thought and experience we will venture to say this: The Labor Exchange is not a secret or political organization. It is a business association as well as a benevolent institution. Its main object is to furnish employment to the poor and needy and unemployed and to increase production and facilitate exchange and reduce to a minimum the evils of distribution. It is not a Stock Company, and its members, never as members assume any business obligation, that is, the association cannot go into debt, issue any note bond or other obligation, or encumber the property left with it by the various members, nor pay interest, hence no liability can ever arise against the association which could embarrass the membership. If the Association engages in any enterprise it will employ experienced business men who must bond themselves to the association. If the Exchange at any point works through business houses already established it will merely furnish the capital, receiving compensation the reform. In such cases these stores will use the check system in buying and will receive the check in selling and the exchange would be as secure as would be were a bank furnishing the capital.

The above is merely an outline. We shall be glad to meet specific objections, yet with fear and trembling. In the near future we shall speak to the citizens of this community on the subject of political reformation and economic changes and after we have duly considered the subject of fusion with its horrid form of evils we shall turn our attention to the objections which our worthy friends, and their friends, may have to the Exchange. Such an exchange of thought cannot help being beneficial to us, and may be beneficial to the public. Our inquiring friends will receive a special invitation to be present and state their objections, and in the meantime they are cordially invited to state their objections fully in the columns of the Courier. The New Era will not under any circumstances employ the billingsgate in the discussion, and we make this announcement that the public may know that we do not intend to lower in the least the standard of dignified and courteous discussion so long the pride and boast of reform papers and adopted by the Courier from the first.

Turn on the light.
Truth never suffers from the discussion.

Fusion Logic.

If you lease the printing material of a democrat or republican office which is being used by a democrat or a republican and put the office and material to double duty, then you have sold out to the democrats or republicans. In order to prove your sincerity to the cause of reform you must be dealing out abuse, vilification and falsehood all the time. This is called discussion. You must be filling your paper with little squibs, mean, low and contemptible, and each one must have a stinger that will cut to the quick, or you are not a sincere reformer and a brainy editor.

If reformers have no higher conception of right, of equity, of justice, of the needs of humanity, of the work to be done, of the means of elevating the race, of the nature and importance of discussion than this mode of warfare and conception of the honesty of your neighbors and of those who commune with you at the Lord's table, but differ with you in their political ideas, then all hopes of reform have gone glimmering. Such conceptions, such insinuations, are born of the lowest instincts of the human race and would put Satan to the blush in the palmiest days of his empire.

Following out such logic if you hire a horse, buy goods, rent a building, form a business partnership with a democrat or a republican, then you have sold out to the democrats or republicans.

Never can there be reform until public ideas have risen to a higher standard. Men, though differing in ideas and beliefs, political or religious, must be manly enough to meet like men, con-

sider each other in business matters as well as social, learn to grant favors as well as to receive them, treat each other with kindness and respect, stop lying about each other for political effect as well as religious, and discuss all differences in the spirit of brotherly love and for the common good of all, or there can be no reform.

Professed reformers of all men ought to understand this and practice it or shut up shop and go out of business.

The Labor Exchange is based upon no such low and corrupting plane. Its doors are open to all conscientious and worthy men and it asks no questions about politics or religion. It realizes that the spirit of bigotry and intolerance may be found robed even in the garments of a reform organization. It knows that bluff, vilification and slander and odious insinuations and misrepresentation may glide from the pen of the professed reformer to paper as easily as from the pen of the most grown conservatives.

The Labor Exchange is open to all; it works for all; it blesses all.

To such an organization idiots and knaves will not naturally gravitate. But as intelligent men catch the spirit of this organization and understand its workings they will readily endorse it. It may be truly said, it will draw all men unto it.

The Santa Fe and Union Pacific strikers have gone to work, the companies practically having won the strike. Crimination and recrimination will now be the order of the day, all for political effect.

Random Shooting.

Fusion Populists are constantly charging fraud and high crimes and misdemeanors upon their political enemies with whom they are not yet ready to join in the pleasures of sin. As if conscious of their own meanness and blistering hypocrisy they seek to turn the attention of the public away from themselves and upon their enemies. If half of their charges are true the only wonder is they do not cause these culprits to be arrested, convicted and put behind the bars. They affect to know they have embezzled, stolen from the state, carried away state property left in their charge, etc. yet not once do these renegade partners of a renegade democracy propose to have these criminals arrested and punished.

This kind of reforming reminds us of the charges the old parties used to heap down upon the early Greenbackers. Of course it was all they had to offer.

Would it not be well for peace officers and the custodians of the state to stop charging unless they intend to invoke the operations of those powers committed to their keeping to the end that justice may be done?

Fusion Reform.

What gross ignorance it is that prompts a man to reason thus: "Those old battle scarred heroes who let their old party haunts long years ago and faced the vicitudes of a stormy war which meant hunger, want, sorrow, hardships, sacrifices, loss of friends, decay of business, wholesale poverty, to keep the fires of liberty burning upon the altars of freedom and turn back the tide of oppression, fought and sacrificed for principle. They faltered not in the terrible rain of sarcasm, abuse, vilification and slander we heaped upon them. They were boycotted, but they stood firm. They were made to suffer, but they yielded not. Loving principle they are ever with us, if we can only manage to keep the declaration of principles ever before their eyes, but these other men love not the glories of truth, yet their votes count, and they have influence. To get them we must induce (buy) them. Hence I will take these men, advance them to the front, feed them on salary, make them comfortable, give them power, honor and the prospect of a brilliant future, then I think we've got them, with a large following of friends. Then we can retain ourselves in position in spite of the ravings of the G. O. P."

The man who reasons thus is both fool and knave; fool to think the great mass of genuine reformers who have been honestly studying and preaching a great economic truths can be thus imposed upon and basely betrayed, and a knave to try it, and thrice is he a knave when he, who thus tries it, poses as the governor of a state and is surrounded by other knaves whom he calls his cabinet, or executive council.

Such knavery and such driveling idocy will be rebuked this fall and next by Him who rides upon the winds measures out justice with an even hand and skins hypocrites with the sword of vengeance.

We will probably employ human agencies to carry on His work of punishment and of retribution.

Correspondence.

We take the following from the NEW ERA published at Council Grove. They speak for themselves.

BENNINGTON, KAN.,

April 24, 1893.

EDITOR NEW ERA:—In your issue of the 15th I saw an article quoted from the Courier stating to the general public that there was a scheme on foot known as the Labor Exchange, that they warned them (the public) to beware thereof. The writer stated he had taken pains to investigate the matter and found there was nothing in it. That it was not what the people wanted, and that every article in the paper was a whack at the people's party. The ERA has never laid the stroke of a pen against the people's party, but against fusion deals, and in the two there is as much difference as there is in the kingdom of heaven and the fiery regions below. Fusion means corruption and hoodlery, prostitution of principle and ally with the enemy. In fusion you sacrifice principle for the spoils of office, nothing more. For you cannot sacrifice principle for principle.

Now in regard to the charges made against the Exchange and its advocates, I will state to the reader that I had a talk with Mr. Padgett and he acknowledged both by his word and excessive ignorance that he knew nothing about the Labor Exchange, whilst his partner Mr. Coffin acknowledged to Mr. Corning in my presence the Labor Exchange to be a grand thing so far as he understood it and would do all he could to help it along. Now will the gentlemen please explain where and when they received their information, whilst only a few days before the publication they were as ignorant of its principles as the hog is of Sunday. The fact is, its only an ignorant assumption on their part; and I dare them to raise a question upon these principles that I cannot fully and successfully defend, and a man who will so grossly assume such a thing is either a fool or a jack-ass.

N. ROBBINS.

From North Carolina.

PEAFFTOWN, N. C.

4-18, '93.

CORNING BROTHERS,

Council Grove, Kansas.

I thank you for the copies of the "NEW ERA" recently received. I have distributed them with care among those who do not "turn pale" at a new idea and are ready for an advance movement along any line of demonstrable truth. Beyond all question the "best thing in the world today" is the Labor Exchange, and I rejoice to see Kansas moving along that line.

Let fusion be "buried out of sight" and thought of no more forever. There is no safety save in the middle of the road. Cleveland democracy is so thoroughly rotten and hypocritical—so utterly opposed to reform that I stand amazed at the Populists that lean that way. Fusion can mean nothing but failure—dire disaster, shame.

On the 27th inst. there will be a meeting of the people in Lewisville in the interest of the Labor Exchange and I earnestly hope I may be able to report the establishment of a branch in N. C.

Fraternally,

VIRGIL A. WILSON.

Ottawa County in Line.

BENNINGTON, KANSAS,

April 24th, 1893.

THE NEW ERA.

Cyrus Corning, the stalwart reformer arrived here Friday morning from Topeka, Kansas, for the purpose of organizing the Labor Exchange in this county. We gathered together several of our very best men, both morally and financially, and held a meeting. Mr. Corning spoke two hours in behalf of the principles of the Exchange, discussing its operations and benefits as no one but Mr. Corning can do. He pulled the hides from off the political shysters and proceeded to show the bad results of fusion of which was most heartily accepted by every man present.

He also showed the folly of our political warfare, showing beyond a reasonable doubt there was no possible show for the people through political action, but the people must work out their own salvation independent of such a course. He said, "if I had the power of the Almighty God, and could vote for every man in the nation, I could not change the governmental affairs under the present constitution under four years." He made an eloquent appeal to the people admonishing them to look to the Labor Exchange as a source of relief. He proved beyond a questionable doubt to the minds of all present that it was simply

DEFINITIONS OF A BABY.

A London paper awarded a 2-guinea prize for the best definition of a baby. The lady who won the prize sent in this answer:

A tiny feather from the wing of love dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.

The following are some of the definitions given:

The only precious possession that never excites envy.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler.

A native of all countries who speaks the language of none.

A thing we are expected to kiss and look as if we enjoyed it.

A little stranger with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

A quaint little craft called Innocence, laden with simplicity and love.

The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household.

About 22 inches of coo and wiggle, writhes and scream, filled with suction and testing apparatus for milk, and automatic alarm to regulate supply.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses tighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

Secretary of State Gresham said to a friend that a month's service in the department of state had shown him the department was full of fornicators, fossils, snobs, dudes and incompetents. This being the case the proper thing for the secretary to do is to remove them and fill their places with men better qualified to perform the duties. The infusion of new blood into all the departments at Washington would doubtless prove beneficial.—Wyandott Herald.

We are told that immigration swells the labor market and is responsible for low wages, enforced idleness, and all the ills that labor complains of. China, with a population of nearly 600,000,000 manages to get along with only a fraction of the natural resources possessed by the United States. And yet with a population of only 65,000,000 we are told that we have more people than the country can profitably employ. Bosh! Give us free access to our natural resources and an equitable distribution of the product, and we can find room and profitable employment for all the millions of Europe. It is not a decrease of wealth producers that we need, but a decrease of the leeches and parasites which rob the producers of the wealth which they create.—Alma News.

While the vice-president was a small boy in Kentucky, with his Barlow knife he carved in a rock over a spring which he and his little sweet-heart were in the habit of visiting the words: "Adlai E. Stevenson, Pres. U. S." The boys saw the inscription and poked fun at the youth. Mr. Stephenson visited the scene of his childhood a few weeks ago, went to the old spring, and got upon his knees, as he did when a boy, and drank of its refreshing water. A friend reminded him of the old inscription. Together they scraped off the accumulated excrecences of years, and there were the words in the rock just as plain as the day when he scratched them with his good Barlow. If the distinguished Illinoisan is not president, he has come mighty near the mark he set in his happy boyhood days in Kentucky.—Constitution-Democrat.

The following story comes from a school in Kansas: "The master told the boys of the third class to write a short essay on Columbus. The following was sent up by an ambitious essayist: 'Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The king of Spain said to Columbus: Can you discover America? Yes, said Columbus, if you will give me a ship. So he had a ship and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailor quarreled and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, Columbus I see land. Then that is America, said Columbus. When the ship got near the land was full of black men. Columbus said, is this America? Yes it is, said they. Then he said, I suppose you are niggers? Yes they said, we are. The chief said, I suppose you are Columbus. You are right, said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said. There is no hope for us; we are discovered at last.'

Made an Important Decision.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—The supreme court of the United States yesterday declared its opinion that the United States could not condemn the property of private corporations without considering in the proceedings the earning capacity thereof.

ALWAYS.

There is always a stick to make,
And always a stick to make,
There is always a link to find,
And always a link to find,
There is always a page to read,
And always a page to read,
There is always a path to tread,
And always a path to tread,
There is always a rift to mend,
And always a rift to mend,
There is always a hue to blend,
And always a hue to blend.

There is always a weight of care,
And the cold, harsh blame to bear;
There is always a tear unshed,
And the gentle word unsaid;
There is always the doubt, the fear,
And always the scorn, the jeer;
There is always a rift to mend,
And always a rift to mend,
There is always a hue to blend,
And always a hue to blend.

—New Orleans Playmate

A MASQUERADE.

The date of this occurrence is not important; in fact, it is just as well untold. I was on the hotel run for a morning paper in St. Paul at the time, and glancing over the Ryan register one afternoon, I saw the name of Mrs. George Trehune. It was written in the long, angular scrawl affected so extensively by women of the dramatic profession, and although I had never before heard of Mrs. Trehune, her signature attracted my attention. There is more of instinct than any other sense in selecting from a long list of signatures those of people worth interviewing. Mrs. Trehune's slapdash characters set me wondering what sort of a woman she was, and nothing was easier than to find out, so I handed my card to the clerk, pointed to the room, number 205, and awaited the return of the bell boy.

In five minutes, or thereabouts, he informed me that I was to "go right up," and up I went.

"Come in," called a voice, in answer to my tap on the door. I entered. Near the open fire in an armchair sat a young woman. She wore a white gown of that soft caressing wool that so invariably sets off well the wearer's charms. Rising as I entered, she advanced toward me, and her manner betrayed at once the well-bred woman. I took a mental photograph of the face and figure before me. The former was oval, well featured, set with a pair of lustrous dark eyes, and framed in curls of an indefinable color—half golden, half brown. The latter was tall and shapely.

"Pray be seated," she said, as I began to explain why I had asked for an interview. "Oh, yes," she went on, "I know why you came. I have several friends in the profession, and in fact have the greatest regard for daily newspaper writers. They are equal to almost anything."

"You flatter the craft," I answered. "Some of us are very retiring. I am."

"I hope you are not, sir?" said my charming vis-a-vis, leaning impulsively forward as she spoke. Her elbow found support on the arm of the chair, her chin rested on her shapely white hand, and her large, dark eyes looked straight into mine. It was an embarrassing situation, and I confess I hardly knew what to make of it. With an effort I met the gaze of this strange young woman, and said, inquiringly, "You dislike nervous people?"

"I should hate myself if that were the case," replied Mrs. Trehune, "for I am all nerves. Oh, dear, dear, if I only dared to do it."

With a sudden whisk she was out of the chair and pacing back and forth on the carpet like a caged lioness. There was very evidently something wrong with Mrs. Trehune. Why, good heavens! she was sobbing.

"My dear madam," I exclaimed, "if I can be of any possible service—"

"Oh, I dare not ask it of a stranger," she protested, throwing up both hands dramatically. "And yet," she added, "none but a stranger would do."

The sight of the tears had scattered my self-possession to the winds. I was ready now to fight a duel or two if necessary in defense of this mysterious young person.

"Ask anything you like," I said, desperately. "I'll do it."

"Will you?" whispered Mrs. Trehune, coming hurriedly toward me. "If you will do what I ask I can never do enough for you in return. Mine is a case that requires immediate and skilful action. You will have to use all your finesse, for I have not time to explain matters fully. You must be patient, then, and finally exasperated. Do you understand?"

"Certainly," I answered promptly. Crazy as a March hare was my inward reflection.

"And will you do this for a stranger?" inquired Mrs. Trehune.

"Command me," I replied.

"Then listen," said drawing her chair near mine with an apprehensive glance at the door. "I am not Mrs. Trehune. I shall be this afternoon if all goes well, but at present I am Clara Talbot. I have run away from my home in Chicago to marry Mr. Trehune. He is of Kansas City, and was to have met me here. I have received a telegram from him to say that his train is several hours late. Never mind why it was necessary for me to run away. It is a family matter. My people have never seen Mr. Trehune. I met him at the house of a friend in Europe last year. They wanted me to marry another man. I fled yesterday after telegraphing George to meet me here. My father followed me. He is in the hotel now," (another glance at the door) "his card preceded yours. I sent word that I was dressing, and he is waiting down stairs. When I read the name on your card—a newspaper man—I conceived this plan. Will you be my husband for half an hour?"

I started up like a scared jack rabbit. "Good gracious, madam," I exclaimed, "I don't know enough about you to do the thing successfully."

"Oh, try," pleaded the brown-eyed fugitive, "please try."

"I'll do it," I said, desperately, and the next instant there was a crash. The door flew back, and in burst an old gentleman with a very red face, from which a couple of small eyes snapped angrily as he dashed his hat and cane down on the center table, using the latter as a sort of a rostrum, he glared straight at the girl and began to rave, ignoring me entirely.

"Well, madam" (in a tone of concentrated fury), "what the devil do you mean by this disgraceful escapade?"

My temporary wife glanced hopefully toward where I sat, within easy reach of the old gentleman's cane. Summoning all my fortitude I arose and looked the irate parent straight in the eye.

"I shall have to request, sir," I said, "that in addressing this lady you will remember that respect is due her as my wife and your daughter. You must show her that respect, sir. Do you understand?" raising my voice a little on the last few words.

"Oh," shrieked the venerable pater literally dancing with rage. "So you are the blackguard who has inveigled my daughter into this—d—d idiosyncrasy. By Gad, sir, I've a good mind to thrash you?" and the cane was raised threateningly.

"I hope you will change your mind and improve your language," I went on as calmly as possible. "Your present conduct will result in scandal."

"Scandal be d—d, sir. What could be more scandalous than the present state of affairs?" he cried.

Things went on in this way for ten minutes, until the old man howled himself hoarse, and I could hear the bell boys tittering in the hall outside. Then he gradually calmed down, and as a last resort tried the sympathetic dodge on the terrified young woman. The latter had hardly spoken a word throughout the scene. She was too badly frightened, I think.

There were tears in the old gentleman's voice as he turned to my supposed wife. Had she not always been well treated? Was not her mother the best of mothers? Had he not been the most indulgent of fathers? Was not her home one of luxury? etc., etc. Yes, she admitted each clause in the indictment as it was checked off.

"But, father," she sobbed, "I loved him so very much, and—oh, I could not marry that other."

"Where was that wretched marriage performed?" he inquired savagely.

"Milwaukee," answered the girl, in a great hurry.

"I'll have it dissolved, by Gad, I will!" swore the enraged pater, getting noisily again.

"Let me remind you, sir," I said deliberately, "that your daughter is of age" (I was not sure about it); "that we are legally married, and that any amount of talk will not alter the fact. I must also suggest that as our train leaves for the South at 4 o'clock we have little time to devote to this sort of thing."

"Eh, what! adding insult to injury?" he roared. "Well, I'll leave you here for the present, but you will hear from me, sir," shaking the cane in my face. "I'm not the man to submit tamely to a rasally abduction of this character. You're a scoundrel, sir, a d—d scoundrel!" reiterated my angelic father-in-law; and with this choice parting shot he retired, slamming the door after him.

"How did I manage it?" I inquired, turning to where the future Mrs. Trehune was sitting. She had fainted. Just like a woman! She had the nerve to go through a scene like this undisturbed, to all appearance, and then when the danger was over, she must spoil it all by an exhibition of weakness. I rushed to the water, poured a glass of it out and approached the young woman. She was recovering, though, before I reached her, and in an instant sat up.

"How can I ever repay you?" she asked. "You did it superbly, and George will soon be here now" (glancing at her watch). "My dear sir," she went on, "I cannot tell you how grateful I am. I shall make Mr. Trehune call at your office this evening and thank you personally."

My engagement as Miss Talbot's husband was evidently at an end, so protesting that I would willingly have done twice as much for her, I withdrew. Trehune came in late in the afternoon, and they were married by the rector of Christ church. The Kansas City young man called on me in the evening and insisted on my going to supper with him and the bride. We had a jolly little spread at the Ryan cafe, and I have never set eyes on either of the Trehunes or the venerable Mr. Talbot of Chicago from that moment to this.—Chicago Herald.

A Sudden Rise in Price.

I had an experience in sudden rise of prices last Sunday morning that was positively startling. It was in a hotel in the city where I was breakfasting late—very late. I had ordered among other things an omelette, and had eaten it with much pleasure, for it was a good one, and to which I proposed to pay thirty-five cents, as the bill indicated. When the check was presented, however, I noticed that the price was fifty cents, and I expostulated. "Quite right, sir," said the head-waiter, who had come to the aid of his subordinate. "Omelette is thirty-five cents at breakfast time and fifty cents on the lunch bill. You ordered it during breakfast time, when it was thirty-five cents, but you ate it during lunch, when the price was fifty."

—Boston Home Journal.

Perhaps He Thought He Did.
"I think Cadbury is a liar. He told me he saw all Boston in one day."
"Of course he lies, or else he took things," says slowly.—Truth

HUMAN GREATNESS.

The stars are myriads sung that float
Each one a luminous golden note.
And each within its little place
About the loneliness of space.

They float and drift and swim and swim,
In human vision faint and dim,
And still beyond our keenest eyes
They throng a million other skies.

Imagination fails, and thought
Before the threshold halts distraught,
While blackly o'er the spirit brood
The terrors of infinitude.

And what's the earth? A satellite
That whirls about a cosmic mite.
A grain of dust impalpable,
Of which all space is sifted full.

And here's a man upon the earth
Who prides himself on wealth or birth;
Who struts his little breast with state;
And cries: Behold me, I am great!

—George Horton.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

At least \$100,000 worth of store buildings will be under way in Winfield within thirty days. The belle of the Walnut valley is putting on her beautiful garments.

A man of considerable prominence in Leavenworth in the early '50's died in Leavenworth county poor house the other day at the age of 80 years. His name was Isaac House.

The normal school of Oklahoma has made the right kind of a start by choosing for its president George W. Winans, the late superintendent of public instruction in Kansas.

A woman in Osborne county kept account of her egg sales last year, and found they amounted to \$300. A good farm wife and a lot of industrious hens make a profitable combination.

The Atchison council makes an appropriation of \$25 a month for the public library in that town. It is the burning ambition of Atchison to become as literary as Baldwin City.

Emmett Dalton saved the tax payers of Labette county several thousand dollars by pleading guilty. There are men outside of the penitentiary who have done worse things than that.

When Emmett Dalton entered the penitentiary at Lansing he appeared to be as gay and careless as if he were doomed to live in Kansas for only ninety-nine minutes instead of ninety-nine years.

The city of Coffeyville has just finished \$5,000 worth of macadamizing and turned over bonds to the contractor for that amount. That is a good deal better advertisement than the Dalton bank robbery.

A Pennsylvania family of ten persons settled the other day in Lincoln county. The first thing they will do will be to build a big red barn and the next thing will be the construction of a big white house.

Altamont is to have a county high school, and the bill providing for its establishment was urged through the legislature by a woman—Mrs. Lucy Best, superintendent of public instruction in Labette county.

A settlement in Seward county which thought it was doing big things last year when it raised 400 acres of small grain, will harvest this year 1,200 acres, and that is a sample of the increased average all over the western part of the state.

SAID HER PRAYERS.

A Young Lady Who Would Not Waste the Time Between Acts.

A pretty young lady who lives in New Orleans is very religious, and would not for the world get to bed without saying her prayers. Also she is very fond of the theaters, and never misses a chance of seeing a good play. The other night at the theater her escort noticed that between the first and second acts she was preternaturally quiet. All his efforts at conversation met with monosyllabic replies, and so far as pretty eyes can glare, her eyes glared at him reproachfully. He felt smothered and hurt, and when the second act came things were no better. Manfully, however, he tried to thaw his icicle lady out, but even reference to supper after the play had an unhappy effect. Every time he spoke it seemed to break her all up. Finally, fairly blazing with wrath and almost crying, she turned to him, saying: "For goodness sake keep quiet! I've been trying to say my prayers between every act. I know I shall be so sleepy when I get home, and this seems such a good chance." It is needless to say the young man sat mute, dumbly hoping that in her sweet orisons she would remember him.

The Clerks Stared.

A friend of mine is perfectly devoted to music. She means to be an opera singer some day, but a little while ago she went to a store to buy some plain thread to do some plain sewing. She asked for white thread and then took up a conversation with an acquaintance.

"What number?" said the girl.

"Eh?" exclaimed the comic opera singer, and went on with her talking.

"What number?" again asked the girl.

"Oh, Opus fifty," was the reply.

Then she said if the clerks were going to stare like that she wouldn't deal there, and went to another store.

To Find Your Future Husband.

At bedtime, having fasted since noon, two girls who wish to obtain a sight of their future husbands boil an egg, which must be the first egg ever laid by the hen, in a pan in which no egg has ever been boiled before. Having boiled it till it is hard, they cut it in two with something that has never been used as a knife before. Each girl eats her half and its shell to the last fragment, speaking no word the while; then, still in silence, they walk backward to bed, "to sleep, perchance to dream."

All Quiet in Honolulu.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The mail brought to the United States from Samoa and Hawaii has reached Washington. The official mail for the department was small and contained no advice regarding affairs in Hawaii. Private advice in letters received by officers from friends in Honolulu state that matters are generally quiet on the islands.

HISTORIC DOGS.

One Brave Animal That Recovered a Flag at Austerlitz.

A French paper has published a roll of honor of celebrated dogs which have distinguished themselves in war. This is not inappropriate, considering that the dog has been pressed into military service. For instance there was Bob, the mastiff of the Grenadier Guards, which made the Crimean campaign with that gallant corps; and also Whitepaw, "Patte Blanche," a brave French ally of Bob, that made the same campaign with the One Hundred and Sixteenth of the line, and was wounded in defending the flag.

Another, Moustache, was entered on the strength of his regiment as entitled to a grenadier's rations. The barber of his company had orders to clip and comb him once a week. This gallant animal received a bayonet thrust at Marengo and recovered a flag at Austerlitz. Marshal Lannes had Moustache decorated with a medal attached to his neck by a red ribbon. Corps de Garde, a Norvel among dogs, followed a soldier to Marengo, was wounded at Austerlitz and perished in the retreat from Russia. The Sixth of the Guard had a military mastiff named Misere, which wore three white stripes sewn on his black hair.

We have also to name Pompon, of the Forty-eighth Bedouins, the best sentry of the baggage train; Loutoute, a Crimean heroine. Mitraili, killed at Inkermann by a shell; Mofino, that saved his master in Russia, and was lost or lost himself, but found his way going from Moscow to Milan, his first dwelling-place. The most remarkable, however, was the last, an English harrier named Mustapha, which went into action with his English comrades at Fontenoy, and we are seriously told, "remained alone by a field piece of the gunner, his master, clapped the match to the touch-hole of the cannon and thus killed seventy soldiers," and it is further added that Mustapha was presented to King George II. and rewarded with a pension alimentum.

THEY HAD SNOW THEN.

In '67 Came a Storm Which Surprised Anything Last Winter.

Perhaps it may be of interest to readers to know when we had our last big snow-storm. Well, if memory serves me right (and I think it does, for I have my diary for proof), it was on January 18, 1867.

At that time the writer was baggage-master on a train running between Boston and East Wilton, N. H., leaving Boston at 7 a. m. About three inches of snow had fallen before we left that morning, and it snowed hard all day. However, we went to Wilton and returned to Nashua, where I stopped over afterwards. We were due to leave Nashua Junction at 5:05 p. m., but left at 5:26, with two cars, baggage and passenger, and two engines. We should have had the northern mail, but it was late, so we did not wait for it.

We made the run to East Cambridge, thirty-eight miles, arriving at 7:45. We could get no further as there was a train stuck in the snow just below the depot, near Short street. The train consisted of eight or ten cars, having six engines—the "Lowell," "William Sturgis," "Mars," "McNeil," "Nashville" and "Nashua." They managed to get the train through at about 9:15. Arrived in Boston at 9:25, making the last mile in one hour and forty minutes.

Snow! Why, that was the biggest snowstorm I have ever seen. Boston was almost completely blocked—snow drifts from one to seven feet deep. Walking down Portland street you could only see the head of a man on the opposite side.

Bear Killed on a Main Street.

A crowd of men were seen hurrying to and fro on Main street of a Washington town, with here and there a gun in sight, and for a few seconds horrible sights flashed before the imaginary vision of those who were not informed as to the purpose. A lone shot was heard, and as the crowd congregated at that point, a reporter timidly approached from the opposite side of the street, expecting to find the mangled remains of some desperado cold in death. He was greatly disappointed, however. Before his gaze lay the bulky form of a brown bear, the result of a rifle shot from the unerring aim of J. M. Rose. The wild beast had been shot in the eye.

Sure Evidence for Rats.

The best way to get rid of rats and mice is not to poison them, but to make them thoroughly tired of the locality and send them to leave. They are generally too smart to eat poison, even when it is prepared for their benefit in the most seductive fashion, but they are not so particular about tartar emetic. A little of this is mixed with any favorite food they will eat as greedily as though the physics were not there, but in two or three hours there will be the most discouraged lot of rats at the place that anybody ever saw. The tartar will not kill them; it only makes them deadly sick.

Canned Peas.

There is a great difference in the quality of canned peas; most of the French peas are put up when young and tender and are superior. As the cans are very small, it will require two or three for the dinner; open and drain off all the water, put into a sauce-pan, add a little hot water, only as much as will cook out, set on top of the range and stew slowly, season with butter, salt and half a cup of thin cream.

There is considerable adverse criticism upon the appointment of Eckels as controller of the currency, it being claimed that he is not familiar enough with finances.

THE GOLDEN EXCEPTION.

She lifts back the window-curtain;
He closes the gate below;
She smiles—a coquette, I am certain;
His eyes take a tender glow.
Will it be this way after marriage?
Will they play at swoonhearts through life?
Listen, you who true love disparage:
They have flirted for years—that's his wife!
—Now England Magazine.

A FLASH IN THE PAN.

It takes a tough man t' stand it when you Texas fellers drop a link an' strike an all-day gait. Y' think 'cause a man's punched cows in th' North he don't know an "apple-horn" from a "Vitalia," or a "rope" from a "lass," or either of 'em from a "necarte." I s'pose, now, y'd look at me red-eyed of I was t' tell y' thet I've done as much twinnin' amongst th' chaparral as I have on top o' th' bunchgrass, an' flopped my lip over th' chuck in a greaser's adobe as often as I've pounded my ear in a Montana shack.

Now jest s'pose a man—not me, but another feller—t' be peaceably shakin' along on no bench-legged plug, thet I'll along on his mustang over one o' them big mesas down there, when out from th' gates o' a hacienda he was passin' rode a beautiful creature, not sixteen—they ripen early down there—with black hair, languishin' eyes, an' a figger t' set fire t' th' heart o' any vaquero that ever coiled a rope, an' dashin' up t' Bill Snooks turned loose her pleadin' dark eyes on him, an' said:

"Does th' caballero ride t' th' rancho of Senor th' Intendant o' th' herds o' th' Blazin' Brazos?"

"Good Lord!" said Bill Snooks to himself, "this lays over me." But t' her he said in his softest voice, a good deal spoiled by pretty steady "singin' to 'em" for a number o' years:

"Si, senorita; y' can bet yer sweet life he does."

"An' will he charge himself with this, to me, letter o' life an' death, an' deliver it safely into the hand of one Don Henrico Martinez at that rancho?"

"That little cuss, Hen Martin, for th' whisky! George, what luck some men do have!" said Snooks agin to himself. But, bein' short on Spanish, he had t' git off pretty much th' same old gag t' her.

"Si, senorita; y' can bank on Hen —on Don Henrico's gettin' it all right."

"An' I shall t' th' Senor Caballero my thanks o' th' most deep, an' prayers t' th' Holy Mother of Heaven!" with which polite remark th' lady wheeled her horse an' vamoosed as sudden as she come.

Martin was a man o' simple habits, an' easy t' find. He was stretched in a hammock under a big cottonwood, with a cigarette in his mouth, a dirty French novel in his hand and a whisky cocktail close by. He was a handsome little cuss, born and bred in Boston, where most o' th' company stockholders lived, and though his services wasn't very valuable it was understood t' keep him safely caged 3,000 miles away from home.

Snooks havin' delivered th' letter, Martin chuckled away his cigarette and percoated t' read it, not noticin' thet Bill was still standin' there. Now, as I told y' Bill's affections had taken such a strong delawelt around th' lovely senorita thet not havin' much fear o' Hen Martin before his eyes he jest naterally stayed there t' see what'd happen; an' in about a minute Martin jumped up, an' pitchin' his novel after his cigarette yelled out: "Oh, Lord, what a fix! What an infernal fix!"

"What's up?" said Bill. There bein' nobody else there he took th' view thet Martin must a spoke t' him.

"Up!" said Martin, lookin' at Bill sort o' wild like. "Everything's up! I'm up, up a tree! Look here, Bill, y' saw thet girl thet sent me th' letter? We're in love, Bill; madly in love! An' at last she's consented t' go off with me. Listen. 'One so adored!' Bother, thet's not it. Um, um, here you are:

"Meet you on foot, at 9 to-night, by th' broken cross where th' roads meet, an' fly—t' be parted, never!"

"Well," says Bill, "what's th' matter with thet? You'll fly, o' course, an' everything'll be lovely."

"Oh, Bill, I can't! I haven't got any money! I'm dead broke, strapped, clean busted! I got my quarter's pay on Friday, an' Willy th' Kid an' 'Black Joe' cleaned me out at draw before night. Oh, curse th' luck! Bill, what shall I do? I love her so! An' she'll die weth shame an' disappointment, fer she loves me just as hard. Oh, Bill! Bill!"

"How much'd it take?" said Bill.

"About five hundred. Jest th' lot I dropped at those cursed cards. Enough t' go North an' live on till we can bully her uncle out o' some more. She's an orphan an' rich. If we was once married he couldn't keep her out o' it long."

"I'll lend it to y'," said Bill.

Martin pulled himself up an' glared at th' other weth a blink o' manly spirit in his eye. "I didn't suppose you'd go t' baitin' me now, Bill," said he.

"Baitin', be blowed!" said Bill. "I'll give y' a square check on the Stock-man's bank in Dallas for 500 good states dollars."

Martin looked hard at him. "Bill," said he, "d' y' mean it?"

"Sure," said Bill Snooks.

"Where'd y' git it?"

"Saved it up. Meant t' quit punchin' an' go in fer sheep on my own hook."

"An' now y' offer t' lend it t' me?"

"On th' dead straight," said Bill.

"An' give up yer sheep? Five hundred in sheep'll make a man o' y' in a few years, Bill. A feller like you, thet can work."

"Ye—s, I s'pose it would. But what's th' odds, long's y' 're happy? As she's happy, thet is. Take th'

money, Martin, an' go along. She's ranchin' 'll last, I reckon. Y' can pay me, y' know."

"Pay y'! Why, Bill; ye shall have a Lacelonda stocked with full-blooded merinos. Oh! Y' shall be paid—in money! but th' kindness of it! Well, it's no use t' talk, Bill; but I shan't forget it. An' now, if y' do mean it, Bill, I must hustle! I've got t' fix up some little things here, and hunt up a horse thet'll carry her."

"Thet's so," said Bill. "Ho! letter said 'on foot,' didn't it? Y'd better take Cringo."

"Bill! Your little racer, thet y' set so much by."

"Well, I don't s'pose y' want t' put 'er on no bench-legged plug, thet I'll hope all day in th' shade o' a cottonwood tree. An' now, Martin, look here; you'll want somethin' t' go on; here's a dozen greaser dollars for change; I'll give y' a check for th' five hundred, so y' can git it in Dallas, or y' can tell th' old man thet y' won it off o' me, an' he'll cash it fer y', he knows it's all right, an' then I'll ride over t' Las Cases an' hunt up a woman's saddle, an' there I'll feed an' rub down Cringo, an' have him at the crossroads, as fresh as paint, at five minutes before 9. O' course you'll be waitin' for me there, an' when she comes, an' is once up, there ain't a horse in th' country thet Cringo can't show a clean pair o' heels to."

At the time set Bill Snooks rode his racin' mustang, "Cringo," slowly down the trail from Las Cases toward th' broken cross where th' roads met. There was a touch o' sorrow in his heart, fer Bill loved th' little mustang better'n anything else 'n th' world—except th' lady o' th' hacienda; but he hadn't long t' think about it before a little veiled figger came creepin' down th' trail, an' a soft voice whispered: "Thou art waitin' for thy so late Ninita, but my uncle—." Here Bill was obliged t' explain th' situation, an' cursin' Martin under his breath for a cowardly sneak t' make th' flutterin' little creature wait, he begged her as politely as he knew how t' mount th' bay horse, an' th' Senor Martinez would be with them in a most no time.

"Ah! he has sent you with a horse; so kind, so thoughtful!" as, touchin' her little arched foot t' Bill Snooks' big brown hand, she sprang t' th' saddle. "But listen! I hear th' trampin' o' horses. It must be ho, yet they seem many. Senor Caballero, if there be danger I look to you for protection!"

"With my life, senorita," said Bill. Addin' to 'insolf "for God's sake, Bill Snooks, keep yer gun in yer belt, an' yer mouth shut, till y' see what'll do her th' least harm!"

By this time th' clatter o' hoofs had stopped, an' plumb in front o' Bill an' th' senorita pulled up Don Juan Felipe Aguado, th' uncle an' garden o' th' lady; an' Mr. Warren Maitland—usually known among th' boys as "th' old man"—th' manager o' th' Blazin' Brazos cattle company. "The Senorita Ninita, here!" cried Don Juan, almost knocked out o' his saddle by th' shock.

"Bill Snooks, you hero!" put in old Maitland in a voice like the bleat o' a bull-calf under the brandin' iron.

"What does this mean, senorita?" thundered Don Juan.

"An' what in—! What on earth are you up to, Bill?" yelled Maitland in the same breath.

"If my uncle will listen," said the senorita, at last.

Bill hed bin dumb, not knowin' in th' least what line she meant t' take, an' feelin' sure he'd only put his foot in it if he tried t' talk. "If my uncle and the Senor Maitland will listen, it means that I am about t' become th' wife of a caballero so noble, so brave an' honorable, that my family can but feel gratified by the alliance. I speak of th' Senor Don Henrico Martinez, who will on th' moment arrive t' claim me for his bride."

"But if this be true," said th' Don, "how comes it thet I find you here weth this common vaquero, an' mounted upon his horse—which I recognize as from th' track o' th' race?"

"Don Juan,"

THE PEOPLE.

Vol. 2.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1893.

No. 7.

Political and Otherwise

GRAND WORDS.

Chairman H. E. Taubeneck, of the National Committee of the People's party, uttered the following grand words, of which we heartily approve.

"FUSION mean confusion and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get. We want every democrat and republican to come with us and we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we can't afford to secure either voter or office by bartering away our principles. The very moment we use them as trading stock and peddle them around to the highest bidder to secure an office we will sink into oblivion and be forgotten. There is but one thing for us to do—'Keep in the middle of the road.' Hoist the black flag and neither give or accept any quarter.

Any one who expects any of the old parties to give us any financial reforms by fusion in my opinion, is a mental deformity."

Gov. LEWELLING thinks the People's Party is growing in the state. May be. In fact, we believe it is growing rapidly less. The sentiment demanding reform is certainly stronger. The Governor's appointments have all been in keeping with the fusion idea, and have brought an unmerited and inferior element to the front. These appointments almost all of them of a marked inferior order, have done much to weaken the People's organization.

An old veteran in the cause of reform a man who had thought well of the Governor's ability and good intentions, a man who himself is on Biddle's bond and who was instrumental in adding \$25,000 to his bond, told us the other day that he was sadly disappointed with the Governor's action and disgusted with his appointments. Said he "the Governor seems to think he can safely count on the old guard, and that it is statesmanship to buy those who are not attracted by principle by giving them an office and thus make the state pay the bill." He referred us to the appointments in the seventh district. In Pratt county two men have been taken for official positions and it is doubtful if there can be found within that county two other men who have done less for reform than these men who have been supplied with office and positions. These men are not recognized as the representative men of Pratt county, or of the People's party, and the only thing that could entitle them to gubernatorial consideration is the fact that they both opposed the election of Judge Bashon in 1891 and were strongly in favor of selling out to monopoly by combining with one of Wall Street's tools in 1892 under the guise of fusion. Governor Lewelling and the new fusion state house ring have stood pretty close to the side of satan from the very first.

Take this paper only \$1.

J. Y. ROBBINS, an old worker in the cause of reform, says: "It beats all nature how the bottom falls out of politics when a man opens his eyes to the beauties of the labor exchange." When the fusion vultures begin to rouse up their forces in Kansas this fall, next they will be surprised to find the partisan fires slumbering beyond rekindling.

It is an impious thing to arrest the bounty of creation on its way to the poor man's home. Men combine to reverse the commandment "Feed the hungry," they contrive to prevent the hungry from being fed. "We must make the five cent loaf a little smaller," said the bakers of Chicago, when a rich foreteller had successfully performed an operation on the "Board." "Or we must reduce the weight of the pound loaf to fifteen ounces." Either way, it means a smaller ration for me. In defiance of this visible fact, I am assured by impossible algebra and much double rule of three, that I am getting richer every year by higher wages, and fatter by cheaper food. Statesmen of terrapin brain tell us we cannot possibly be hungry; because statistics prove the increasing fatness of the land. I am told that of the joint product of labor and capital the share of labor was absolutely and relatively increasing, while the share of capital was relatively decreasing. When I ask for my dividends, I am told that I can get them from the statistics. Meanwhile I hear the drone of the everlasting driving-wheel furnishing power to innumerable eccentricities whose province it is to make bread dear, and laborers cheap.—Wheelbarrow in Open Court.

THE LABOR EXCHANGE.

BENNINGTON, KANSAS.
May 2d '93.

Last night we held a public meeting at the Opera House for the purpose of discussing the Labor Exchange problem. Cyrus Corning was speaker of the evening, who in eloquent terms discussed the conditions of our industrial classes, and after paying his usual respects to fusionists and political demagogues, he proceeded to explain the benefits and operations of the Labor Exchange to a grand audience, not grand with respect to number alone, but intelligence and judgment. The better element of our community was present. After Mr Corning had concluded his discussion in all its operations and audience dismissed, those favorable to the speedy organization of the Exchange called to order, and elected their officers as follows:

J. W. Smith, President;
A. L. Henry, Vice-president;
Chas. N. White, Secretary;
N. Robbins, Accountant;
James A. Vinyard, Statistician.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J. W. Smith, N. Robbins, E. S. Hatheway, J. W. Lott and Geo. W. Divelbess.

COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

B. H. Olson, John W. Boardman and D. B. Startzman.

The following persons subscribed to the constitution and by-laws.

J. W. Smith, Geo. B. Smith, J. W. Lott, D. C. Hathaway, E. S. Hatheway, C. N. White, A. L. Henry, John Y. Robbins, B. H. Olson, James A. Vinyard, Jno. W. Boardman, D. B. Startzman, James Robbins, Alvin Garten, Geo. W. Divelbess, and N. Robbins.

The Board of Directors will meet May 3d to elect manager of store and put it in immediate operation. In conclusion I must say we owe our highest respects to Mr. Corning for placing so forcibly and plainly before our people this grandest of all thoughts, as none but Cyrus Corning can do.

N. ROBBINS.

When the private ownership of any kind of business place human rights in jeopardy, it is time for such private ownership to cease.

The good old Free Soil doctrine that no right of property could be justly invested with any power that would enable it to trample upon the rights of humanity is just as applicable to the needs of wageworkers today as it was to the condition of the chattel slaves before the war of the rebellion. If this doctrine was right then, it is right now notwithstanding the fact that it has long since been expunged from the platform of the party which won the confidence of the nation and was entrusted with the control of its affairs because it was believed that it would be true to this cardinal principle which it had championed. While the g. o. p. machine has abandoned this fundamental principle which should govern in human affairs, it is still held sacred by thousands of republicans, who caring more for principle more than mere party name, have declared their independence of the party bosses. This class of voters is rapidly increasing and the time is not far distant when the average voter will assert his alienable right to think and act for himself; and then no self-respecting citizen will agree to belong to a party.—Alma News.

Secretary of State Osborne is contributing nothing to his own fame or the good of the People's cause by his "revelations," whether the charges he makes be real or mythical. The Kansas would advise the state officers to devote their time and energies to the faithful discharge of their respective duties, and to quit monkeying with sensational discoveries and spectacular maneuvers.—Pittsburg Kansan.

The present excitement about gold is a blow at the fiat theory. It proves that all exchanges are for actual values; that when it is uncertain that the gold can be had on demand for notes, a rush will be made to get the coin. The government is a bank which is just now suffering from a "run". People want the actual value which the notes represent. There can be no abstract measure of value; one which calls for some definite quantity of some kind of wealth, which may be had on demand, is necessary. I think an hour of labor will some time be the standard measure of value.—Ex.

Rest for The Weary.

Reynolds Home Journal.

She was a tired little saleswoman, with a brave heart and a sweet temper in spite of the manifold cares and troubles which had made her so old for nineteen years. Ever since her mother's death, eleven years ago, she had worked in the same store as cash girl, wrapper and clerk, and in all that time she had never had a whole day's rest, excepting when she had buried the little cripple brother for whom so much of her patient work had been done. She was tired, body and soul, and the desire and longing of her heart had always been to take a vacation. She had never been outside the city since she could remember, and yet she knew just the farm house in which her desires rested would stand back from the dusty road, and she had thought of the hammock in which she would spend twelve long, idle days until it had become and absolute reality to her.

It often seemed to her that she led a double existence, for when in winter time the icy draft from the door blew over and chilled her to the bone, she consoled herself by thinking of the warm, pleasant spot where the hammock swung, and in summer the thought of the great green trees which shaded it seemed to relieve the burning heat and dust. When her head ached and her brain whirled with the many various noises around her, she dreamed of the lovely silence of that ideal country place and ceased to mind the man at the musical instruments counter opposite. In her heart she was a musician, and his monotonous rendering of popular airs drove her nearly wild.

Three months ago the little brother had died, and though, as all the boarders told her, his death was a blessing to him and a relief to her, she was "foolish" enough to mourn him and feel doubly desolate when he was gone.

Ever since his death she had felt weak and queer, and today nothing but the stern necessities of a board bill in arrears and a balance owing to the needy little undertaker who had looked after Bobbie's funeral kept her at her post. "When I get all paid I'm going to take a rest," she thought in the intervals of selling candy and answering questions as to the whereabouts of everything, from the candy right under their noses to horse blankets and cloaks "for I'm so tired I feel as if I should die. I can't go away, but if I could save enough to pay my board for two weeks I'd lay off," she finished with a sad thought of how lonely her room was now. But as the bills were not paid stay she must, though her feet grew heavier every minute and the strange lightness in her head increased.

And how that man opposite did rattle off those tunes! Presently he began to play "Rest, rest for the weary," and she didn't mind so much, for that was the hymn they sung at Bobby's funeral.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

she hummed softly, and the words began to sing themselves in her brain, now in a dreamy undertone, then with a mighty crash which drowned everything else. "There is rest for the weary," she remarked in answer to a question. "Yes, I know it," retorted the customer, a stout good natured looking woman, "and I'm glad of it for you look as if you needed it, and I'm kind of tired myself. But that doesn't tell me where the stocking counter is."

"Oh, did you want the hosiery department?" said the poor little clerk; "three rooms north; turn to your left." And so the day wore by until it was time to "put up stock" and leave the store. By this time everything around her seemed to be dancing a merry jig, and she thought, "I wonder if I'm going to have the fever, like Bobbie." Coming up stairs with hat and coat she was met by the floor manager, who had some directions to give, and while he talked she grew sick and faint. "What eyes the child has," he thought, "and what a thin little face." And he kindly told her "to run along home."

She tremblingly hurried to the door, and as the cool, fresh air seemed to revive her she started to cross the street. But why did all the People scream to her to "look out," and where was the great sea whose roaring was in her

ears? Blindly she stumbled on, and then a moment later—oh, my God gr-r—she was under the cable wheels.

Some minutes later she was tenderly lifted into the patrol wagon and taken to the county hospital. "No use doing anything," said the doctor; "past all hope." The sweet faced, slender nurse grew pale and shivered, and all night she tenderly watched by the unconscious girl. Just as the first gleam of daylight glimmered on the white washed wall the patient stirred, and the nurse, bending over her, heard her murmur softly, "I'm going—top floor; way to the front; new building—take elevator—to take a vacation." The last words had hardly left her lips when her eyes closed again and the nurse saw she had "taken the elevator" and started for the "top floor." And as she tenderly smoothed the pretty, soft hair and composed the face which was meant to be so pretty and bright, and which, alas, was so sad and worn, she whispered:

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

An Emphatic Denial.

Congressman Tom Watson denounces as miserably false three stories in reference to himself that were circulated by the American Press, and afterwards industriously repeated by all the Democratic newspaper parrots of this and other countries. Mr. Watson uses the following emphatic language:

"The American Press reports stating that I have said that there is only room in this country for two great parties, and that if the democratic party carries out in good faith its platform the People's party will give them full credit and submit is FALSE. I do not believe, either, that Ex-Congressman Thomas E. Winn made any such declaration.

"There are several vital issues that are named in our platform which the Democratic platform ignores entirely. Therefore, if we were to enact into law every demand that the democratic party makes these issues would be just as important then as they are now.

I am a Populist, and will so remain. The statement that I have abandoned the contest for my seat in the Fifty-third congress is another lie.

The third story, that I had drawn a pistol on a railroad agent and had been fined for it in the police court, has this much truth about it—I did strike a railroad agent who, as I thought, had grossly affronted me. The democratic mayor, quite naturally, took a view of the case which differed from mine, and fined me \$2.50 and costs—total \$5.

No pistol was drawn, and no such charge was made or passed upon.

THOMAS E. WATSON.
Thomson, Ga., April 3, '93.

Ottawa County is O. K.

A great deal of nonsense is being written and talked nowadays about the dignity of manual labor. There is nothing necessarily dignified about manual labor at all, and most of it is absolutely degrading. It is mentally and morally injurious to man to do anything in which he does not find pleasure, and many forms of labor are quite pleasureless activities, and should be regarded as such. To sweep a slushy crossing for eight hours on a day when the east wind is blowing, is a disgusting occupation. To sweep it with mental, moral or physical dignity seems to me to be impossible. Man is made for something better than distasteful dirt. All work of that kind should be done by a machine. Sometimes it will be so. Up to the present, man has been to a certain extent, the slave of machinery, and there is something tragic in the fact that as soon as man had invented a machine to do his work he began to starve.—Oscar Wilder.

"Now, there is a story I don't believe," said Colonel Yerger, as he laid aside an exchange. "What story is that, Colonel?" asked Gus DeSmith. "Why, the paper says that Cotopaxi can sometimes be heard five hundred miles." "You don't believe it?" "Of course I don't believe it. I'll bet there isn't a singer in the world that can be heard half that far." "But Cotopaxi is a volcano, Colonel." "Is it? I thought it was one of those Italian fellows who go about with Patti."

It will be a wise thing if Gov. Lewelling would think twice before calling an extra session of the legislature. There is no question but the people of this state need radical legislation. One would suppose, however, that it would be folly to expect the tools of the Santa Fe railroad to legislate in the interest of the people. A shepherd might as well call on the wolves to protect his flock and expect the flock to escape from its protectors, as for the long-suffering people of Kansas to expect Douglas, Hoch, Troutman and Company to refuse to obey their masters. If there was any prospect of relief, the legislature could not be called together too soon. The very hopelessness of any relief from the gang in control of the lower House should warn the Governor or of the results which must ensue. There is a growing suspicion that the cry for an extra session comes from disgruntled place-hunters who tag after pap as a hungry calf follows a heifer. LaBette county don't want any more of the monkey show which was recently on exhibition at Topeka.

The above double-headed editorial from the Chetopa Statesman, fairly represents the drift of the true reform papers of Kansas that reach this office. But it is worse than useless to deny the fact that a gang of pap-sucking schemers have fastened themselves upon this administration and are bearing it down to destruction. It will simply be suicide for us to go into the next campaign loaded down with the blackened record of the officers we have elected. Should we do so, we must repudiate all our claims to reform and endorse a policy scarcely less vicious than that we have condemned in the old parties. The men who are working up the call for an extra session, are working in the interests of the railroads.—Populist.

No good can be served by calling an extra session of the legislature. It is impossible. The only object in having an extra session is to stir up afresh the fires of political hatred and animosity that each side may solidify their forces for the skirmish of 1893. In addition to this, the place-hunters, the demagogues flitting around the heels of their master Lewelling, the political bastards who feast on the carrion of political corruption which they placarded as most foul in their Omaha "Second declaration of Independence," are looking for men of the Lewelling demo-pop soft-snap-boodle-reform.

May God in his mercy deliver the people of Kansas from any further inflection from the political harlots of Kansas who masquerade in the robes of righteousness while they riot in the offal of hell.

Without an immediate and thorough organization of the People's party and the complete turning under of bribers and bribe-takers-fusionists there can be no reform campaign in Kansas.

For several weeks we have been intending to compliment Cyrus Corning on the appearance of his paper, THE PEOPLE. If there is a man in Kansas who can tell the plutocrats to their faces some facts that everybody ought to know, Cyrus Corning is the man. We welcome him to the ranks and assure him there is plenty for him to do.—Populist.

Some people are proud of asking the question, "If you establish the Labor Exchange how are you going to get money with which to travel, pay debt and taxes?" Such questions would not be asked, if our present monetary system, and the Labor Exchange itself, were understood.

The establishing of the Labor Exchange does not LESSEN the amount of money in circulation. It does not LESSEN the ability of the people to get hold of this money, hence it can not make it harder to pay debt after the Exchange is established than before.

But if checks will perform, in certain circles, the functions of money, to the extent they are issued and made to circulate the pressure upon money is relieved—it is made easier to get hold of.

It is very easily seen that if checks will do in part the work now accomplished by current money then there will be more money than now to apply to debt, taxes and interest and business operations requiring money. Increase the check issue and their

circulation until they shall become general, then you have solved the financial problem.

The financial situation at Washington is very grave indeed. The custom has been to buy silver, giving silver certificates therefor. The treasury has been redeeming these in gold until it has just about reached the jumping off place. The object of this policy is to make it necessary to issue more bonds to get more gold to buy more silver, so the bondholders could draw more interest and commission. We don't think there is any question where Christ would be politically if he were a citizen of the United States.—Topeka Populist.

If Christ were here Lewelling and his state house ring would be hot after his scalp if he wouldn't be in favor of combining with satan and corrupt democracy.

The most wonderful book in the world is one which is neither written or printed. Every letter is cut into the leaf, and as the alternate leaves are of blue paper, it is as easily read as the best printing. The labor required and the patience necessary to cut each letter may be imagined. The work is done so perfectly that it seems as though done by machinery, yet every character was made by hand. The book is entitled "The Passion of Christ." It is a very old volume, and was a curiosity as long ago as 1640. It belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. Rudolph II, of Germany, offered eleven thousand ducats for it.—The Newsman.

What Next?

A gentleman overtook a well-dressed young man and invited him to a seat in his carriage.

"What," said the gentleman to the young stranger, "are your plans for the future?"

"I am a clerk," replied the young man "and my hope is to succeed and get into business for myself."

"And what next?" said the gentleman.

"Why, I intend to marry and set up an establishment of my own," said the youth.

"And what next?"

"Why to continue in business and accumulate wealth."

"And what next?"

"It is the lot of all to die, and I, of course, cannot escape," replied the young man.

"And what next?" once more asked the gentleman.

But the young man had no answer to make; he had no purpose that reached beyond the present life. How many young men are in precisely the same condition?—Ex.

The idea that juries are controlled by capitalists, is incorrect, except that both juries and capitalists may be controlled by the same popular ideas.

A jury, in the jury room, is supreme if it wants to be. The judge's instructions may be turned face down and left undisturbed, and the jury decide both the law and the facts. A Chicago judge lately instructed a jury to return verdict, but they refused saying they had not heard enough evidence. The judge had to submit. What are juries for if they cannot decide anything?—Ex.

From Jeffersonian.

THE Journal believes that Doster, Clemens and Webb deserve the fate that was meted out to Parsons and his infernal gang of the Haymarket affair at Chicago and we believe that if one drop of blood had been shed at Topeka their carcasses would have adorned the nearest lamp post or tree.—Lawrence Journal.

In looking over an old file of a Lawrence paper of 1856 lately we found the following extract from a pro-slavery paper:

There are a lot of red-mouthed abolitionists and disorganizers of society at Lawrence who ought to stretch hemp. Devils as Robinson, Speer, Brown, Lane and Conway are not fit to live, and if trouble comes their carcasses will swing from the nearest tree.

Yes, history repeats itself, and there is little difference between the plutocrats of '56 and '93. Their spirit is the same.

Subscribe for this paper and learn about the Exchange.

THE PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

CYRUS CORNING, Editor.
EVA L. CORNING, Associate.

If you want to organize a Labor Exchange Association address Cyrus Corning, Secretary, at Topeka, or J. V. Randolph, President, at Emporia.

For information relative to the Labor Exchange address Cyrus Corning, Secretary of the Central, or State Exchange, at Topeka.

Cyrus Corning organized Monday last a very strong Labor Exchange Association at Bennington, Kansas, and secured for the Association a large stock of general goods.

The principles of the Labor Exchange stood the test of severest criticism at Bennington this week and the result is the organization of the Association. The very best men of Bennington and vicinity joined the organization and Robbins Bros. tendered the Association an \$8,000 stock of drugs and general merchandise and proposed to take the checks of the Association in full payment for the stock. Robbins Bros' are clear headed business men.

The Board of Directors of the Central Branch of the Labor Exchange had a very profitable session at Council Grove Thursday Friday and Saturday last week. J. V. Randolph was made president of the Association in the place of E. Z. Ernst who had previously tied himself up to the Missouri organization. No better selection could have been made in the state than that of J. V. Randolph who is a man of marked ability and of large experience. Organizers will now be put into the field and the work will be pushed with all possible vigor.

The man who has just learned their alphabet, and have gone no further, makes a mighty poor instructor in the higher branches. So it is in the study of economics. He who has only caught the rudiments, has gone no further, makes a mighty poor instructor for the masses in the economic question, and is very far himself from the field of State-manship.

And yet it is true that reformers select their instructors, in far too many cases, without any reference to ability or experience. They are merely rut walkers—mere machines—blind guides leading the blind, and the rule is infallible, they shall both fall into the ditch.

They are Money.

The people have very imperfect idea on the money question. To most money is the ultimate object in view, so when the use of checks is suggested, as advocated by the Labor Exchange, the question is at once raised, how can I get my money out of them?

If checks perform the same duty as money—current funds—then they are money.

If one dollar in silver gold or greenbacks, will buy twenty pounds of granulated sugar, and A holds the former and B holds the latter, pray tell us if the check isn't money in the hands of B as much as the gold, silver or greenback is in the hands of A?

The Difference.

The difference is very great between the individual and the Labor Exchange check. It seems very strange that any one should ever raise such a question. The individual check rests upon an individual base; that base may be good or bad; a changing or an enduring base. That base might be mortgaged or sold and thus take wings and fly away.

The association check rests upon the value of the commodity which must be deposited in the hands of the association before the check could be born. That base cannot be mortgaged or pledged. If sold through the legitimate channels or trade then it must be replaced by an equivalent. Besides its own original base upon which it is issued there is the profit of the association standing behind the check.

The individual check stands by itself; there is no agreement to receive it.

Behind the Exchange check, and in addition to its own base there is an agreement between all the members of the Exchange to receive the check and thus it is supplied with a field of circulation from the beginning, and this field will be constantly increasing.

The Association check always has its redeemer on hand ready for use.

"Their Backing."

The above is the question which is honestly asked by inquiring minds and when as honestly answered, light takes the place of darkness and the mind is satisfied, having feasted on its natural nourishment. But this question is often asked in contempt and with studied effort at ridicule. In such cases it comes from men of small mental stature; from men whose minds are easily satisfied—quickly filled. Such men are running around with a fictitious twinkle of the eye, having in their estimation learned as much in ten minutes as studious men have learned in a life time of constant pains-taking thought, saying, "What is there behind the check? Ha! ha! ha!" It does not occur to such infinitesimally small minds that this very thing—the base—was the very first question which engaged the attention of the thoughtful planner, the scholarly and experienced author of the system advocated by the Labor Exchange, and which has caught the eye of every advocate of the system since the days of its birth.

The blantant knave and the carping idiot live and thrive on dense ignorance. For such we have no time to waste.

But to the honest mind seeking light we willingly give our time and thought.

Not a check can be issued by the Exchange without first building a good ample base for that check. That base is the best in the world. It is the same as that upon which a government bond rests. It is the labor and the products of labor from whence all wealth flows. It is the base upon which the life and happiness of all mankind rest. There can be no better base, for the simple reason that nature has supplied no better.

When ever any of the marketable products of labor, or labor itself, are deposited with the Exchange, certificates of deposit to the amount of the market value, and in such denominations as are required, are issued to the depositor. While these certificates of deposit are out among the people, their base is in the keeping of the Exchange, either in their original form, or their equivalent, and this base can in no way be encumbered. When these checks, or certificates of deposit, are redeemed, it is out of the original deposit, or its equivalent. The checks so redeemed are cancelled. When the base is in the Exchange the check is out. When the check goes to the Exchange it is simply a draft on the Exchange. The difference between the price of the deposit when the deposit is made—the wholesale price, and the price of the deposit, or of its equivalent when the draft is made, or certificate of deposit—check—redeemed—retail price—minus the expense of the transaction, forms the surplus in the hands of the Exchange. This surplus belongs to the members of the Exchange.

Thus it will be seen that the check has the very best of bases, that it is perfectly safe and secure, and that it is worth more than its face in gold.

This last assertion, the assertion of a fact, we make to set our readers to thinking. Is it a fact that a labor check is worth more than its face in gold, and if so, why?

Reader, try to solve this question.

Sometimes politicians beguile the people and by keeping the popular wave ride into office. But by watching the under current of their actions in regard to patronage, it is usually an easy matter to locate them. If they claim to be members of the People's Party, receive their nomination and election as such, and then throw their patronage to democrats and up-building of democratic papers, they are democrats in Populists clothing, or if they throw their patronage to republican papers they are republicans. It simply shows where they are, and it is the duty of every reform paper to keep the people posted in regard to such matters, and if they do not do it they fall short of their duty. If there is occasion for such a report in this county, we promise you here and now it will be forthcoming at the proper time. We are not serving the enemies of reform we champion the cause of the people.—Abilene Monitor.

The above is a correct statement. It is upon the facts and surroundings as presented by the press that the reading public base their judgment. If any part of the material facts are withheld the public judgment must be erroneous. Now and for some time past a large majority of our reform press have been withholding the facts lest they displease democrats whose lines of action lie not parallel to ours, and if they did, then there would be no need of a third party, and could be none, so a result of this withholding under the pretense of "teaching," "spreading the light," "building up truth," erroneous judgment, erroneous action constitute the brief record of the People's party of the state of Kansas. Such withholding is worse than willful and open falsehood. Speak out and spare not as long as whitened sepulchers ride in the chariots of reform.

Correspondence.

From a Woman.

After all the important and costly work of the labor unions, alliance, granges, industrial organizations, reform political parties and the use of the "freeman's sceptre of individual sovereignty," the ballot, practically nothing has been accomplished to benefit the working people, or lighten their burdens. Labor lies helpless at the feet of capital, at its mercy, and enjoys less of its productions than was the case fifty years ago. Capital is arrogant and supercilious, feeling secure in the possession of all comforts and luxuries of life gained by exploiting labor. Discard old methods, the times have outgrown them. The tactics of labor at present involve a constant antagonism among laborers themselves and a hopeless fight against fearful odds with capital. The few have gained control over the many by superior ingenuity, tact, wisdom. The Labor Exchange solves the problem. It involves no force, no fighting, no law-breaking, no antagonism to any class. Join the Labor Exchange, talk for it, support it, extend it, subscribe for this paper and learn all about it.

The advocacy of woman's suffrage by some men, suggest the thought that they are contemplating with dismay the ruin they have wrought, the terrible muddle we are in, and now wish the woman to take a hand in it, so that when the final clash comes they may say, "It was the women that did it."

The work of a new party or organization that springs up in response to an urgent need of reform, is only valuable when it is young struggling for life and is unsuccessful. With success and power always comes a compromise with wrong, and a desertion of principle. A vigorous, earnest protest against established wrong, and legalized injustice, furthers human progress far more than a ballot cast for a political office seeker, who in a successful race for position leaves principle and the real interests of the people far in the rear.

The Greatest Evil.

Poverty is the enemy to be overcome, the deadliest foe we have to fight. The true saviour of mankind, is the man or woman who attacks with deadly intent, this hideous monster. It blights every noble aspiration of the human mind, dulls the sensibilities, makes happiness, refinement, and beauty impossible. It is an insatiable demon that devours little children and dwarfs and deforms all that escape. It robs childhood of its natural pleasures, its playtime and opportunity to grow and develop full mental and physical powers. It destroys in men the noblest attributes of manhood, it makes of them fierce struggling brutes, or cowed, spiritless slaves. It forces women into the lowest hell of degradation, shame and despair. It prevents and distorts every noble human faculty and develops every ignoble one. It makes prayers impossible and happiness unattainable. Its attendant ghost, little less hideous than itself, the fear of poverty, stalks grimly beside many who are apparently well protected from the real monsters hateful presence. It leers horribly into their faces even over heaps of gold and through the luxurious surroundings of wealth. With the visions of its hateful form even before them, men forget that they are brothers and trample each other underfoot in a vain endeavor to escape its horrors. Poverty, and the fear of poverty, call out the worst of human traits, and repress or destroy the noble and good.

Oh, you hideous, horrible, soul and body destroying demon! In this plentiful world where nature has supplied her children with an abundance for all their needs, there is no place for you. You are a hated, needless curse. You are not wanted and have no right here. You make us smart under your deadly unerring blows while you dexterously hide our every effort to trace your baleful workings to their source or entrap you. But we are beginning to learn that you have no business here, that you are not a blessing in disguise, nor a loving gift from the divine hand, nor the result of our individual incompetency. You were here when we came standing ready to devour the innocent and unwary who cannot keep out of your way. We have designs on you, we mean to abolish you. We are after you and you must go.

L. D. W.

The Earliest Newspapers.

The English Mercurie, now in MS. in the British Museum, has been proved to be a forgery. The oldest regular news-

paper published in England was established by Nathaniel Butler in 1662.

The oldest paper in France was commenced by Theophrastus Renaudot, in 1632, during the reign of Louis XIII. It was called the Gazette de France.

The first Dutch newspaper, which is still continued under the name of Haarlem Courant, is dated Jan. 8, 1656. It was then called De Weeckelycke Courant van Europa, and contained two small folio pages of news.

The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703. Peter the Great not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs as appears from sheets still in existence, in which are marks and alterations in his own hand. There are two complete copies of the first year's edition of this paper in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg.

The first newspaper published in North America was The Boston News Letter, commenced April 24, 1704. It was half a sheet of paper, twelve inches by eight, two columns on a page. It survived for seventy-two years, and advocated the policy of the British Government at the outbreak of the Revolution.—Lippincott Magazine.

No Bank There.

There was an Eastern man with us in the stage, as we were making a route in Kansas, and at noon, as we stopped at a new town for dinner, he said to the landlord of the board shanty tavern:

"This seems to be a brisk sort of a town."

"Yes. She's gaining right along."

"Is there a bank here?"

"Regular bank?"

"Yes."

"Regular bank, with president, cashier and so on, where they receive deposits, give drafts on Chicago, and so forth?"

"Yes."

"No, there isn't such bank now."

"Then there was one?"

"Yes, but it closed up. The president and cashier are here, though."

"Then, perhaps I could have a little talk with them before dinner?"

"Hardly. They are lying underground out here in my back lot."

"What! Dead?"

"As door nails."

"Sickness or accident?"

"Well, sort o' betwixt. The bank tried to fail and pay fifty cents on the dollar, and the boys turned out and hung 'em to that telegraph pole there, and divided the cash, so that we got \$2.10 apiece on our deposits. If you want to start a bank, however, I'll—"

"Oh! not! not! I had no idea of it. I'm going on to Emporia to go in to business."—Ex.

A Remarkable Time-piece.

A curious clock has been made by a clockmaker at Warsaw named Gold-faden, who has worked at it six years. The clock represents a railway station with waiting rooms for the traveler, telegraph and ticket offices, a very pretty, well lighted platform and a flower garden, in the centre of which is a sprinkling fountain of clear water. Past the railway station run the lines. There are also signal boxes, signals, lights and reservoirs—in fact, everything that belongs to a railway station, to the smallest detail. In the cupola of the central tower is a clock which shows the time of the place; two clocks in the side cupolas show the time at New York and Pekin, and on the two outermost towers are a calendar and a barometer. Every quarter of an hour the station begins to show signs of life.

First of all, the telegraph official begins to work. He dispatches a telegram stating that the line is clear. The doors open, and on the platform appear the station master and his assistant; the clerk is seen at the window of the ticket office, and the pointmen come out of their boxes and close the barriers. A long line of people form at the ticket office to buy tickets; porters carry baggage; the bell is rung, and then out of the tunnel comes a train, rushing into the station, and, after the engine has given a shrill whistle, stops.

A workman goes from carriage to carriage and tests the axles with a hammer. Another pumps water into the boiler of the engine. And after the third signal with the bell the engine whistles and the train disappears in the opposite tunnel; the station master and his assistant leave the platform, and doors of the waiting room close behind them; the pointmen return to their boxes; and perfect still prevails till, in a quarter of an hour, the whole is repeated.—American Notes and Queries.

For fine job work send us your orders, and they will receive our prompt attention.

ONLY CASE ON RECORD.

A Man Under Indictment for Murder of a Sheep.

There are many queer legal papers on file in probably every court of record in the world, but the only court that ever indicted a man for the murder of a sheep is in Gilmer county, West Virginia.

In June, 1875, William E. Lively, who has since been prominently mentioned for governor on the Democratic ticket, and has several times been in the legislature, was the prosecuting attorney for Gilmer county. He drew an indictment filled with all the legal verbiage of which a country lawyer is possessed, which went to show that one Jacob Wiatt, with a gun, the value of which was \$2, and which was then and there charged with gunpowder and lead or some other destructive substance in his hand, and did willfully discharge and shoot off, to, against and upon the said sheep, the property of Jacob Burke, and the lead or the other destructive substance did strike, penetrate and wound the said sheep, causing it to linger and fall, and that said David Wiatt did set upon the said sheep, and with a sharp and dangerous instrument wound, cut and maltreat it, that it died. All this according to the testimony of one William Greenleaf, an eye-witness, and against the peace and dignity of the state of West Virginia. Lively got the grand jury to find a true bill, but the case never came to trial, legally. Jacob and David Wiatt are still under indictment for murder. The only case of the murder of a sheep on record.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

How the Young Surveyor Became Disenchanted by a Sextant.

A man met with a sextant the other day, going on a surveying expedition, says a writer.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Just a piece out to run some lines."

"Fine instrument."

"Yes; but it lost me my first love."

"How so?"

"Well, I was taking a sight on a hillside, on which was a blackberry patch. Just as I got the bearing on my point of observation, one of the most beautiful girls I ever laid eyes on—white frock, jaunty bonnet, all except the wings—came within range."

"Well?"

"I turned pale around my heart, lost my bearings, and became totally engrossed in the contemplation of her figure."

"What else?"

"She stooped, not to conquer, but to pluck a blackberry. She turned her face toward me unconsciously, curved her lips, and if a volcano had suddenly yawned its jaws I would not have been so astounded. She dropped a blackberry, apparently as big as a young pig, into that ruddy cavern (you see that I forgot I was looking through a sextant), and then I wished that I was dead."

"That was the end of love's young dream with me, and I have remained a bachelor ever since."

FORGOT HE HAD HIM.

Absent-Mindedness of a Physician Who Bought a Horse.

One of the most absent-minded men in New York is an eminent surgeon. He is a great lover of horses, and will abandon anything but a patient to take a drive up the road. One of his most peculiar characteristics is his inability to pass an auction-room without buying something. Happening one day to drive by a stable where an auction sale was going on, he saw a raw-boned animal under the hammer. "What's bid?" he asked of a bystander, who replied: "Nothing; nobody wants the brute at any price." At the next call from the auctioneer he bid \$20, and the horse was knocked down to him. He drove on, and the incident passed out of his mind. He forgot all about the purchase, but the animal was sent to his stable and the groom took him in charge. About two months afterward his favorite horse fell lame and he complained that he had nothing to drive. "Why not give the new horse a trial?" asked the groom. "What new horse?" he said. "I have no new horse." The groom replied: "The one you bought two months ago, sir. He hasn't had a bridle on since he came to the stable." The surgeon could not recollect having bought the animal, but he concluded to give him a trial. It proved satisfactory in every way, and for eight years that horse has been the old gentleman's delight.

The Pope's Contributions.

The pope has sent to Chicago not only the two maps from the Borgia museum (that of Diego Ribiera, A. D. 1529, and the earlier one bearing Alexander VI's dividing line), but also phototypes of the brief of Nicholas V. from the vatican regesta, addressed in 1498 to two Icelandic bishops, and urging the despatch of missionaries to Greenland; also of the printed letters of Christopher Columbus to the Treasurer Raffaele Sanchez, giving an account of the discovery of America, of which only two or three copies now exist; transcripts of the first papal bulls issued to countries in America; some manuscript notices of the family of Columbus, and other documents.

His Preference.

"Won't you sit down in this chair, Willie?" said the kind lady who lived next door to the little fellow who had come to pay her a call. "If it's all the same to you, ma'am," said the little visitor, a shadow of pain creeping over his innocent young face, "I'd prefer to sit in a chair with a soft cushion. I hid pa's collar button yesterday morning and he found it out."

ECCENTRIC IDEAS OF JUSTICE.

That Are Practiced in the Home of John Chinaman.

In China, according to Jesse Herbert, late legal adviser to the government of South China and professor of law in the University of Canton, officials are held responsible for the conduct of the community. If a son has murdered his father not only is the murderer cut in pieces, but the house is pulled down and the ground dug up to a depth of about six feet. All the neighbors, moreover, are punished, the boy's headmaster is beheaded, the magistrate loses his place and the higher officials are reduced three degrees in rank.

There are two officials to each post, in order that one might spy upon the other, the rule being that no official shall report what he has done, but only what the other has done. From the highest official to the lowest all practice a system of unblushing robbery, called "squeezing." The salary of a viceroy in some cases is 200 a year; he regularly draws not less than \$3,000. The salary of a judge is \$40 a year; he regularly draws at least \$2,000. There are 1,200 police in Canton, not one of whom receives wages, and yet the office is much sought after.

The fact is, we are assured, that the police are on excellent terms with the guild or fraternity of thieves, and they work harmoniously together. By the code a boy under 16 cannot be punished. What the Chinese do is to pop him into prison and keep him there until he is 16. If Mr. Herbert were asked to summarize the government of China he would say the people are communists, managing their own affairs, ruled by a despot whose administration is democratic and whose administrators are liars, thieves and extortioners.

A MAP OF ARIZONA.

All the Prehistoric Views From the Valleys at the Fair.

In connection with the Arizona exhibit at the world's fair, a work of unusual magnitude and interest has been arranged for in Phoenix by the construction of the largest relief map ever made to show accurately and in detail all prehistoric views of the valleys of the Salt and Gila rivers.

The map will give a bird's eye view of nearly 1,000,000 square miles, which, it is estimated, once supported an ancient population of 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 souls, and whose passing into oblivion without leaving a tradition as to whence they came and why they disappeared constitutes one of the greatest mysteries of the human race. Prof. F. W. Putnam, of Harvard college, is directing the work, and when completed the work will show, in addition to remains of cities whose population is estimated to have at one time exceeded 100,000 souls, old canals and reservoirs with water flowing through them as in the days of their original construction.

The great antiquity of the views to be shown is demonstrated by the fact that in many cases the canals are covered with lava and volcanic ashes of a very remarkable eruption, while the best engineering skill of Europe and America has been unable to find any defect in their construction. The old canals in many instances cover thousands of acres that the present irrigators cannot reach.

Opium and Suicide.

"I have been taking opium for the last four years. It was on leaving the army that I met a young man to whom I explained that I suffered from severe headache. He advised me to take opium, and I said to him: 'Won't it grow upon me?' He replied, 'No.' I have heard since that he hanged himself. I took to eating the drug, and from day to day I swallowed increased doses until I could take one drachm every day. I used to roll it up into pills. When my money became short and I was unable to get any more opium my life became a misery. I craved for it without effect, and as I could not exist any longer without it I cut my throat." This was the statement made by one George Hall, on whom an inquest was held at Birmingham recently to a doctor. This doctor said ten grains under ordinary circumstances were fatal. "Suicide while temporarily insane" was the verdict.

A Dog Fight to the Rescue.

"What are you going to call your new paper?" asked the friend who had dropped in to see the aspiring young journalist.

"The Palladium," was the reply.

"That's a good name for a newspaper. By the way, what is the meaning of the word?"

"It means—hum—it means—why you know what a palladium is, don't you?"

"No. I'm asking for information. Well, that's a good one on you. Lived in a civilized community all your life and pretend you don't know what a palladium is!"

"I'm in earnest. What is it?"

"Why, a palladium is—Great Caesar! Look at that dog-fight!"

"Saved!" howled the young journalist, pouncing on the dictionary the instant the door closed on his visitor retreating form.

Suspicion Confirmed.

A ball boy was found at the Great Northern who does not believe in gold beyond his literal instructions. guest rushed to the cashier's desk. I had just ten minutes in which to bill his bill, reach the depot and board train.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I forgotten something. Here, boy, up to my room, B 48, and see if I have left my tooth-brush and sponge. Hurry only five minutes now."

The boy hurried. He returned four minutes, out of breath.

"Yes, sir," he panted, "you left it there."

ADIEU!

You have a heart of fire and gold—
No gold nor fire for me is bright;
I would forget those days of old,
Which seemed to show your heart aright.

Not mine to mix among the crowd
Who worship you, and tend the knee,
To sing your praises long and loud—
Love's silence is reserved for me.

My love, that is both dumb and deep,
Is freely given as 'tis true;
What secret still the fates may keep
I know not—but I say, adieu!

I say adieu because my part
Must be to leave that whirling train,
Where every moment is a smart
And every day a year of pain.

—Longman's Magazine.

LILLIE'S LOVE.

"My patience, how that girl does try me! Now just look at her. And I sent her out to pick peas for dinner more than a quarter of an hour ago!"

It was a summer morning. David Elwyn had come to the house for a cool drink from the well while the horses rested. His mother, in close, scant dress and gingham sun-bonnet, was hurrying about from kitchen to cellar, and from cellar to well, full of the cares of farm and household.

Across the yard, the one group of trees in all that great expanse of cornfield stood gaily fluttering their brisk leaves in the wind, while from a strong lower branch swung "that girl," Ponto, the big brown dog, frisking gaily about her, thinking it some new, delightful game.

David forgot that he was expected to look reprovingly at the spectacle. He removed his straw hat, wiped the moisture from his face, while a fond expression came into his earnest gray eyes.

"It's no use talking, David; she'll have to go out to work. I can't get anything out of her; but I'll bet a sixpence Jonas Quinn's wife can. When you and me both have to toil all day long to make a living, and that mortgage coming due, we can't keep Lillie in idleness. She's well and strong, and she'll have to learn to take her share of the burdens of life."

"Oh, mother! Send Arthur Forrest's daughter to be Mrs. Quinn's drudge and slave? I'll work harder—do more of yours; or, if you once firmly and kindly make Lillie understand you are doing too much for your strength, I'm sure she will try to help you more."

"Oh, I don't say but she's willing enough! She forgets, and she's so full of fun and play she can't just work, some way. See here, Lillie! I am waiting for those peas for dinner."

The pink form gave a spring and landed on the ground.

There was a merry laugh, then a sweet voice exclaimed, "Oh, auntie, I forgot! The world is so lovely to-day I want to fly away up to the sky. The good old trees and the rushing winds did their best, but I couldn't get clear away. I'll have those peas picked in two seconds!"

The pea-vines suffered, but Lillie had handfuls of the bursting pods in her basket in a twinkling.

Seventeen years before, David and his friend, Arthur Forrest, who was several years older than himself had come to Canada "to seek their fortunes." David's father, failing in business, failed to find anything in life to live for, so ceased doing so.

Arthur had angered his guardian and uncle by marrying the girl he loved with her beauty and poverty, instead of one he disliked with her plain face and handsome income. So the two boys, alone but for wife and mother, struck out bravely to dig success from the soil.

Arthur, unused to hardships, found the struggle too great for him. The soil yielded him only a quiet resting place. His young wife pined away, and very soon followed, leaving a beautiful baby girl, helpless and poor, in the strange, new country.

But this sort of life was not to go on forever. One evening David received an important letter which changed it all. It seems that the obdurate uncle had died, and though he had never before recognized Lillie's existence, he had at the last moment made a will in her favor, ignoring, with a sort of grim humor, the host of fawning and expectant friends that surrounded him. And he had hoarded more money than anyone imagined, so Lillie, after all, was very rich. Her guardian, until she became of age, was a wealthy and highly respectable old lawyer in Quebec. David and Mrs. Elwyn were to be paid for their care of her, and then her connection with them was to end.

"I won't go! I won't have their old money if I can't do as I like!"

"But you must; there is no other way."

"If I go I can do what I please with my money, I suppose?"

"With your guardian's consent."

"He must consent! You and auntie shall not work hard any more. If you want to stay here you must hire everything done and take your ease. All I have is yours. Where is the money, anyway? I want to put it all in your own rough, good old hands, David."

"I am afraid that you can do less as you like than ever you could be, Lillie. You must leave us, and go among your father's friends; you must go to school, for though I've taught you nearly all I know, you are not accomplished, as a lady in your position should be. And then you must take your place in society. Ah, my prairie blossom, I fear we have lost you forever!"

"No, no; just wait, and you'll see. And tell that tiresome old guardian to give you all the money you want to use, will you?"

David craved her. Whether they would have it so or not, Lillie had to go. He could not take payment for that which sweetened all his toil—some life, and after the sad parting, he and his mother took up the same old struggle with a new shadow and

a new loneliness falling about them. Two years slowly dragged themselves away. Not a letter had come to them from Lillie, not a word of affections or remembrance.

Mrs. Elwyn's tireless energy was failing her. All their work seemed so unrequited. Crops failed, but interest-bearing notes of hand never failed. David fell ill in the midst of harvest; autumn was approaching, and there would not be enough in the barn and the bins to keep themselves and the stock over winter. The mortgage was likely to be foreclosed at any time. Ruin and homelessness seemed staring them in the face, instead of the comfort and ease they had toiled and hoped for.

David, still weak, was creeping about among the cattle one evening, attending to their wants; the mother sat discontentedly on the porch, the chickens and calves still unweaned for.

She felt as if she could do no more—it was of no use. She was growing old, and was no better off than when she first began to toil so hard. And "that girl" had forgotten them in her prosperity, just as she anticipated she would. Everything was as discouraging as it could possibly be.

At that very moment the sky brightened. A carriage and horses came flying along the road; it stopped at their gate; a beautiful creature with shining curls and radiant eyes sprang from it and came so swiftly, so softly, to her side, it was like the gliding of an angel.

"You dear old auntie! You are alive and well after all! Why—why haven't you written to me all this time?"

"Lillie, it's never you?" the tired woman was weeping. "You forget us; we never heard a word from you."

"I wrote often at first; but my letters at school had always to be given to the principal—I do not believe one was ever posted. My guardian is a pompous, hard-hearted man, who wanted me to forget my old home and friends. And he wanted me to marry his empty-headed son. Bah! The minute I became of age I declared that my property should be placed in my own hands. I defied them all, and came back to you. I don't like the city—it is only a moving prison. I don't like society—it is full of smiling prisoners, all deceiving each other. I like the glorious prairies, and you and David. Where is David, auntie?"

He would soon be here, the softened woman said, and went on to tell their sorrowful story, while the beautiful little lady sprinkled tears that lay like diamonds on her thin gray hair.

David came slowly around the house, wondering if it was possible he had heard voices. What vision was this? Something too bright, too precious, for him to touch. And yet it came close to his side, clasped his hand between two soft, snowy flukes; it resolved itself into a familiar form, clad as he had never seen it, and a well-known face with lustrous eyes gleaming through tears to look fondly into his own. One of his many dreams had come true.

Well, she would not leave them. She would live nowhere else, and she would invest her money in farm mortgages, valuable stock, improved machinery and substantial buildings. She turned a deaf ear to entreaties and commands from wealthy admirers and exasperated relatives; she declared she would never go back, and finally they all gave it up, voted the little heiress out and let her alone.

David superintended the elaborate farming, and improved in his health and in his looks, as cessation from excessive labor improves every one. He ought to have been happy, but he was not. How could he, when he owed everything to this beautiful little woman he worshipped, but who was so far, far above him? She would marry some time, and leave them, and just now she was making that future hard to contemplate. She seemed to cling to him; she came to him for advice, confidence, friendship; all that was great and good in David's nature answered to her faith in him. But it was only as an older brother, he assured himself a hundred times a day; he never suspected he was a man for a woman to love, with a character more lovable than idleness and luxury could have made it. He only mourned in secret over the great distance between them, and at last resolved he could bear it no longer.

"Lillie," he said, at last, "buy my farm outright. Make some arrangement by which mother can have a home here, and I will go away. I am thinking of California, and—well, I can't stay here any longer."

Lillie lifted her startled eyes to his face and dropped them again, for she read something there.

"You are going away? Oh, David, did I think you would treat me so?"

"Treat you so? My dear—Lillie, it is for your sake! I cannot always refrain from telling you what is in my heart, and then you will hate me."

"And you mean to desert me? You have been so attentive, so kind, so good, that you have led me to believe that you really had serious intentions." There was a sob in her voice, but oh, what a mischievous light in her shaded eyes! "It isn't right for a big, strong man to win the heart of a poor little thing like me and then go away and leave her!"

"Lillie, Lillie, you will drive me wild if you are only jesting! Dare I love you? Will you be my wife?"

"Why, David, I've always loved you. Why else have I come back? Why else have I been determined to stay?"

"So, now, if I'm never your wife, I'll be auntie's old maid companion, and we'll live on the farm till we die. Are you going away?"

"No! I will never be parted from you again, my little love!"—X. Y. Journal.

ESCAPE OF THE DOG.

Civilization Taught the Brute a Trick Worth Knowing.

Mr. Dennis Reed, a young man about 17 years of age, who occupies the position of cook at the Coffee Mill claim in California, had quite a thrilling experience with a large California lion lately. The following is his experience in his own language:

"On Friday evening, while sitting in front of my cabin in Indian Gulch absorbed in reading a very interesting book, my attention was attracted by a very peculiar noise. I at first thought it was a fox or a coyote, but you can imagine my feelings when I looked up and discovered that I was in very close quarters with a large California lion, and that he was slowly making his way toward me, snarling and showing his teeth."

"Fortunately I am the owner of a large dog who happened to be by my side at the time. The dog took in the situation at once and started toward the lion, growling and barking at every jump. The lion turned his attention at once from me and started on a run for the dog, but the dog was equal to the occasion, and to my astonishment made for a large pine tree some twenty yards away, with the lion in close pursuit. On reaching the tree the dog disappeared as if by magic in a cave that had probably been dug by some prospectors in the early days and used as a dwelling house."

At the further end of this cave an upraise had been made through the solid lava, answering the purpose of a stovepipe or a fireplace. The upraise being very flat through it the dog made his escape. The lion, after giving a couple of unearthly yells, slunk away in the brush, and I can assure you that I had no desire to follow him to see where he had gone."

IRELAND'S DEAD KINGS.

Most of Them Encumbered With Their Boots On.

In Whitaker's Almanack for 1893 there is a short and succinct account of the kings of Ireland, dating from the Milesian conquest in 1500 B. C. There is apparently no record of the fate of the first two kings; they were probably translated. But from the year 1250 B. C. to the Christian era out of 103 kings fifteen died of malignant distemper or plague and the rest were either killed in battle or died other violent deaths.

From the Christian era to the reign of Henry II. of England the record is not more promising. There were apparently seventy-eight kings of these thirteen died natural deaths, that is to say that they presumably did not live long enough to enable them to share the fate of their predecessors and successors; one was drowned in a fog; one had thirty sons, in itself enough to cause death; one was choked by a fish-bone; three were killed by "thunderbolts," but as the three reigned successively it is not unreasonable to suppose that the "thunderbolts" were but "rocks," "shot" by the hands of aspirants to the throne; the remaining fifty-nine succumbed to the inevitable assassination or death in the battle-field. Happy Ireland!

Another Four Hundred.

It is generally thought that the saying, that the only people in New York worth knowing can be numbered by 400, was originated by Ward McAllister, but it can be found in the Bible, Acts v. 14, which speaks of Theodas, boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves; who were scattered and brought to naught. The verse referred to reads as follows: "For before these days rose up Theodas, boasting him self to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves; who were slain, and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered and brought to naught." Another verse worth mentioning in this connection is from 1 Samuel, 22:3: "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them, and there were with him about 400 men."

A Miscegenation.

Girls should avoid conversational risks. A couple of maidens, who had been entertaining an ultra-elegant gentleman of an older set than their own, to their immense satisfaction, said, in their simple exultation, after he had withdrawn to the hall, and as they supposed, left the house: "I thought he'd never go, didn't you?" A remark in which the young man, who had not yet departed, failed to detect the compliment. Perhaps, too, he saw a chance to impart a useful lesson. For he promptly returned to the drawing room and exclaimed: "Please don't say that yet?"

Odeffeers.

Going through a picture gallery lately, with an acquaintance, Addie Ledger Ferris, the illustrator, came to an example of the realistic school, a revolting subject, treated with great candor. One of the surrounding group, as they approached, murmured ecstatically: "How strong?" Mrs. Ferris swept one comprehensive glance at the canvas. She turned to her companion, with her dainty handkerchief raised to her nose: "Strong?" she repeated: "I should say it was 'come away.'"

Fruit and Health.

Lemons, grapes and tomatoes are most valuable from a medicinal point of view, and if the uses of such fruits and their juices were persevered in there is every reason to believe that not only cancer, but many other diseases of a similar nature with which the skill of the surgeon and physician are unable to cope, might be actually cured, or so much alleviated as scarcely to shorten life.

A BOY'S CARTOON.

(Scene: Florence, A. D. 1503.)

"Good Master! I crave your service. See, I am not the beggar I seem to be; though you'll say, as I tell my story over, it is such as you've often heard before."

"This not for myself," he solemnly said,—"This not for myself! I assume bread. But my mother is breaking her heart to-day; for she's ill, and may lose her place, they say. In the still-nit. If I could only get a booth or two she might hold it yet. Old Tito, the picture dealer, said: 'He would give me enough to buy a bread for a month or more, should I chance to meet some one of your craft upon the street. And beg him to draw on the paper I hold a sketch of the Sistine chapel and old When the greatest of Florentine painters all has drawn on the Sistine chapel wall. A dozen I've asked, good Master mine, but none of them paused to draw a line. You have pencils with you. Dare I claim a picture, in charity's holy name?'"

With a kindly look on his stern old face, the artist at once began to trace. The Sistine artist, and with each art. As quickened the throbs of the boy's warm heart.

No word as he worked did he deign to say, But, signing his name, he went his way.

"Whose name is this?" asked the boy of one to whom he passed the picture frame.

"Where got you?" came the question.

"Who has given a prize so rich to you?"

"Why, but that one cartoon you hold. Will bring you many a piece of gold. And that you a Florentine, should not know The name?—It is Michelangelo!"

—Margaret J. Preston, in St. Nicholas.

CRAZY POLLY'S LOVER.

In the hall of a deserted mansion at White Plains stands an old clock which has a history. It is over 150 years since its French maker gave it the finishing touches and set its big pendulum in motion, and a century since the brass hands marked off the last hours of British supremacy in America. The house was the home of Miss Polly Carter, an eccentric old creature who lived alone and held little communication with the outside world. She was called "Crazy Polly" by her neighbors, who disliked her most heartily. She died away back in the fifties, at the advanced age of 90, and was promptly buried and promptly forgotten.

She was so withered and ugly in her last days that it was difficult to credit the stories of her great beauty when a girl. It is said that at a grand ball given in the old Robinson Manor house, at Yonkers, an English governor remarked that she was not only the most beautiful but most charming young woman in the provinces, and danced with her so often that his angry spouse left him home by the nose.

At her death the dilapidated house and worked-out farm passed into the hands of a grandpapa in the West, who still owns it. A yearning of value in the house was added except the old clock, which, with its rusty works and battered case, was passed by as a worthless piece of rubbish.

In the sad story of Miss Carter's life the old clock plays an important part. In the days of the revolution the Carter house, then a fine old place, lay within the British lines. Colonel Carter, its owner, was with the Continental army, as was his nephew and intended son-in-law, Lieutenant Lawrence Carter. His daughter, Polly, remained at home under the protection of a maiden aunt.

They were sad days for the poor girl, days of anxiety and fear. For weeks she had received no tidings of either father or lover, as the neighborhood was infested with red-coats and all means of communication cut off.

One rainy afternoon, while sitting before a fire dreaming of the days when horrid war should be a thing of the past, she was startled by the sudden opening of the door and the next moment she was clasped in two strong arms and a handsome young officer was kissing the tears away from her lovely face.

A second later she broke from his embrace and cried, her voice quivering with fright: "Oh, Larry, why did you come? They will catch you. The brutes are everywhere!"

The sentences were broken by a flood of tears, but the young fellow laughed lightly, and taking her face between his hands, he kissed her and said: "Never you fear, my pet; I know the country too well to be trapped by the beef-eating Britishers. It is as safe as a sanctuary here and I can get back through the lines to-night. But come, come, dry up your eyes and let's have something to eat. I am as hungry as a bear and as wet as a water rat."

Thus reassured, the trembling girl hastened to set food and wine before her half-famished lover, who all the while was chattering as gaily as a school boy. He had removed his cloak and the tight-fitting uniform showed off his graceful figure to perfection. He was strikingly handsome, and as good and honest as he was pleasing to the eye. Polly was a girl of considerable experience for her years, and had refused more suitors than one, but she loved her young cousin devotedly and stoutly affirmed that he was a better lover than cousin, which was saying a good deal. After he had finished eating he stretched out before the fire and smoked his pipe as unconcernedly as if there had not been an enemy in the country. He told her of her father and of the brightening fortunes of the army.

Then their tones grew low and earnest and they told of their love and talked of the great happiness in store for them when Washington should have driven the English to the lake. The girl was nervous, however, and fearful of her lover's safety. At every sound she would start in terror, and as the time came for his departure she clung to him and begged him to wait until the morrow and make his way through the lines in disguise. He laughed at her fears, however, and was kissing her goodbye when their ears caught the tramp of horses in the yard.

The lieutenant jumped to the window. A glance through the thin curtain was enough.

Three English officers had ridden up to the very steps and dismounted. He realized the danger. To be taken meant to be hung as a spy, but he said as calmly as possible so as not to frighten Polly. "There are soldiers in the yard; I must hide." Suddenly a memory came to the girl of the days when as children they used to play hide and seek together. "Get in the clock," she whispered, for the soldiers were already knocking at the door. "It is big enough. Oh, Larry, be quick." It was the only chance. In a moment the young man with difficulty crowded his body into the tall barrel of the timepiece and Polly locked the door and put the key in her pocket. Then she threw his coat and hat under the sofa, and hurried to admit the unwelcome guests.

They were swearing at the delay, but the beauty and dignity of the girl had its effect, and one of the officers said politely enough: "Pardon us, but can't you give us shelter for an hour or two, and some food, in the king's name?" The request was practically an order and without more ado they marched into the house, their hateful scarlet coats dripping with water and their boots heavy with mud.

Though trembling with fear the girl managed to conceal her agitation and was inwardly rejoicing that their stay would be a short one. She ordered a servant to bring food and drink for them and then settled herself with a book in the corner. When they had finished eating one of them brought brandy from his saddle bags and they all began to drink freely.

The oldest of the intruders was deaf, and in speaking to him his comrades raised their voices to an unpleasant pitch. Before an hour had passed they were all drunk and used such vulgar language that Polly swept from the room, her face flushed with anger and disgust. Even in her room the noise of their carousing reached her. It was already dark and to her relief she heard the officers getting ready to depart. One by one they filed out of the front door, but just as they were mounting their horses, which they had tethered to the fence, one of them turned to the deaf Englishman and said: "Go back and see what hour it is by that big clock in the corner." The drunken fellow staggered up the steps and into the house. "—it's," it stopped, and, by the Lord Harry, it will never run again," he muttered, and taking his heavy coat he ran it several times through the dial into the delicate works. Then, as if not satisfied with the damage he had done, he drove it twice through the polished panels of the door.

There was a smothered groan from the inside of the clock and a creaking of hinges which did not reach the dulled ears of the Royalist, and he was too much under the influence of brandy to note that the end of his sabre was dripping with blood. With a grunt of approval he returned to his comrades, and Polly, from her window, heard them ride away toward the British camp. After waiting until they were out of earshot she hurried to release her lover.

As she crossed the room a black stream that wound its way from the base of the clock to the middle of the polished floor like a snake, caught her eye. Her first thought was that the red-coats had spilled some liquor. She leaned forward and touched it. It was warm, and as she rose a fitful gleam of the fire showed her hand crimson with blood. With a frightened cry she sprang to the clock, and as she opened it the head of the poor officer fell heavily forward, the blood gushing from two great gashes in his breast. He was dead.—Philadelphia Times.

The Squirrel and the Rats.

A young man living in the outskirts of Portland caught a squirrel recently and started in to tame it, and he had such success that the squirrel is now as tame as a house cat. The squirrel, after being boxed up for a while, was given the run of the house and went about upstairs and down at will. Then he was let out doors and allowed to play in the trees, but he got back into the house regularly at meal time and at night. A few days ago the squirrel dodged into a rat hole and began running through the walls. The house had been overrun with rats, and after the squirrel got into the walls there was a scampering and racket which threatened to tear the house down. The squirrel came out of the hole after a while, and from that time nothing has been heard of rats in the house. The squirrel enjoys a scamper through the walls every day, but the rats have taken themselves off.

The White Rhinoceros.

From a letter addressed by that renowned sportsman, Mr. Selous, to the Field, it appears that that curious and rare animal, the white rhinoceros, has not yet gone the way of the dodo and the great bustard, though some have ventured to give Mr. Selous' authority for saying that he is extinct. It is to the occupation of North Mashonaland, which kept the native hunters to the west of the Umali river, that this gentleman attributes the fact that in this part a few specimens still survive the constant persecution which in less than twenty years has utterly exterminated them in every other portion of South Central Africa. "There may yet," Mr. Selous adds, be ten or twenty of these animals left, but certainly not more. I think than the latter number."

A More Appropriate Name.

Miss Backnumber—My little dog Hero was awfully vexed by a cat to-day, so I think I shall have to change his name.

Miss Sere—What will you call him now?

Miss Backnumber—Claudio!

A QUEER FAD.

A Cranky Englishman Who Has a Fancy for Human Skulls.

Collectors sometimes indulge in odd fancies. Mr. Edward Hammond, of Leominster, appears to have a fancy for collecting human skulls. One day last month he was in the priory churchyard in that town, when the sexton, like that famous grave-digger who remembered the king's jester before his flashes of merriment had ceased to set the tables in a roar, cast up a skull. Upon this Mr. Hammond stooped down, picked up the grim relic, and placing it in a handkerchief together with some grass, was seen to walk away with it.

Subsequently the skull, having been washed, was seen, it is said, in Mr. Hammond's office; but the business got wind and made a talk, and finally, no less a body than the home office authorities were induced to take up the matter. It was in accordance with orders from the home office that the deputy chief constable sought out Mr. Hammond the other day in Leominster market and demanded the restoration of "that skull." Mr. Hammond's answer was that it was no longer in his possession.

He had "reinterred it," he said. Besides, in so doing, he had "conducted a proper burial service over it." More he could scarcely do; but the authorities were not yet appeased. Mr. Hammond has been charged in the Leominster police court and convicted of unlawfully removing human remains from a burial place. The magistrates, however, seem to have thought that he had done well enough to atone for his indiscretion, for while they fined him is., they ordered that the costs should be paid by the prosecution.

BOARDING-HOUSE GOSSIP.

A Social Entertainment That Lasts From Morning Till Night.

The ability to mind one's own business is a most commendable and beautiful virtue, but, alas! there are some women who board who have so few affairs of their own with which to occupy their time that the greater portion of the day and many hours of the night as well are spent in talking about what does not concern them in the least.

Their entire world is compassed by the four walls of the house that holds them, and the doings and sayings of the inmates are the staple topics of conversation. In the morning they gather in each other's rooms, and the conversations opens with a discussion of at what hour the next door neighbor arrived home the night before, the business and the income of the new boarders in the second-story front, the quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, which, by the way, they never would have known anything about if one of the members had not gazed her ear to a convenient crack in the adjoining door, and many other topics of a like interesting and elevating character.

Now it is a perfect wonder to a busy woman how these ladies find the time for such lengthy discourses. Surely, the reading of a course of standard literature would be a much more worthy and instructive pastime and not lead to the mischief that such gossip always results in. Oh, women who board, take care! Take care lest your judgment be too harsh and your conclusions too hasty. Surface observation tells you nothing of the real life of men or women, and unless you desire the boomerang of your venom to recoil upon your own character, watch the tongue carefully lest it lead to gossip and scandal that has no foundation in actual fact.

A WOOL FOUNDATION.

A National Pike Bridge Rests on a Pile of Soft Sheep's Wool.

When the national pike bridge west of Richmond was in process of construction the workmen at the west side of Whitewater river dug down to find a solid foundation. They struck a great and seemingly bottomless bed of quicksand. Vainly they labored to find a safe resting place for the foundation.

Finally the civil engineer and the contractor struck on a model expedient to overcome the difficulty. They sent men all through the country to buy wool. They purchased nearly all of that commodity in that and adjacent counties, and the primitive woolen mills were compelled to pay high prices in order to procure anything to work on. This wool, unwashed, burs and all, was delivered on wagons of all sorts. It came piled high on beds constructed for the purpose, and all was tumbled into the hole intended for the foundation. As pressure was applied it sank some distance into the sand, but finally it would sink no further.

At last, on this woolly foundation, the rocks were laid, and to-day the western abutment of the old national bridge rests on a bed of compressed wool.

The Wealth of Oklahoma.

The last year is said to have been one of general prosperity to the Oklahoma farmer. The real and personal property of the territory the governor estimates at \$90,000,000. There are five national banks in the territory, with a deposit account of \$150,000 each, and four incorporated banks, with \$30,000 capital and one with \$20,000. There are also fourteen private banks with an average capital of \$15,000.

A Valid Argument.

"I approve six of physical education in our schools, for I know there is nothing better for boys and men than good, healthy exercise."

"That may be, and yet our fathers never spent any time at gymnastic exercises."

"I know it. And what's the consequence? Aren't they all dead to-day?"

ORATIONS.

We will give our readers the orations delivered by the young ladies at the Commencement exercises last Friday evening at Council Grove.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

BY KATHARYNE BOWLES.

Until within the last few centuries, and even yet among many peoples, a woman has been considered as an inferior being. She could rear a family, and greatly relieve her lord and master of many of the struggles incident to human life, but she was regarded even among the Greeks and Romans as "something better than a dog, something dearer than a horse." She was a very marketable commodity, for a man would sell his wife's soul, body, or honor, before he would sell his farm, or his horse, or even his own square days labor, and all the free feelings of the man or woman of today revolt, when reading the history of the rise and progress of woman. When we bring that history down, and read it in the light of the 19th Century, when we see how the

"AMERICAN GIRL" has broken her shackles, and has been presented with one degree of freedom after another; see how she is universally admired at home and abroad, rivaling the Italian girl in beauty, the French girl in vivacity, but at all times and places being a Queen in the higher walks of life, then we may exclaim, that she is a very charming and beautiful necessity.

Follow her to her Father's home, see her with her white apron and becoming head-dress, willingly and intelligently performing the most menial duties, or preparing a meal that would challenge the love of the voracious epicurean; see her in the fields assisting in the harvest; see her upon the field of battle, and in the wake of the army, performing the most heroic and meritorious offices; see her in the evenings with her lover, or the elite and educated, engaged in brilliant conversation upon the topics of the day, or executing the most difficult productions of the musical masters, then we say, what would we do without the beautiful, educated, brilliant, capable, well-disposed "American Girl?" No use to go abroad for our ideal, for the foreign girl is not suited to us in blood, training, disposition, natural accomplishments or capabilities, and she never assumes the position of an American girl, however Americanized she may become.

For years after the discovery, and all through the settlement of America, necessity compelled the wives and daughters to assist the husbands and fathers in all outdoor labor, in addition to the domestic and family duties, and nobly did they do their work; but as progress was made, as broad acres and beautiful homes appeared on every hand, and churches, schools, colleges, court houses, and industrial institutions reared their heads; after we had thrown off the foreign yoke, and became "America, the home of the free," our girls went to school, and to learn in the various artistic and scientific avocations, and today she stands far in advance of the girls of any other land, and no living man can tell where her limit in position will be fixed. She has invaded the domain of man, and claims the right to earn her own living at clerical, stenography, telegraphy, and other honorable vocations, and instead of being ostracized by society as she is in foreign lands, she is the more honored for her independence, and because she has shown herself in these to be peer of man, and in many cases out ranks him.

She has demanded a right, and has been admitted by the stern logic of events, to enter the sacred pulpit, when but a few years ago the old straight laced, puritan preachers and elders proclaimed from the house-top and highways, that the bible taught us it was unpardonable that women should lift up their voice in public and that they must even pray in secret.

The American girl has outstripped the girls of other countries, in everything demanding and being clothed with the right of being admitted to practice at the highest legal tribunals of the land. That she nobly acquiesces herself there, is attested by the many whose property she has successfully defended, and by whose impassioned eloquence and powerful logic their lives and liberties have been preserved. She has laid siege to, and successfully stormed the citadels of medicine and surgery, and her success therein, and her ability to master the almost insurmountable difficulties within this charmed circle, is attested by the masters of this honored profession. In many of the states she is admitted by law to hold office, and she is knocking at the door of the Senate of the United States, and who among us is prepared to say she will not be admitted? It is among the possibilities as the years go by, that the American girl will be peer of, if not out rank Webster or Toney in law, McKensie or Euastacia in medicine, Bacon or Aristotle in philosophy, or Demosthenes in oratory, heart and music, Angelo and Beethoven have soared high above their fellows, and acknowledged no superior; but a close scrutiny of the records tell us that our girls are snatching laurels from these honored brows, and placing them upon their own fair heads. I ask you then, when we view the American Girl in all phases of life, note her talent joined with inexhaustible patience and perseverance, which promises far greater results than talent joined with the impatience of men; with the shackles of the past falling from and freeing her bodily and mentally; see her almost daily attaining, well maintaining and honoring the highest stations and most onerous duties in this great country of ours, can any one search the future sufficiently well; can we, judging the future by the past, draw a line at the height, the depth, the width of the possibilities and accomplishments of the American Girl? If we may be permitted, on such an occasion as this, to cast the horseshoe; to take time by the forelock, and bringing it up to the present, prognosticate upon a subject so interesting to the American girl, and of such deep concern to the people of the coming days; if, "Looking backward," I may peer with prophetic eye down through the Century which she is knocking at our doors, and declare what I see hidden there, then I proclaim, so it may go far beyond the hearing of my voice; that, while I do not believe in strong minded women—so called—yet, as the American Girl is knocking at the doors of every place of profit, honor and trust, in this, "the home of the brave and the fair," the doors will assuredly be opened from within, and the men had better look to their laurels. The entering wedge has been driven, and can never be withdrawn, and the day is near at hand when she will stand your peer, and in many cases your superior in the councils of the Nations, in the different professions, and in every avenue of life and business. If you wish to be supreme, keep newspapers, magazines, and books from their reach, forbid them the church, the schools, the colleges, the conservatories of art and music withhold from them the institutions of theology, law and medicine; but, most of all, I adjure you, banish and shut them out from the free American girl.

The time will come, when you, my fit-to-rule man, will be compelled to don the apron and become head-dress, to broil the steak and care for the children, while your wives and daughters are hobnobbing with sister Senators and Representatives, and their only left you the consolation of meeting with your kind, and unite in the bitter rejoinder of the old Roman—"We are slaves; slaves to a horde of petty tyrants. The bright sun rises, and its last rays fall upon slaves."

There is considerable adverse criticism upon the appointment of Edeka as comptroller of the currency, it being claimed that he is not familiar enough with finances.

The Vampire of our Republic.

BY MARIE MACK.

Every age seems to have had its superstitions, none of which, perhaps, is more weird and fascinating to the credulous mind, than that of the vampire. That there does exist in the tropical parts of the world a species of the bat, called the vampire, which is famous for fastening itself on sleeping men and animals, and sucking their blood, gives a foundation for those tales which have existed in the Levant ever since the time that Greece was the ruling nation of the world.

Their idea of a vampire was that a young woman of such grace and beauty, that no one could resist her charms, enticed young men to her and lived on their blood. Then the story was corrupted, and after the time of Constantine the Great, it was the popular belief that all who died without the pale of the church, were unable to rest quietly in their graves, but, possessed of an evil spirit, roamed the earth at night, living off the blood of men. Any one who, during his life had been attacked by a vampire at his death became a vampire. If a number of persons died suddenly in a village at one time, it was thought they had been vampirized, and the body of any dead person who was suspected was exhumed, and if found with mouth and eyes open, blood in the veins, and flesh moist (the signs of a vampire) the heart was cut out and burned on the sea shore. If this did not prove effectual, the head was cut off, a stake driven through it, and it and the body burned.

We of this common-sense practical nineteenth century, smile disdainfully at these old time superstitions, treating them but as idle tales, the silly vapors of the minds of ignorant men. In pride at our superior knowledge and philosophic minds, pronounce them moths of a barbarous age.

Yet weak, idle, silly as they seem, to the impartial observer, they contain a lesson of vast importance. Is not this vampire with its blood-sucking nature, its life destroying powers, a fitting type of the great evil which has fastened itself upon the vitals of our Republic; that evil which is even now sucking the very life blood from her veins; the Vampire Political Corruption? How startling is the fact of the corruption which exists in both national and state politics; the greed for office and power over shadowing and crowding out every sentiment of patriotism. The purity and simplicity of the political methods designed by the founders of the Republic have almost become obsolete. Enticed by the charms and graces of office, the honor it bestows; the power it delegates the position and emoluments it affords; men are first dazzled by its magnificence; then lured to desire it, and at last become so far fascinated, as to be intoxicated, that they rush with eager haste into its embrace; and the vampire fastens itself upon them with a grasp which can not be shaken off.

The blame of the larger part of the corruption in politics is universally laid on Foreign Immigration. We can not deny that if there were no voters of alien birth, there would be comparatively but few votes to be bought on election days, and thus that branch of corruption would be, in a great measure, restricted. But it is not the immigrant, who, in the state and national legislatures, and in the municipal government, is bought to vote for this measure or that for the benefit of private business, regardless of whether or not it is for the public good. Take as an illustration the time when the Tammany gang was in ascendancy in New York. There the rulers of the city were not the ignorant foreigners on whom the blame is generally laid, and yet the judiciary was so corrupted that any one who belonged to the gang, or who could in any way purchase its favors, could commit any crime with impunity.

Political corruption is indirectly the cause of a great many of the crimes committed; for the legislatures of all the states are bought by the whiskey element to make laws in their favor, and to countenance their business and make it legal; as witness the legislature of Illinois being bought by the liquor dealers of Chicago to allow the sale of intoxicating liquors on the World's Fair grounds. Then men made drunk by this legalized rum; made murderers, thieves, and liars by a legalized statute; commit crimes, and we, who protect by the strong arm of the law, the man who sells them the rum, we lift our hands in holy horror and shout ourselves hoarse with the cry of condemnation.

They are brought into court and there, if poor, they experience the full vigor of the law; while if rich and able to pay largely for being treated well; or if, perchance they may be able to influence the next election in favor of some member of the court, they are released on the ground of temporary insanity. Ah! the hideous vampire!

Who is to blame for all this wretchedness? Surely not the poor immigrant who, accustomed from childhood to grasp all within his reach, and so ignorant that he knows not the crime he is committing, surely, not he. Then is not the source of this trouble those men who give to the professional politicians the money with which these votes are bought? money is becoming the all potent factor; and more of it is used each year, as the growth of our state and national life increases the power and authority of those who hold office. Can we deny this in view of the investigation now being made at our State capitol?

A recent editorial says, "It looks somewhat like the bribe money of the Kansas City, Kansas, gamblers had reached its destination and effected its intended purpose after all. The anti-gambling and anti-lottery bills were killed in the Kansas Senate Saturday afternoon; the presiding officer ruling that they could not be acted upon. Both of these measures could have been disposed of in a few hours, if the senate had seen fit to give them proper attention. No good reason existed why they should not pass promptly on third reading, to which they could easily have been advanced. Why they were not so advanced is a question which the senate majority might interest constituents by explaining? The fact that four thousand, five hundred dollars was known to have been sent to Topeka for the purpose of preventing this very legislation, makes its failure to pass, to say the least, rather suspicious. Under the circumstances, the senators ought to have exerted themselves to the utmost to put both measures through."

There are those men who give to the party to which they belong calls for the money, without need requiring how it is to be used. Of course, there is a great deal of money needed to carry on a campaign in a legitimate manner; that no one pretends to deny; but often calls are made for money so near the close of a campaign, that it can not be evident that it is to be used for buying votes on election day.

Do you suppose the man who furnishes money for such purposes does it out of pure, honest love for the public weal? No; there must be an object and that object is often a dangerous one—party politics. Party must win; it matters not the means, or whether the candidate is capable of filling the office; who is the motto.

A vampire like political corruption seeks selfish aggrandizement; and accomplishes for the benefit of the few at the expense and degradation of the many; impelling our civic, social and private rights; threatening the very life of the nation. An astute observer of the times has issued this note of warning: "There is no fact more certain than that a republican form of government cannot be built on political corruption. Intelligence and morality are the sine qua non, without which a free and popular government is a delusive hope. We speak of the American Republic as an assured success; but, as a matter of fact has it passed the experimental test? True, it has stood one hundred sixteen years and survived the shock of a terrible civil war. But will it survive this deadly corruption that is rotting away its very foundations? Three factors are to be encountered now, and in the future, that have been comparatively insignificant in the past; the unparalleled growth

of our cities, the immense increase of our foreign element, and the frightful preponderance of the greshop in politics. Will these factors prove fatal?

That depends on the length of time that is allowed to elapse before the remedy is found and applied."

Let us emulate the example of these simple minded villagers, and rise en masse to cut out the heart of this vampire and burn it by restricting Foreign Immigration; by punishing the politicians and the party who buy, more severely than the man who sells; branding as a criminal the sly, slick, corrupter, rather than the ignorant victim of cupidity; by outlawing the greshop; by disfranchising the man who seeks to make a trade of the power his office bestows—seeks to raise himself to high official position by machine and corruption; and driving the stake of popular disapproval through the head, burn up the whole body with a nation's scorn and righteous indignation.

HUMAN GREATNESS.

The stars are myriad sons that float Each one a luminous golden mote. And each within his little place About the loneliness of space.

They float and drift and swarm and swim, In human vision faint and dim, And still beyond our keenest eyes They throng a million other sides.

Imagination fails, and thought Beyond the threshold hails distraught, While blackly o'er the spirit brood The terrors of infinitude.

And what's the earth? A satellite That whirls about a cosmic mile. A grain of dust impalpable, Of which all space is sifted full.

And here's a man upon the earth Who prides himself on wealth or birth: Who struts his little breath of date: And cries: Behold me, I am great! —Gertrude Horton.

An Atchison county farmer is feeding 5,000 head of sheep.

At Osage City a new co-operative store with a capital of \$56,000 is soon to be started.

Good government land can still be had in Gray county for the payment of the filing fee.

A Newton woman has just completed a point lace "Josie" which she values at \$90.

Arkansas City hotels are enjoying a largely increased business on account of the strip opening.

An Independence lady has an invitation to the inaugural ball held in Washington March 4, 1865.

One Salina firm paid out \$11,000 to the farmers of Saline county last month for poultry and eggs.

Madame Modjeska is very fond of walking. When she was in Topeka she crossed and recrossed Kansas avenue several times.

It is the impression that the postmaster at Belle Plaine is preparing for a change because he advertises a load of coals for sale.

There are forty men employed on the new government building at Atchison. Isn't that about enough federal pie for one town?

A spinning wheel made in 1720, and now the property of a resident of LaBette City, has been sent to the world's fair for exhibition.

Emmett Dalton has been put to weaving carpet in the Kansas penitentiary. That is about as well as he will ever come to stretching hemp.

It appears that the women of Wellington have enough sense to leave the merchant in the soup who laid in a supply of crinoline a few weeks ago.

A watch charm which was stolen two years ago from a Topeka jeweler, was recognized by him the other day on a man from Missouri who was passing his store.

The skating rink at Emporia, which is associated with the recollection of many effulgent social events, is to be converted into a stock stable. Sic transit, etc.

The Kansas boys at the Chicago university are distinguished from the rest of the students by the certainty with which they know everything, and more besides.

A Lawrence resident recently sold two 6-month-old greyhounds to a Texas gentleman for \$550. The live stock industry seems to be picking up in all branches.

Paola has a minister named Schnacke. The prominent individual whom he is fighting spelled his name differently when he tempted Mother Eve in the garden.

Paderewski will visit Topeka about the middle of April. It will be a great treat to see the wondrous zephyrs of Kansas avenue toy with the luxuriant locks of the Polish pianist.

The Delsartean fad has taken full possession of society in Lawrence. A woman in that town who weighs 200 pounds with her summer clothes on is practicing the "feather movement."

The meeting of the State Bee Keepers' association and the Forest Park Chautauque are events which are looked forward to in Ottawa with the hope of financial aggrandizement and of spiritual profit.

Robert Morrow, who used to run the Hotel Coolidge in Emporia and afterward the Hyran hotel in Atchison, has leased a big hotel which is in process of construction at El Reno, Ok. His sons, Bob and George, will help him run it.

An Atchison county farmer's net profits last year on his eighty acre farm were \$14.63. The net profits of his wife from forty-two hens in the same time were \$126.18. Now let us hear no more about the superiority of the sterner sex.

A Wichita man recently furnished the Missouri Pacific road an indemnity bond for \$200,000 on behalf of a widow whose husband was killed on the company's tracks. The bond was given in order that she might collect \$45 due her husband as wages.

The secretary of the faculty of Leno university contradicts the statement that the southwestern conference of the United Brethren church voted to withdraw its support from Lane with the view of making Central college at Enterprise the church school of the state. Lane is still in the conference and is still in the swim.

All Quiet in Honolulu.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The mail brought to the United States from Samoa and Hawaii has reached Washington. The official mail for the department was small and contained no advice regarding affairs in Hawaii. Private advice in letters received by officers from friends in Honolulu state that matters are generally quiet on the islands.

A BLUFF.

How a Band of Indians Were Cleverly Dupeed.

"I had one brush with Indians and do not want another," said Major S. B. Pillsbury. "In 1850 I was down in Southwestern Kansas with a surveying party. I had been sent back to our supply station, some thirty miles distant, and was returning with two well-laden pack mules and a young half-breed Indian boy when a band of roving Apaches swooped down upon me.

"There were a dozen in the party, but I knew that surrender meant certain death, so I prepared to make such defense as I could. Right in front of me were two large cottonwood trees. I shot the pack mules so that one fell on one side of the trees and one on the other, thus making a rude fort. I had a fine rifle and a large fowling-piece, and I put a dozen bullets in each barrel of the latter and reserved it for the rush. The bucks were well mounted and armed, and they began circling around me, shielding their bodies behind their horses and firing rapidly. My first and second shots were fortunate, and the survivors retired to a safe distance and held a pow-wow. I felt sure that they would make a rush, and that if they did they would get me. I must make a bluff.

"In the packs were a dozen bunches of fire crackers, intended for our modest Fourth of July celebration. I secured them, cut the fuses short and lit a fire with twigs and dry grass. The rush came. I led with my rifle and threw the crackers into the fire. I pumped both barrels of buckshot into the Apaches and the crackers set up a roar like a platoon of musketry. The Indians were astounded, and dividing to the right and left, went by me like the wind."

POWER OF A SMILE.

How a Lieutenant Pacified a Swarm of African Savages.

Italian soldiers used to be trained to overcome their foes by the assumption of the fiercest possible expression of countenance—the face ferocious, as it was called. Lieutenant H. Crichton-Browne, of her majesty's service, says that during his perilous journey across the veldt in South Africa he found his engaging smile a more potent artifice to subdue the savage breast. One day a swarm of wild Africans came upon the lieutenant and his little band, and the redoubtable soldier confesses that he "felt an inward sinking," but it was only momentary. "I knew," says he, "that my safety depended on my maintaining external coolness, and so I remained imperturbable until I distinguished directly in front of me to the right, an Induna or Ring-kop (leaders among the Metabele wear a black ring on the head) who was particularly violent in his objection, and on him I fixed my eye and smiled. When I first smiled on the Ring-kop Metabele he was the picture of savage rage; as I went on smiling he mollified, and as I smiled again and again he broke into a hoarse laugh. It was a hoarse laugh, but I think I never heard a jollier one, and I immediately followed up my advantage." The savages were soon so pacified that they were willing to do anything to oblige the lieutenant and his party.

LONG FINGER NAILS.

A Chinaman Raised One Six Inches In Length.

To allow the nails to grow to an inordinate length is common in China, as an indication that the owner follows a sedentary occupation or leads a life of leisure. Long nails on the right hand would interfere with the use of the brush (corresponding to our pen), and would therefore reflect unfavorably on the person concerned, as tending to show that he did not devote himself to composition and literary exercises, the pride of all educated Chinese. They are almost always confined to the left hand, therefore, and are at times very long, delicately chased silver cases being worn to protect them.

Some years ago I met a Chinese gentleman who had carefully guarded the growth of the nails on the third and fourth fingers, the former for some ten years, the latter for over twenty-five. The nail on the fourth finger, when the silver protector was removed was some six inches or more long, and twisted like a cork-pen screw. Some few months later this gentleman, owing to an accident, broke the nail. His grief was as great as if he had lost a near relative.

The Most Remarkable Latin Sentence.

The Latin sentence, "Sator arepo tenet opera rotas," which is, it must be admitted, pretty bad Latin, is a curiosity nevertheless. It can be freely translated as "I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels." Its fine oddities are these:

First—It spells the same backwards as forwards.

Second—The first letter of each word spells the first word.

Third—The same may be said of the second third, fourth and fifth letters.

Fourth—The last letters, read backwards, spell the first word, the next to the last the second word, and so on throughout.

Fifth—There are just as many letters in each word as there are words in the sentence.

A Contrary Man.

"This remedy, sir," said the clerk at the drug store, taking down a bottle of patent medicine from one of the shelves, "is highly recommended for the ailment you are suffering from. The firm that compounds it has bushels of testimonials. It has cured thousands of cases."

"I've no faith in testimonials," grumbled the customer. "Give me a bottle of some kind of blamed mixture, if you've got it, that has never been known to cure anybody."

THE GOLDEN EXCEPTION.

She lifts back the window-curtain; He closes the gate below; She smiles—a coquette, I am certain; His eyes take a tender glow; Will it be this way after marriage? Will they play at sweethearts through life? Listen, you who true love despise; They have flirted for years—that's his wife! —New England Magazine.

A FLASH IN THE PAN.

It takes a tough man t' stand it when you Texas fellers drop a link an' strike an all-day gait. Y' think that because a man's punched cows in th' North he don't know an "apple-horn" from a "Visalia," or a "rope" from a "lass," or either of 'em from a "necarte." I s'pose, now, y'd look at me red-eyed of I was t' tell y' that I've done as much twinin' amongst th' chaparral as I have on top o' th' bunchgrass, an' flopped my lip over th' chuck in a greaser's adobe as often as I've pounded my ear in a Montana shack.

Now jest s'pose a man—not me, but another feller—t' be peaceably shackin' along on his mustang over one o' them big mesas down there, when out from th' gates o' a hacienda he was passin' rode a beautiful creature, not sixteen—they ripen early down there—with black hair, languishin' eyes, an' a figger t' set fire t' th' heart o' any vaquero that ever cuffed a rope, an' dashin' up t' Bill Snooks turned loose her pleadin' dark eyes on him, an' said:

"Does th' caballero ride t' th' rancho of Senor th' Intendant o' th' herds o' th' Blazin' Brazos?"

"Good Lord!" said Bill Snooks to himself, "this lays over me." But t' her he said in his softest voice, a good deal spoiled by pretty steady "singin' to 'em" for a number o' years:

"Si, senorita; y' can bet yer sweet life he does."

"An' will he charge himself with this, to me, letter o' life an' death, an' deliver it safely into the hand of one Don Henrico Martinez at that rancho?"

"That little cuss, Hen Martin, fer th' whisky! George, what luck s'ome men do have!" said Snooks ag'in to himself. But, bel'n' short on Spanish, he had t' git off pretty much th' same old gag t' her.

"Si, senorita; y' can bank on Hen—on Don Henrico's gettin' it all right."

"An' I shall t' th' Senor Caballero my thanks o' th' most deep, an' prayers t' th' Holy Mother of Heaven!" with which polite remark th' lady wheeled her horse an' vamoosed as sudden as she come.

Martin was a man o' simple habits, an' easy t' find. He was stretched in a hammock under a big cottonwood, with a cigarette in his mouth, a dirty French novel in his hand and a whisky cocktail close by. He was a handsome little cuss, born and bred in Boston, where most o' th' company stockholders lived, and though his services wasn't very valuable it was understood t' be worth all it cost to his friends t' keep him safely caged 3,000 miles away from home.

Snooks havin' delivered th' letter, Martin chuckled away his cigarette and perched t' read it, not noticein' that Bill was still standin' there. Now, as I told y' Bill's affections had taken such a strong delawelt around th' lovely senorita that not havin' much fear o' Hen Martin before his eyes he jest naterally stayed there t' see what'd happen; an' in about a minute Martin jumped up, an' pitchin' his novel after his cigarette yelled out: "Oh, Lord, what a fix! What an infernal fix!"

"What's up?" said Bill. There be in nobody else there he took th' view that Martin must a spoke t' him.

"Up!" said Martin, lookin' at Bill sort o' wild like. "Everything's up! I'm up, up a tree! Look here, Bill, y' saw that girl that sent me th' letter? We're in love, Bill; madly in love! An' at last she's consented t' go off with me. Listen. 'One so adored!' Bother, the's not it. Um, um, here you are:

"Meet you on foot, at 9 to-night, by th' broken cross where th' roads meet, an' fly—t' be parted, never!"

"Well," says Bill, "what's th' matter with that? You'll fly, o' course, an' everything'll be lovely."

"Oh, Bill, I can't! I haven't got any money! I'm dead broke. Strapped, clean busted! I got my quarter's pay on Friday, an' Willy th' Kid an' 'Black Joe' cleaned me out at draw before night. Oh, curse th' luck! Bill, what shall I do? I love her so! An' she'll die with shame an' disappointment, fer she loves me just as hard. Oh, Bill! Bill!"

"How much'd it take?" said Bill. "About five hundred. Jest th' lot I dropped at those cursed cards. Enough t' go North an' live on till we can bully her uncle out o' some more. She's an orphan an' rich. If we was once married he couldn't keep her out o' it long."

"I'll lend it to y'," said Bill. Martin pulled himself up an' glared at th' other with a blink o' manly spirit in his eye. "I didn't suppose you'd go t' laintin' me now, Bill," said he.

"Baitin', be blowed," said Bill. "I'll give y' a square check on the Stockman's bank in Dallas for 500 good states dollars."

Martin looked hard at him. "Bill," said he, "d' y' mean it?" "Sure," said Bill Snooks.

"Where'd y' git it?" "Saved it up. Meant t' quit punchin' an' go in fer sh'ep on my own hook."

"An' now y' offer t' lend it t' me?" "On th' dead straight," said Bill. "An' give up yer sh'ep? Five hundred in sheep'll make a man o' y' in a few years, Bill. A feller like you thet can work."

"Ye—s; I s'pose it would. But what's th' odds, long's y' re happy! As she's happy, thet is. Take th'

money, Martin, an' go along. She'll ranchin' 'll last, I reckon. Y' can pay me, y' know."

"Pay y'! Why, Bill; ye shall have a hacienda stocked with full-blooded merinos. Oh! Y' shall be paid in money! but th' kindness of it! Well, it's no use t' talk, Bill; but I shan't forget it. An' now, if y' do mean it, Bill, I must hustle! I've got t' fix up some little things here, and hunt up a horse thet'll carry her."

"That's so," said Bill. "Her letter said 'on foot,' didn't it? Y'd better take Cringo."

"Bill! Your little racer, thet y' set so much by."

"Well, I don't s'pose y' want t' put'er on no bench-legged plug, thet'll lope all day in th' shade o' a cottonwood tree. An' now, Martin, look here; you'll want somethin' t' go on; here's a dozen greaser dollars fer change; I'll give y' a check fer th' five hundred, so y' can git it in Dallas, or y' can tell th' old man thet y' won it off o' me, an' he'll cash it fer y', he knows it's all right, an' then I'll ride over t' Las Casos an' hunt up a woman's saddle, an' there I'll feed an' rub down Cringo, an' have him at the crossroads, as fresh as paint, at five minutes before 9. O' course you'll be waitin' fer me there, an' when she comes, an' is once up, thet ain't a horse in th' country thet Cringo can't show a clean pair o' heels to."

At the time set Bill Snooks rode his racin' mustang, "Cringo," slowly down the trail from Las Casos toward th' broken cross where th' roads met. Ther was a touch o' sorrow in his heart, fer Bill loved th' little mustang better'n anything else 'n th' world—except th' lady o' th' hacienda; but he hadn't long t' think about it before a little veiled figger came creepin' down th' trail, an' a soft voice whispered: "Thou art waitin' fer thy so late Ninita, but my uncle—." Here Bill was obliged t' explain th' situation, an', cursin' Martin under his breath for a cowardly sneak t' make th' flatterin' little creature wait, he begged her as politely as he knew how t' mount th' bay horse, an' th' Senor Martin would be with them in a'most no time.

"Ah! he has sent you with a horse; so kind, so thoughtful!" as a child her little arched foot t' Bill Snooks' big brown hand, she sprang t' th' saddle. "But listen! I hear th' trampin' o' horses. It must be ho, yet they seem many. Senor Caballero, if there be danger I look t' you fer protection!"

"With my life, senorita!" said Bill. Addin' to 'imself "for God's sake, Bill Snooks, keep yer gun in yer belt, an' yer mouth shut, till y' see what'll do her th' least harm!"

By this time th' clatter o' hoofs had stopped, an' plumb in front o' Bill an' th' senorita pulled up Don Juan Felipe Agu

THE PEOPLE.

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No. 8

Political and Otherwise

GRAND WORDS.

Chairman H. E. Tansbeck, of the National Committee of the People's party, uttered the following grand words, of which we heartily approve.

"FUSION mean confusion and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get. We want every democrat and republican to come with us and we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we can't afford to secure either voter or office by bartering away our principles. The very moment we use them as trading stock and peddle them around to the highest bidder to secure an office we will sink into oblivion and we ought to. There is but one thing for us to do. 'Keep in the middle of the road.' Hoist the black flag and neither give or accept any quarter.

Any one who expects any of the old parties to give us any financial reforms by fusion in my opinion, is a mental deformity."

Take this paper only \$1.

No question has ever presented itself to the people of this State for discussion which has attracted the attention of thinkers equal to the Labor Exchange. The mere mention of the underlying principles of the Exchange causes earnest and wide-spread discussion. Without question it is the open door through which the oppressed business and agricultural classes will walk out of bondage to the money power into the marvelous light of universal liberty.

The stalwart democrats and republicans are anxious about fusion in the future. There has been no fusion in Kansas, if you please; there will be none in '94; but if the State administration keeps on the course they have started and Martin keeps his pledges and no one doubts that he will, they will be supported by all who supported them in '92.—Paola Times.

It is bad enough for the People's party to have fused with the democrats without lying about it.

RATHER INQUISITIVE.

She Could not Make Bad News of It, Although She Tried.

"I have often read of the inborn curiosity of the genuine Yankee," said a Westerner on a visit to New York the other day, "and of the unconsciously impudent way in which he will cross-examine the merest acquaintance. Out in the West it is not only bad manners but often dangerous to ask too many questions, so we don't do it. Therefore I was a little surprised when I first met one of these 'I-want-to-knows,' but I quickly decided to humor her—it was a woman this time—just see how far she would go.

"I was traveling up into Vermont to take some presents from a friend of mine in California to his father and mother on the old homestead. The car was pretty full and I had to make room on my seat for a farmer's wife with a big basket of groceries. She apologized for crowding me and I was rash enough to say that I did not mind it at all. That broke the ice for her and she began:

"Going to Plum Corners?"

"Yes."

"Do tell! That's where I live myself. Going to stop at Blak's hotel?"

"No."

"That's all the hotel there is at Plum Corners. Guess you must be going to stop with friends there?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Mr. James Stebbins."

"Do tell. Old Jim Stebbins? Is he any relative of yours?"

"No."

"Just an old friend, eh?"

"Never saw him in my life."

"I want to know. You're a sheriff's man, I guess, come out to serve a writ on him, eh? I always knew Jim Stebbins wasn't as well fixed as he pretended. What business has a farmer with a fast trotting horse anyway? I always knowed it'd lead him into debt and I ain't sorry for it, the onneighborly old curmudgeon. Say, how much is the judgment for? I've been expectin' this for years."

"I have no judgment against him. I have come to tell him something about his son."

"What! Young Bill Stebbins? Is he dead?"

"Not so bad at that."

"Not quite so bad, eh? In jail, mayhap. Well, I never could see nothing to admire in Bill, anyway. A humbly sort of a feller to look at he always was, and after he throw over my darter and went out West, I knowed he'd go to the bad. What sort of a scrape is he in now, stranger? A bad one, I'll be bound; horse stealing or arson, eh?"

"No. No scrape at all, madam."

I answered. He's just been elected county judge and I've come to tell the old people that he is about the most respected man in those parts."

"Hump," snorted the old woman. "That was all she had to say, but she made it mean a great deal."

VICTORY.

LABOR TRIUMPHS.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

The first Labor Exchange Store in successful operation in the State of Kansas.

BENNINGTON, KANSAS.

May, 9th 1893.

Thursday May 4th, 1893, the store of the N. Robbins Drug and Mer. Co. went into successful operation under the Labor Exchange plan, with 26 of our very best citizens as charter members, and many more, both men and women to become members as soon as committee on membership can report. We have introduced the grandest of all systems—the check system. Checks have been issued, transferred, redeemed and cancelled. It is proving a grand success. It, when thoroughly introduced will release mankind from the tyrants of a legal tender currency. It will build up home industries, employ idle labor, and retain the fruits of our own labor within our own possession, and bring to the people what we have hoped to gain through political action, we bury the political hatchet, and hail our republican and democratic brothers come join hands like business men and not stand a part in constant warfare like fools or barbarians. Instead of the merchant skinning the farmer for every dollar he can in order to make up for bad debts he has upon his book. The two go into business up on equal footing, assisting one another in securing what they rightly can for the products of the labor. It brings the business man and farmer up on interested terms, in to perfect co-operation, the fundamental principle of the Knights of Labor. It will establish a cash system in place of the credit system, by the use of the check system. By doubling the circulating medium. This fulfills the cardinal principles of the People's party.

The people are awakening to this grand fact, as we are receiving letters from many points all over the state and United States, asking information concerning the Exchange or association in organization. Of course we meet opposition from the enemy—such as office seekers, political shysters and bootlers, who would sacrifice the most sacred rights of the people for the spoils of office, thinking it may injure their chances in future elections. Can the people trust such men in office? We have a demonstration of this element in our own county. There is another class of enemies fighting us. The narrow-headed nin-com-poop, ex-officials, ex-state prison convicts, men with heavy judgments hanging over their heads for criminal libel slander, etc, too infernal lazy to take a pure thought, let alone doing a days work, loafing on street corners, chewing their quid of dog-leg and spitting, perclance, a vagrant fle might sip thereof. These people know no business except poking their nose in where the devil intended they should—lying, slandering, condemning the good, upholding the evil, anything, no matter how accursed to gratify their hellish spirit. But thank heaven no such criminals can find their way into the throne of the Labor Exchange, the salvation of productive industries, the balm for social evils.

N. ROBBINS.

G. B. DeBernardi, of Warrensburg, Mo. author of the Labor Exchange thought, spent several days in Topeka last week discussing the system. Mr. DeBernardi is a most excellent reasoner and capable of doing great good. Mr. G. B. DeB. is doing what he can to establish the Exchange in Kansas under the Missouri charter. There should be no war between the organizations of the two states. The principle is the same. The Kansas charter is a repetition of the Missouri charter, and if one is bad the other is. Public good is the end sought. Stay not the hand of him who would sow the seed. THE PEOPLE bids Missouri God speed in the work. It has a kindly feeling for all the workers, it matters not on which side of the state line they may live. It will not seek to bar the entrance against them into grand and glorious Kansas, with

her push, her energy and her liberal thought.

We have only this injunction. Be men, manly men, rising above the mists and fogs of personal strife, personal bickerings, slander and under-ground vilification.

Random Shots.

From The National Reformer.

Prejudice is the enemy to progress. A gift of stolen money is not charity. We want more money because we need it.

More bonds means more interest and less money.

Discontent will thrive as long as suffering exists.

The debtor is a slave to the extent of his indebtedness.

The demands of labor can not be put down by the decisions of courts.

A public enterprise should not be at the mercy of selfish individuals.

Government control can only be secured through government ownership.

As long as an organization represents a principle of justice it don't die.

If child labor was abolished there would be a greater demand for adult labor.

Private ownership of public utilities means public plundering for personal profit.

If justice is withheld, all the charity in the world won't save a man from hell.

If the people of this country had more justice they could get along with less charity.

A crank is a man with a new idea. It may be good or bad, but we should be willing to know.

The reformer that looks behind him ought to be turned into a pillar of salt—that is, salted.

The logic of events is educating the people to the necessity of financial and industrial reform.

Mrs. Fred Vanderbuilt has a cat that cost \$1,000. If we had \$1,000 what would we want with a cat?

Every attempt to control the railroads has been a failure. The railroad are doing the controlling.

The indifference and prejudices of the masses is the greatest obstacle in the way of a higher civilization.

Shrinkage in values caused by contractions has cost the producers of wealth many billions of dollars.

The day of sentimental politics is passed. Honest government and justice to all is the politics of the future.

The best way to combat sin is to attack and remove the cause. Poverty is the most prolific breeder of crime.

It is only a question as to whether the government will own the railroads or the railroads own the government.

The best way to reform fallen women is to give them the same chance to reform as the fallen men.

The war on silver means more bonds and less money and the finances of the country controlled by the banks.

Taxation, debt and usury are hard task-masters placed over the American people by the Pharos of the money power.

Banks and business houses are collapsing and the cause assigned is "closeness of the money market." To the extent that Labor checks are issued and circulated among the people the closeness of the money market will be relieved.

Subscribe for this paper and learn about the Exchange.

Strange, Is it Not?

From The National Reformer.

The people own and operate the postal system.

The people own and operate the judiciary system.

The people own and operate the police system.

The people own and operate the fire system.

The people own and operate the army and navy.

The people own and operate the streets, highways and bridges.

The people own and operate the tax system.

The people own and operate the school system.

The people own and operate the insane asylums.

The people own and operate the election systems.

But the fool who suggests that the railroad, telegraph, coal and oil should be added, is too crazy to be allowed to run at large.

ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

Money and Various Terms used to Designate It.

Medium of Exchange Among Many Nations—Rude Articles That Were of Value—The Names of the Various Coins of The Great World.

"In Great Britain at the time of the Norman conquest were two kinds of money—"living money," i. e. slaves and cattle, and "dead money," that of metal. In the thirteenth century Nicolo and Matteo found a money in use in China which was made of the inner bark of the mulberry tree, and which it was death by torture to counterfeit or to refuse to take in any part of the country. Among the South Sea islanders iron was so valued that it became money, and axes a standard of payment the value of other articles being stated at so many axes. Cowrie shells are used as small coins in India, the East Indian island and Africa, more than 1,000 tons being brought to Liverpool in 1851 from India to be exported to the African coast in Exchange for palm oil. In America wampum was used by the Indians and was even counterfeited in 1635 by the colonists of Massachusetts.

In India cakes of tea and in China pieces of silk passes as money, while at the great annual fair at Nizhne-Novgorod in Russia the price of other commodities are fixed, it being the standard by which all exchange of merchandise is regulated. In 1574 quantities of pasteboard were coined in Holland, and in 1770 in Scotland workmen carried nails as money to bake shops and ale houses. Notched wood was used at one time in England, and in central parts of South America soap, chocolate, coconuts, eggs, etc., pass as money. In British West Indies until of late years, pins, a slice of bread, a pinch of snuff or a dram of whisky served the same purpose. In America at various times racoon, deer and bear-skins, corn, beef, tobacco and codfish have been legal tender.

The Jews, in addition to their ordinary money of shekels, talents and drams of silver, had "jewel money." To this people we are also indebted to the use of paper money in lieu of that of metal. And among the curious facts in connection with this subject may be noted that the sum paid Judas for the betrayal of his master would be, according to the relative value of money in our day, a little more than 40 cents, a small price with which to purchase eternal damnation. The first mention of money in any of the ancient records speaks of it as being weighed and not counted, and no mutilated piece was ever rejected. Under the Norman kings silver was coined with deep crosses, so that smaller bites could be obtained by simply breaking off what was required, something as we tear off postage stamps today.

An interesting study is found in tracing out the origin of the names of coins familiar to us now. The American dollar has quite a little history of its own. In northern Bohemia is a little valley called Soachimstal, or Joachim's valley, and in the 16th century the reigning duke of this region authorized this little mining city or district to coin a silver piece, which was called Joachim. But the Joachim part of the name proved to much for every day use, it was dropped and that of a thaler deemed sufficient. The piece being of a convenient size and well molded passed into general use in Germany and Denmark, and again underwent a change in orthography, finally turning up as the "daler," whence it came into English as the dollar, and was adopted as such by the Americans.

In France the Mexican dollar is generally called the "piastre," and the name is also applied to the American coin, but in either case the appellation is incorrect, for the name piastre, or piaster, has for the past fifty years been applied correctly only to a small silver coin used in Turkey and Egypt, and which is worth from 5 to 8 cents in American coinage. The word cent comes of course from centum, being a hundredth part of the American dollar, the dime also meaning a tenth.

The word shilling is of Saxon origin and was introduced into England by that people. Penny, formerly "pennig," was also brought into England by the Saxons and was first coined in sil-

ver and originally derived from the word "pand," to pawn, with the diminutiv suffix "ing." The cognomen, "crown," of the English piece, worth about \$1.20 in American coinage, was first issued by Edward III and named in consequence of the image placed upon it. The groat was first coined by the same monarch and is a corruption of the word "grosses," in contradistinction to the small coins or pennies. Its value was equal to about four of the latter coins.

The Russian "ruble" comes from the verb "to cut" and was so called from the ornamental edge the piece formerly had.

The kopecik is equal in value to twopence, as is also the kreutzer in Austria, cent in Holland, Italy, France and Spain. In the last century the 5-pesta piece, called the escudo, corresponds to the American dollar, the pesta being the small coin representing the monetary standard and meaning simply "little piece." For several hundred years and until a recent date money was coined in from twenty to thirty places in France but all is now issued from the mint in Paris.

Few French gold coins are now in circulation except those stamped with the head of Napoleon III and silver pieces of the same issue are almost as common. French silver coins were the best in the world, and coins are often met with bearing the stamp of Charles X. Louis XVIII and Napoleon I. The franc in value of American money of 20 cents was so designed by King John, who first coined these pieces in 1360. They bore the motto, "Le Roi Frank" (King of the Franks, ancient name of the French), and were of two kinds one representing the King on horseback and the other on foot. It was formerly called the "livre" (pound) as well, though the connection with any specified weight is not evident.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Col. Moore has been sued for \$275 by N. W. Wells, who conducted would-be Congressman Moore's contest in this county. If Col. Moore has to pay \$275 attorney fees in each county it will make an impression on his pocket book.—Louisburg Herald.

Col. Moore is a fusionist; N. W. Wells is a fusionist, and in such a case where the sale and purchase of manhood is involved we don't know but that \$275 is a reasonable fee.

The most energetic activity, is displayed by the World's management, to make this surpass all similar efforts of modern times, in the display of the wonderful achievements of our 19th century genius. We have some ground to suppose that the grand incentive to the whole affair is a desire to promote the knowledge of science, art, industry and all that pertains to human progress. This is expressed on various occasions, especially in appeals for appropriations. We are very patriotic, hospitable, and generous, we admire art, we seek wisdom, we love the beautiful; this would be a grand occasion at which to exercise these virtues and we should be proud to take advantage of it, but indications do not point that way, for over and above all else, the money god reigns supreme. Greater than our love of the beautiful, of art, science, education, industry, is the sordid mercenary spirit of greed. To get money, to fleece the people, to welcome visitors by robbing them seems to be the prevailing intent and dominant passion.

L. D. W.

So delusive has been the idea of safety under a republican form of government, so forgetful the people that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and so crafty and successful the tyrant, whether in the garb of a republican or disguised as a democrat, that we can no longer boast of this as the home of liberty. If you have forgotten what constitutes democracy, read the Declaration of Independence and refresh your memories with those glorious sentiments. Call upon the honored dead and ask them if the institutions of today are what they expected or hoped to establish. Beaten on the battle field, aristocracy has appeared in a new form. It is not now taxation through the tax gatherer only, to support royalty; but it is taxation in all the various forms, which monopolies are able to impose through their control of the currency.—A. B. Westrup, in Financial Problem.

HUMAN GREATNESS.

The stars are myriad suns that float Each one a lustrous golden mote. And each within his little space About the loneliness of space.

They float and drift and swarm and swim, In human vision faint and dim, And still beyond our keenest eyes They throng a million other skies.

Imagination falls, and thought Before the threshold halts distraught, While blackly o'er the spirit brood The terrors of infinitude.

And what's the earth? A satellite That whips about a cosmic mite. A grain of dust impalpable, Of which all space is sifted full.

And here's a man upon the earth Who prides himself on wealth or birth: Who struts his little brazen state; And cries: Behold me, I am great! —Geor e Horton.

HISTORIC DOGS.

One Brave Animal That Recovered a Flag at Austerlitz.

A French paper has published a roll of honor of celebrated dogs which have distinguished themselves in war. This is not inappropiate, considering that the dog has been pressed into military service. For instance there was Bob, the mastiff of the Grenadier Guards, which made the Crimean campaign with that gallant corps; and also Whitepaw, "Patte Blanche," a brave French ally of Bob, that made the same campaign with the One Hundred and Sixteenth of the line, and was wounded in defending the flag.

Another, Moustache, was entered on the strength of his regiment as entitled to a grenadier's rations. The barber of his company had orders to clip and comb him once a week. This gallant animal received a bayonet thrust at Marengo and recovered a flag at Austerlitz. Marshal Lannes had Moustache decorated with a medal attached to his neck by a red ribbon. Corps de Garde, a Norvel among dogs, followed a soldier to Marengo, was wounded at Austerlitz and perished in the retreat from Russia. The Sixth of the Guard had a military mastiff named Misere, which wore three white stripes sewn on his black hair.

We have also to name Pompon, of the Forty-eighth Bedonins, the best sentry of the baggage train; Loutoute, a Crimean heroine. Mittrallii, killed at Inkermann by a shell; Mofino, that saved his master in Russia, and was lost or lost himself, but found his way going from Moscow to Milan, his first dwelling-place. The most remarkable, however, was the last, an English harrier named Mustapha, which went into action with his English comrades at Fontenoy, and we are seriously told, "remained alone by a field piece of the gunner, his master, clapped the match to the touch-hole of the cannon and thus killed seventy soldiers," and it is further added that Mustapha was presented to King George II. and rewarded with a pension alimentum.

THEY HAD SNOW THEN.

In '67 Came a Storm Which Surpassed Anything Last Winter.

Perhaps it may be of interest to readers to know when we had our last big snow-storm. Well, if memory serves me right (and I think it does, for I have my diary for proof) it was on January 18, 1867.

At that time the writer was baggage-master on a train running between Boston and East Wilton, N. H., leaving Boston at 7 a. m. About three inches of snow had fallen before we left that morning, and it snowed hard all day. However, we went to Wilton and returned to Nashua, where I stopped over afternoons. We were due to leave Nashua Junction at 5:05 p. m., but left at 5:25, with two cars, baggage and passenger, and two engines. We should have had the northern mail, but it was late, so we did not wait for it.

We made the run to East Cambridge, thirty-eight miles, arriving at 7:45. We could get no further as there was a train stuck in the snow just below the depot, near Short street. The train consisted of eight or ten cars, having six engines—the "Lowell," "William Sturgis," "Mars," "McNell," "Nashville" and "Nashua." They managed to get the train through at about 9:15. I arrived in Boston at 9:25, making the last mile in one hour and forty minutes.

Snow! Why, that was the biggest snowstorm I have ever seen. Boston was almost completely blocked—snow drifts from one to seven feet deep. Walking down Portland street you could only see the head of a man on the opposite side.

"My son," said an old Comanche county farmer, thoughtfully, the other evening to his boy, "you can turn that \$12 cow out of the lot, and take that blanket off of that \$25 horse and put it on that \$35 hog."

The Kansas state university employs twenty-two professors, four associate professors, forty-four instructors, fifteen assistant instructors and three lecturers, and none of them fool away any time, either.

A Lawrence woman made application some time ago for a divorce from her husband, who was then in the penitentiary. In the meantime he was released and now she proposes to drop the matter and wants people to forget all about it.

THE PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

(Entered at the post-office at Topeka as second-class mail matter.)

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

CYRUS CORNING, Editor
EVA L. CORNING, Mrs. L. D. WHITE,
Associate Editors.

No man is justified in asking for more money, an increase in the volume, who is indifferent, or opposed, to the Labor Exchange.

There is no need of disguising the truth. A deposit in the Labor Exchange puts twice the amount deposited into circulation as money. Or in other words the volume of money is always increased by the amount of the deposit.

For the benefit of the narrow souls, the little men, the fellows who are so low, so mean and so contemptible—whited sepulchers with eyes rolling heavenward—as to attempt to carry a point by fanning the fires of prejudice, we wish to state that Dr. J. H. Bradford, Atty. J. T. Butler, J. V. Randolph, S. T. Cherry, N. and J. Y. Robbins, F. H. Clayton, Atty. H. H. Tucker, and scores of other names, equally as prominent, are "promoters" of the Labor Exchange of Kansas.

N. Robbins, of Bennington; writes us that the Exchange Store of that place is doing a fine business. It will be remembered that Robbins Bros and father recently put their shoulders to the great Exchange wheel and put in a large stock of general merchandise at that place, taking their pay in checks, notwithstanding the world's great organizer informed them that it was poor policy to put capital in the Exchange as it was too risky. Mr. R. also writes us that the whole country there is turning to the Exchange. When Kansas moves she makes mighty strides to the front, and she always prefers to work within her own lines, by her own agencies and support her own institutions. Watch, and see.

The Exchange.

First of all the question is, what is the Exchange?

Second. Can it benefit labor. If so, to what extent.

Now as an answer to the first, I will say that the Labor Exchange is just what it says it is the exchange of labor, nothing more or less. It can benefit labor to the full extent of the labor, and that extent is and should be to be or she, and none should be protected in any act or acts, to such an extent that he can reap that which he does not sow. In the Exchange you reap the full benefit of your own harvest and no more. We as an organization in the Exchange propose to issue checks in convenient denominations as the demand may call, and float them as a debt paying medium. This check is secured by, and redeemable at the original place of issue, but good at its face value at any Exchange. All checks must be secured by the products of labor and redeemable in the same. If A takes a bushel of wheat to the Exchange and deposits it, B issues him a check for that bushel of wheat. B being the manager, bonded at 1 1/2 bushels of wheat or at all times for 1 bushel than the amount intrusted to B. All managers are elected by the board of directors, who are elected by the members of each local branch. Each local branch is the judge of its business and has entire control.

Special Notice.

I find my name connected with an organization promoted by Cyrus Corning of Council Grove and called the Labor Exchange.

I disclaim any connection whatever with such organization—on the contrary I am a member of and general organizer of the Labor Exchange as professed by G. B. DeBernardi and chartered in Missouri as a Charitable co-operation Institution.

Olathe, Kan. E. Z. BRIST.
Mr. Ernst is not connected with the Labor Exchange of Council Grove promoted by Cyrus Corning, or any body else, and when the above was written Mr. Ernst knew it. The Labor Exchange was first chartered in Missouri by G. B. DeBernardi, the author of the thought. Afterwards it was chartered under the laws of Kansas with headquarters at Council Grove Kansas, in consideration of Mr. Ernst's efforts in behalf of the Exchange he was made one of the nine directors and when notified he returned in writing his thanks for the compliment. Still thinking Mr. Ernst to be a well meaning man he was made president of the board of directors and he was so notified. He responded in writing and signified his intention of soon going to Council Grove to meet the boys. Then followed the meeting at Kansas City of a special few who were working under the Missouri

charter, no notice being given to the members of the organization of Kansas, and an effort was made to organize an inter-state Exchange. Mr. Ernst was then made organizer for the whole world.

He then went to Council Grove by appointment of his own, not yet having signified his intention not to serve as president or directory in the Kansas organization, and sought to organize a local branch and turn our members over to the Missouri organization. This was the first intimation he had given to our organization of his intention. He was then called upon by the board of directors to inform them whether he would accept the position which had been tendered him in the Kansas organization. He asked for time until the next day to consider the matter. It was given to him and the board held over. The next day he intimated he could not accept the positions tendered him by saying he felt bound to the Missouri organization, yet he refused to sign a written statement to that effect. The board then declared a vacancy in the office of director and president and elected J. V. Randolph, of Emporia, the president of the association. Mr. Randolph was present and accepted. Mr. Ernst after visiting persons, informing them that no one had a right to organize the Exchange but him and putting as many things in the way of the Kansas organization as he could, he went to Kelso and held a meeting Monday night and tried to organize and with what results he better himself in form the people. Then he goes to Topeka and gives birth to the above.

Mr. Ernst was treated kindly by the members of the Exchange at Council Grove. No war was made upon him, or the Missouri Branch of the Exchange. There was no underground circuits established to carry slanders, or falsehood against him or his interests. Kansas has no war to make on the Missouri organization. She will merely maintain the right to do with the Exchange principle just what Missouri has none, charter, organize and go ahead. The thought is public property; it will be used for the public good. The organization in Kansas is under Kansas laws, is on Kansas soil, is for the good of Kansas and is exactly the same as in Missouri. If war is waged it will come from Missouri.—New Era.

Childhood's Home.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view.
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every love spot that my infancy knew."

A happy childhood is one of the best and safest guides to a wise and well balanced maturity, to the best development of character. The permanent home, where successive generations are born and reared, when they go forth to fight life's battles, when loved ones meet and happy re-unions are held, is the ideal home. Years of familiar associations with scenes and places endear them to the heart, and pleasant recollections of childhood are always connected with them. Children love objects, tangible things that they can see, feel and hear. Trees, flowers, birds and pets are of more value to them and better understood by them than any abstract ideas of faith or theory of metaphysics can be. The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood, and the old oaked bucket, are a part of the foundation of home, the background of memory's pictures of childhood.

The perfect ideal home of childhood is permanent, it is always there. It is a refuge of safety, a haven of rest from the struggles and turmoils of the world. Mother and father are there, keeping the home nest warm for returning wanderers, always ready with encouragement and cordial welcome. Then, brothers, sisters and loving friends meet happy re-unions are held, old associations are renewed, old times recalled, and all go forth again strengthened to renew the contest, and fortified against evil and temptation. It is a safe and secure resting place that can be ill spared.

This is the ideal home, the boasted foundation of our civilization. It would be well to feel alarm at the insecurity of our foundation, for in reality these homes are very few. The old home in its security and permanency is disappearing. The grown people who can visit their childhood's home, the young men and women earning their living in various fields of labor, who can think of home as a secure or even a temporary resting place are becoming fewer and fewer in numbers. The old folks are not at home; they are living in tenement houses or on rented farms, they are pensioners or charity, are living with children, or have been driven to the last distressing resort, the poor house. The old home is not what it used to be. Shylock owns it, and

father, mother and the children know no rights there.

Among the many causes assigned for the destruction of the old fashioned home with its hearth stone and family altars, its loving circle and fond associations, the mortgage stands preeminent is the most stable and conspicuous feature of the home of today. The mortgage with the dark shadow that follows in its wake, tenantry and landlordism, have done and are doing their baleful work, destroying the homes of the nation, and the very ones who bewail the destruction of the home, in literature, in the pulpit and the press, have the least to say in condemnation of the real cause.

The childhood's recollections of the coming generation will be of moving days, tenement houses, movers wagons, dreaded rent days, hard hearted landlords and a general sense of restlessness and insecurity. Instead of the orchards and meadows with their fruits flowers, birds and purring brooks, the pictures on memory's pages of childhood must be of hot stifling factories, cold, dismal attics or cellars, dirty back-alleyes, over worked parents and a constant struggle with poverty, a desperate race with the gant wolf of starvation—ever gaining on their track. Poets and musicians need write no more songs like "The old folks at Home," "Home, Sweet Home," or "The old Oaken Bucket," they will not be sung.

No one regrets the changes that come in the natural course of events, that result from growth and development; but the changes that please us and are desirable must be in the line of progress. To transfer the "scenes of our childhood" from "orchards and meadows" to tenement home and factory life, to rob children of play-time and freedom, the love and security of home and burden them with the responsibilities of life is not a change for the better, nor tending toward a nobler humanity. The change from self-employed, land-owning farmers to tenantry and wage slavery is not an improvement.

True reform destroys none of the good of the old time—only the bad. The ideal home of the future, the model home of the coming race, that give to every man, woman and child, the very best facilities for their highest development and growth will probably be quite different from the old. The narrowness and drudgery of woman's life, the unwise authority over children, the lack of mental freedom for all that marred the old, will have no place in the new. The co-operation of labor, scientific invention, labor saving machinery may be applied to the home with grand results. These changes will give no cause for mourning. We do not regret that the loom and spinning wheel are banished to the lumber rooms of the past; when the wash-tub and cooking stove follow them we will not be sorry. These changes will come only as part as we want them only as the coming race desires and demands them. We need fear no changes, tremble at no innovations of the home when it is freed from poverty, landlords and mortgages. The true home must provide the best conditions for the development of character, and the highest cultivation of individual faculties. This can be when Poverty is abolished then no one need fear the destruction of Home.

L. D. W.

A Mockery.

Enough is written of Chicago now, always to fill libraries. But it is all of a kind—the glory, the wonderful achievements, the marvelous enterprise, the grand display of the wealth and prosperity of Chicago—and Chicago means the millionaires and business men within its limits—ad infinitum until one feels nauseated. It is wearisome if nothing worse—the spread-english indulged in in relating to the world's fair. Rulers and magnates, titled aristocracy, pork and railroad kings, money, pomp, greed and glitter invade and pervade everything. Labor is utterly forgotten, ignored, shoved out of sight.

The sound of its hammers with the means of its distress are alike muffled beneath the blare of orchestras and the rolling tones of flowery grand eloquence.

On April 29th the famous "Liberty Bell" was dragged through the streets by throngs of freemen? Scarcely. Every day some among them are killed in the dangerous pursuits, productions now a days necessitates, and the living are not free to do any thing mankind likes to do. The voice of the bell has been silent for many years, as well it may be. When it rang out years ago at the tidings of a people untimely declaring for principles of liberty, its tones were glad and strong and had a meaning in their reverberations.

Today when men dare rise up and advocate some of those very same principles, the "strong government"

which has usurped a place on that blood-bought foundation, imprisons, silences, strangles them. The bell rang out once to proclaim equality, independence, freedom. No wonder it is silent now when this young "free" nation opens its great inter-national exhibition thus:

A president standing before a mighty throng with his hand poised over a sham button, while a real engineer hides behind a screen with his hand on the throttle of the engine; surrounded "by the most distinguished gathering it has ever been his lot, accustomed as he is to distinguished people, to meet." Dukes, Duchesses, Princes, Lords and Ladies, diplomats, money kings, comprise this distinguished gathering. Not a working man is among them. They are hidden from view just a present waiting with poised hammers for the presidents, rulers and dukes to get through with their flummery and get out of their way, that they may work toward the real "opening" which is as yet far in the distance. Aside from this interruption, they are toiling days, nights and Sundays to get things into shape. But it will be awfully wicked if, after a while, they should get a chance to walk in leisurely and look at their creations on the first day of the week.

Well—classes, sets, rulers, bondsmen, millionaires and the abject poor are parts of our nation as much as of any monarchy on the globe. Idlers go through mocking ceremonies in which "marvelous," "wondrous," "triumphs," "prosperity," appear so often as to become tiresome, while workers toil unnoticed and unrewarded beneath. They give their lives as well, and are no more mentioned for it. Boilers explode, mines cave in, take fire or are flooded with water, tunnels are swept away, beams fall, machinery breaks and the toilers are ever the victims. A few lines in the dailies in all the glory they ever get.

A thinking, justice loving person can find little pleasure in reading of Chicago's "great days."

L. M. HOLMES.

Iceland has 73,000 people, and they are equals in every respect, the government consisting of Representatives elected by men and women. There is no poor and no plutocrats, no thieves, police or prisons, but they are a plain, temperate, chaste, educated and intelligent people, and there is not an illiterate after the age of seven, for the mothers teach the future citizens with that result.—The Popular Educator.

SAID HER PRAYERS.

A Young Lady Who Would Not Waste the Time Between Acts.

A pretty young lady who lives in New Orleans is very religious, and would not for the world get to bed without saying her prayers. Also she is very fond of the theaters, and never misses a chance of seeing a good play. The other night at the theater her escort noticed that between the first and second acts she was preternaturally quiet. All his efforts at conversation met with monosyllabic replies, and so far as pretty eyes can glare, her eyes glared at him reproachfully. He felt snubbed and hurt, and when the second act came things were no better. Manfully, however, he tried to thaw his icicle lady out, but even reference to supper after the play had an unhappy effect. Every time he spoke it seemed to break her all up. Finally, fairly blazing with wrath and almost crying, she turned to him, saying: "For goodness sake keep quiet! I've been trying to say my prayers between every act. I know I shall be so sleepy when I get home, and this seems such a good chance." It is needless to say the young man sat mute, dumbly hoping that in her sweet orisons she would remember him.

The Clerks Stared.

A friend of mine is perfectly devoted to music. She means to be an opera singer some day, but a little while ago she went to a store to buy some plain thread to do some plain sewing. She asked for white thread and then took up a conversation with an acquaintance.

"What number?" said the girl.
"Eh?" exclaimed the comic opera singer, and went on with her talking.
"What number?" again asked the girl.

"Oh, Opus fifty," was the reply.
Then she said if the clerks were going to stare like that she wouldn't deal there, and went to another store.

For fine Job work send us your orders, and they will receive our prompt attention.

A Progressive City.

A judge in a rough-and-ready untamable town, had occasion, or thought he had, to comment severely upon the heinous crime of horsestealing, and thundered forth: "For century after century, that dread command, 'Thou shalt not steal,' has rolled along the ages. It is, moreover, a standing rule of the court, if not yet a by-law of our progressive and soon-to-be-incorporated city!"

OF TWO ANCESTORS.

A Woman Inherited the Instincts of the Coward and the Hero.

Among the women in and about Boston who know who her great grandfathers are is one whose ancestors played prominent but widely different parts in the battle of Concord.

One was appointed to lead the yeomen, the other was one of the yeomen to be led.

When the cry of battle sounded the leader, the man to whom the troops looked for direction, deserted them. At the last moment his fear overcame him and he fled.

The other ancestor, seeing that the troops were without a commander, rushed from out the ranks and shouting: "For God's sake, fire!" made himself the leader the men needed.

From the time this woman was a little girl in short dresses she had repeatedly heard this story and had been proud of the brave man, and oh! so ashamed of the coward. As she grew into womanhood she found in her nature parts of both ancestors.

"Let me tell you how I often feel," she would say. "For instance, when I go to a party I am happy in anticipation until I get to the drawing-room door and catch a glimpse of the guests within and the hostess standing stiff and prim to receive me.

"There comes over me a terrible fear and the runaway ancestor in me says, 'Take to your heels, Annie, you can never face these people.' I'm on the point of obeying this impulse when 'For God's sake, fire!' takes full possession of me. With a bound I attack my hostess and the battle's won."

BATTLES FOUGHT ON SUNDAY.

Historical Engagements of Waterloo, Bull Run and Chickamauga.

Many of the most famous battles of history have been fought on Sunday. To go no further back than the beginning of the present century, the Globe-Democrat cites the battle of Eylau, won February 8, 1807, by Napoleon over the Russians and Prussians, and the battle of Friedland, June 14, 1807, won by Napoleon over the same allies, were both fought on Sunday. On Sunday, May 21, 1800, Napoleon was defeated at Essling; on Sunday, May 2, 1813, won the victory of Lutzen, and on Sunday, June 17, 1815, was overthrown at Waterloo. Wellington, besides Waterloo, won several of his greatest victories on Sunday, being victorious at Vimereira, in Portugal, August 21, 1808; at Fuentes de Onoro, May 5, 1811; at Orthez, February 27, 1814; at Tarbes, March 20, 1814, and at Toulouse, April 10, 1814, all these battles being fought on Sunday. During the civil war in this country the first battle at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, was fought on Sunday, and the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, ended on Sunday. Vicksburg was surrendered on Saturday, July 4, 1863, and formally occupied on Sunday, the following day, and on the same day Lee began his retreat from Gettysburg. Petersburg fell on Sunday, April 2, 1865, and on the following Sunday Lee surrendered.

JIM-JAM VALLEY.

A Beautiful Vision of Paradise Among the Mountains of California.

"In the Jim-Jam valley, in California, there are many wonderful and reasonable mirages," said John E. Owens of New York. "It is named Jim-Jam valley because of the curious and strange sights seen there. The valley is about forty miles long and thirty miles wide. Not a soul lives within its territory. Mountains capped with snow all the year surround the valley. In it the eyesee lakes, green trees, bubbling springs, and even lilies growing in the marshes. Contrast these with the rugged mountains that surround you, and the picture is one of indescribable loveliness and beauty. You imagine that no paradise, ethereal or heavenly, could surpass it. In the distance there are beautiful lakes with lovers paddling softly over the calm waters; fantastic craft and beautiful water nymphs show themselves. Weird and somber figures gleam at you from all directions, and dimly outlined forms of all colors, shapes and sizes may be seen.

"Occasionally there is a storm in the valley. Forked lightning leaps from the mountain tops and in its light you see strange animals, different from any you have ever heard about before.

"These mirages strike the observer with awe, and few men who see them once care to repeat the visit."

Preaching Monkeys.

The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of money called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest and makes a signal with his forepaw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings, but no other traveler has confirmed the statement.

Anecdote of Sherman's Son.

A detachment of soldiers was told off to take charge of young Tom, now Father Sherman, while crossing the pontoon bridge across the Potomac when the armies of the country were coming to Washington to take part in the great review there in 1862. He was then about eight years old.

One of the men asked him if he expected to grow up as smart a man as his father, the general, and he promptly answered "No."

"Why?" was the next question.
"Well," he replied with the same readiness, "there are plenty other men who have grown up, and why am I any as smart as my father."

BRAVE ANIMALS.

The Elephant Shows Courage in the Face of Danger.

It is said that the scent or roar of a bear in the jungle will often scare elephants beyond control. And they have the same intense nervousness shown by the horse at the sight of things unusual or out of place. A big elephant, which was employed to drag away the carcass of a dead bullock, and had allowed the burden to be attached by ropes without observing what it was, happened to look around, and instantly bolted, its fright increasing every moment as the unknown object jumped and bumped at its heels.

After running some miles like a dog with a tin can tied to its tail, the elephant stopped and allowed itself to be turned round, and drew the bullock back again without a protest. Yet an elephant without a mahout gives, perhaps, the best instance of disciplined courage—courage, that is, which persists in the face of knowledge and disinclination—to be seen in the animal world. They will submit, day after day, to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keeper, and meet danger in obedience to orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril, and far too great for man to trick them into a belief that it is non-existent.

No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding. As an instance, take the following incident, which recently occurred in India, and was communicated to the writer. A small female elephant was charged by a buffalo, in high grass, and her rider, in the hurry of the moment, and perhaps owing to the sudden stopping of the elephant, fired an explosive shell from his rifle, not into the buffalo, but into the elephant's shoulder. The wound was so severe that it had not healed a year later. Yet the elephant stood firm, although it was gored by the buffalo, which was then killed by another gun. What is even more strange is that the elephant was not "gun-shy" afterward.

WANTED BY BRITISH LORDS.

New York Dealers Kept Busy Shipping Wild Animals Abroad.

There is a great demand nowadays from wealthy Europeans for American wild animals. Every year hundreds are shipped abroad by New York dealers, but there never was a finer pair of any kind sent to Europe than the young bison which left by the steamer Bowie lately.

They came from the St. Louis Zoo, where they have been on exhibition for a number of years. They were consigned to W. A. Conklin, who purchased them for William Cross, a Liverpool animal dealer, who in turn purchased them for an English lord, to be placed in his game preserve for breeding purposes. The bison came originally from the plains of Wyoming.

On their way East they got into a terrible race and ripped and tore their boxes to bits, and the train men had hard work to keep them in subjection. When they were boxed at the St. Louis Zoo they gave considerable trouble. John C. Gray, a veteran cowboy, and James Crawley, a former lion-tamer,assoed them around the legs and horns and then bound them tight. The male weighs fully 3,000 pounds and the female 3,000.

Mr. Conklin has a large order for bison and other wild animals to be filled for the English nobility before next fall. Some of the animals are on their way East. Several panthers from Washington state are among the lot, besides several consignments of deer, elk, mountain sheep from the Rockies, some bear from the Sierras and a large lot of other game. He has one pair of handsome panthers at his stable.

It's a Wet Day.

A stout man got on a horse-car the other day.

"Wet day," he said to a stranger, who was sitting near him.

"Hey," said the other.
"Wet day," said the first, a little louder.

"Excuse me, I'm a little deaf and hardly caught your meaning."

"I said, 'It's a wet day,'" howled the fat man, getting red in the face, as other passengers looked up from their papers.

"Ah, yes, yes; how much you must pay. Five cents, that's the fare."

Whereupon the fat man got off the car.

"Yes," said the deaf man gently, "that's the seventh man within an hour that told me it's a wet day. Praps they imagine I don't know it."

Fat Enough.

A Philadelphia citizen who was raising a fine hog in the rear of his residence was notified by the board of health to remove the animal outside the city limits. Not wishing to move and thinking the hog was not fat enough to kill, he sent word to a colored man who had a small farm in Montgomery county to take the pig to his place until it was fat enough to kill, agreeing to give one-half his carcass for his trouble. Sam took the hog home and the next morning brought half of it back to the Manayunk. "Why, Sam," said the owner, "I told you to keep that hog until it was fat." "He war fat enough for me, sah; dar's yo' haf," replied Sam.

A street car trust headed by Boston capital is the latest in the line of proposed combinations.

New York's reform club is preparing a tariff reform bill, which, it expects, will go before the next congress as an administration measure.

Clothing manufacturers of New York have notified the cutters that unless they recede from their position by March 22 they will inaugurate a general lockout.

John Ortilly, a rich bachelor of San Francisco, has died and left \$1,000,000 or more to his brother, Michael, who is a wanderer and cannot be found.

GRAND

Chairman H. E. of the Committee of the following grand

"FUSION mean nothing else. We get. We want every office within we can't afford to by bartering away moment we see the diethemaround to an office we will ought to. There is "Keep in the middle black flag and a quarter.

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Sabbath. Away the fair grounds advantage of day of spring. The ornamental buildings they came to portions of the me upon which was written, "Non were lined with

It was a poor to their faces. tional exhibitio

A PERSISTENT HEN.

Even in Its Cooked State It Was a Dis-

Mr. Jones is of Lynn. After months of thought he went into the hen industry on a small scale. He secured a batch of chicks from Mr. Smith, and then asked the ages of the various members of his new family. Smith admitted that one of them was peculiarly old.

"I bought her three years ago," he said, "and she was old then." Jones kept hens until he was tired. The most venerable of the lot was always "too old to kill," but never an egg did she release. Jones sold his brood, the venerable one and all, to Mr. Alley.

Jones' wife wanted a fowl the other day for a fricassee. The butcher was appealed to. He didn't have a fowl, but he would get one. He did. Jones' wife boiled it for four hours, but it was not eatable. Jones suggested that she reboil it the same afternoon, and she did, but the fowl was still far from tender. The next day she boiled it some more, and it remained unpalatable. It had to be thrown away.

"Where did you get that fowl?" asked Jones of the butcher.

"Bought it from Alley," answered the man of meat. "He said he would give me a fresh one."

"I thought so," said Jones, who had reached the conclusion—and was right—that he had paid a dollar for the infirm hen that he had been glad to sell to Alley for twenty-five cents.

NO GETTING OUT OF IT.

The Fates Were Against Them and the Ring Was Unbroken.

There were tell-tale furrows in the powder that besprinkled her cheek. She had been weeping, beyond the shadow of a doubt. She shivered and grew sick at heart when the chap for whose footsteps she had been listening all the evening rushed impetuously forward and kissed her hand.

"How angelic—"

He pressed his lips fervently upon her third knuckle.

"—in you to send for me."

She smiled sadly.

"Yes," she murmured in a voice heavy with emotion, "I have decided to revoke my refusal. I will marry you."

An ethereal joy transfigured his countenance.

"Oh, heaven—"

It was the grateful cry of a happy soul.

"—be praised."

With streaming eyes he gathered her yielding form to his breast.

"And did you find," he warmly demanded, "that you loved me after all?"

"No—"

It was as if an arrow had pierced his heart.

"—but I did find that I couldn't get your engagement ring off my finger, do what I would, and I was left with only one alternative."

Go West, Young Man.

Nozo Pomura, a Japanese gentleman now in this country, says: "We have organized in Tokio, a society called 'the Going to America society.' Its object is to facilitate Japanese travel to the United States during the exposition. As I say, the travel will be very large. We have made arrangements with the Pacific mail steamship company and the American and Japanese railroads to such an advantage that a person in Japan can visit the fair and spend about six weeks in America for 700 yen, or a little less than \$500. Hundreds of my people have already made their arrangements to come and the lists are growing rapidly every day."

Possessed Voltaire's Heart.

The lovers of the curious coincidence will be interested to know that the heart of the great hater of priests and nobles—Voltaire—was in the possession of the bishop of Moulins, Monseigneur de Dreu-Breze, when he died recently at the age of 82. The bishop was the youngest son of the grand master of ceremonies in the court of Louis XVI. The church dignitary inherited the heart of the great scoffer from the Marquis de Villette, to whose family belonged the house on the Quay Voltaire, in which the Ferney philosopher died.

For Etiquette.

An elderly lady in a modest manner leaned over the counter of a West end drug store, says a Baltimore paper, and, pointing to a letter with a Columbian stamp, asked: "Will you please tell me if these stamps are good for just common use?" When assured that they were so intended, she bowed politely and remarked as she left: "I didn't know; I thought they were to be used, perhaps, for etiquette." "I have to answer that same question ten times a day," said the clerk, "but I wonder what she meant by etiquette?"

Censorship of the Press.

When Rome was still under the papal rule a play was once submitted to the prelate charged with the revision of manuscripts to the press. The first scene represented a restaurant and an actor sitting at a table and calling to line the avenue a waiter.

"Waiter, a beefsteak!"

The scrupulous censor wrote in the margin: "Not—When the piece is 'played during Lent the actor, instead lines of transport calling for a beefsteak, will order was an exhibi omelette."

Curiosity Rewarded.

Some travelers were recently visiting in an elegant private garden at Palermo, in Sicily, and among the lit-

THE HAT BOY.

How He Remembers the Man Whose Headgear He Cares For.

The man in the light suit was in a hurry. He was hungry. His miniature cocktail had been down precisely nine minutes, and was beginning to be self-assertive.

The individual in uniform by the diningroom hat-rack, caught the tile man in the light suit tossed him, gave a quick glance at the back of the light suit disappearing in the diningroom entrance, placed the hat in a row with a score of other tiles of all shapes and sizes. Half an hour later the man in the light suit emerged from the diningroom slowly and with an expression of satisfaction, for the cocktail had succumbed to the attack of coffee, porterhouse steak, chops and other concomitants of a good breakfast. The hat is now adjusted, the cigar lighted and the individual in uniform added a silver coin to the pile in his pocket.

"The ability of the hat boy to remember different faces and heads and the hats that go with them," said the clerk, "is marvelous. Out of the hundreds who daily pass into that diningroom, strangers, transients and permanents, he never makes a mistake and returns the wrong hat. I confess myself amazed at the wonderful memory and faculty of association, which is the chief recommendation of the average hat boy. One would imagine that in a rush he would hand over the wrong hat, but he never does. However, that is all he has to do, and as his position depends upon its accuracy he soon becomes an expert in his particular line."

TOMBSTONE.

How This Gold Prospecting Town Came by Its Name.

Richard Schieffelin, of Los Angeles, who was at the Palmer in Chicago lately, attracted considerable attention by his peculiar Western attire and long, flowing hair. Mr. Schieffelin was famous a few years ago as the discoverer of Tombstone, in Arizona. He was a poor prospector on the Arizona desert in search of gold, which he believed was located in the southern part of the territory.

After getting a "grub stake" at a store in Yuma he started out alone to cross the arid waste lying west of Yuma. As he left the town he was told that instead of finding gold he would find his tombstone. For weeks the daring prospector struggled on until his provisions were nearly exhausted.

One night, while camping beside a small, dry stream, he was obliged to dig in the sand of the river-bed to get water, and while thus employed unearthed several nuggets of gold. The next day he staked his claim and started back to Yuma, where he reported that he had found his tombstone, but that it was lined with golden nuggets. From this the present city of Tombstone sprung, and today "Dick" Schieffelin is one of the wealthiest men in Los Angeles.

Japanese House Mats.

Japanese house mats, says Miss Bird in her work on Japan, are as neat, refined, and soft a covering for the floor as the finest Axminster carpet. They are five feet nine inches long, three feet broad, and two and a half inches thick. The frame is solidly made of coarse straw, and with very fine woven matting, as nearly white as possible, and each mat is usually bound with dark blue cloth. Temples and rooms are measured by the number of mats they contain, and rooms must be built for the mats, as they are never cut to the rooms. They are always level with polished grooves or ledges which surround the floor. They are soft and elastic, and the finer qualities are very beautiful. They are as expensive as the best Brussels carpet, and the Japanese take great pride in them, and are much aggrieved by the way in which some thoughtless foreigners stamp over them with dirty boots.

Beat Killed on a Main Street.

A crowd of men were seen hurrying to and fro on Main street of a Washington town, with here and there a gun in sight, and for a few seconds horrible sights flashed before the imaginary vision of those who were not informed as to the purpose. A lone shot was heard, and as the crowd congregated at that point, a reporter timidly approached from the opposite side of the street, expecting to find the mangled remains of some desperado cold in death. He was agreeably disappointed, however. Before his gaze lay the bulky form of a brown bear, the result of a rifle shot from the unerring aim of J. M. Rose. The wild beast had been shot in the eye.

Sure Ridiculous for Rats.

The best way to get rid of rats and mice is not to poison them, but to make them thoroughly tired of the locality and so induce them to leave. They are generally too smart to eat poison, even when it is prepared for their benefit in the most sly and cunning fashion, but they are also particularly about tartar emetic. When a little of this is mixed with any favorite food they will eat as greedily as though the physic were not there, but in two or three hours there will be the most discouraged lot of rats about the place that anybody ever saw. The tartar will not kill them; it only makes them deadly sick.

Canned Peas.

There is a great difference in the quality of canned peas; most of the French peas are put up when young and tender and are superior. As the cans are very small, it will require two or three for the dinner; open and drain off all the water, put into a saucepan, add a little hot water, only as much as will cook out, set on top of the range and stew slowly, season with butter, salt and half a cup of thin cream.

NEWS NOTES.

The manufacturers of playing cards have organized a trust. Only one company is outside of the combine.

Heavy rains have caused the inundation of several towns in Southern California.

Louis Schilling was found murdered in his meat market at Kalamazoo, Mich., with his throat cut and a hole in his head.

John Stein escaped from the Marshall, Mo., jail by prying the bricks out of the wall.

Lincoln's monument at his grave in Springfield, Ill., is scarred and mutilated by relic hunters.

Ocean competition caused a loss of \$1,000,000 in the earnings of the Southern Pacific road for 1892.

Robert M. Phillera, a farmer living near Effingham, Kan., committed suicide by hanging himself.

It is said the Standard oil company is backing a scheme to wipe out the middlemen in the oil business.

The colored people of Guthrie have issued a call for a new political party to secure protection and advancement of their race.

A Chicago syndicate of capitalists is contemplating the establishment of an extensive packing house plant in the City of Mexico.

Ex-President Harrison has declined the presidency of the University of Indiana, being engaged for the Leland Stanford university.

The "Jingle Bob" herd of cattle of New Mexico numbering 13,000 has been sold to the "Turkey Track" ranch in the Texas panhandle.

The financial situation of Chili has been greatly relieved. The government will take up the forced loans of Balmaceda, amounting to \$9,000,000.

Mrs. Caroline Hagan, wife of Charles Hagan, a member of the fire department of Dayton, Ohio, in a fit of jealousy dashed a bottle of vitriol into her husband's face.

The Southern Pacific has virtually obtained control of the Aransas Pass road, evading the Texas law of railroads purchasing competing lines, by getting it through the Pacific investment company.

Nicholas H. Meyer, traveling collector for a Chicago firm, was arrested in New Orleans for embezzlement. He had lost several hundred dollars on the races.

The body of an unknown young man was found on the railroad track north of Olathe, Kan. The man had been cut in two by a train.

"Wizzard" Shaefer's broken wrist is not as serious as was first reported and he will be able to again shove the fories in three or four months.

A band of revolutionists entered the town of Allegre, Brazil, which they sacked after a fight in which forty residents were killed.

Maddaine Modjeska is very fond of walking. When she was in Topeka she crossed and recrossed Kansas avenue several times.

It is the impression that the postmaster at Belle Plaine is preparing for a change because he advertises a load of eggs for sale.

There are forty men employed on the new government building at Atchison. Isn't that about enough federal pie for one town?

A spinning wheel made in 1720, and now the property of a resident of Labette City, has been sent to the world's fair for exhibition.

Emmett Dalton has been put to weaving carpet in the Kansas penitentiary. That is about as near as he will ever come to stretching hemp.

It appears that the women of Wellington have enough sense to leave the merchant in the soup who laid in a supply of erinoline a few weeks ago.

A watch charm which was stolen two years ago from a Topeka jeweler, was recognized by him the other day on a man from Missouri who was passing his store.

The skating rink at Emporia, which is associated with the recollection of many effulgent social events, is to be converted into a stock stable. Sic transit, etc.

The Kansas boys at the Chicago university are distinguished from the rest of the students by the certainty with which they know everything, and more besides.

A Lawrence resident recently sold two 6-months-old greyhounds to a Texas gentleman for \$50. The live stock industry seems to be picking up in all branches.

Paola has a minister named Schnacke. The prominent individual whom he is fighting spelled his name differently when he tempted Mother Eve in the garden.

Paderewski will visit Topeka about the middle of April. It will be a great treat to see the wondrous zephyrs of Kansas avenue toy with the luxuriant locks of the Polish pianist.

The Delsarte fad has taken full possession of society in Lawrence. A woman in that town who weighs 200 pounds with her summer clothes on is practicing the "feather movement."

The meeting of the State Bee Keepers' association and the Forest Park Chautauqua are events which are looked forward to in Ottawa with the hope of financial aggrandizement and of spirital profit.

Robert Morrow, who used to run the Hotel Coolidge in Emporia and afterward the Byram house in Atchison, has leased a big hotel which is in process of construction at El Reno, Ok. His sons, Bob and George, will help him run it.

An Atchison county farmer's net profits last year on his eighty-acre farm were \$14.63. The net profits of his wife from forty-two hens in the same time were \$126.18. Now let us hear no more about the superiority of the sterner sex.

A Wichita man recently furnished the Missouri Pacific road an indemnifying bond for \$200,000 on behalf of a widow whose husband was killed on the company's tracks. The bond was given in order that she might collect \$45 due her husband as wages.

The secretary of the faculty of Lane university contradicts the statement that the southwestern conference of the United Brethren church voted to withdraw its support from Lane with the view of making Central college at Enterprise the church school of the state. Lane is still in the conference and is still in the swim.

KANSAS MATTERS.

There are now only 105 counties in the state.

The whist season has been brought to a close at Emporia.

Lots of land is changing hands now in Franklin county at \$10 an acre.

A Hiawatha woman plays the piano with rare skill at the age of 70 years.

Barbers are still known in most sections of Kansas as tonsorial artists.

There is a Peace creek in Rice county in which the Baptists immerse their converts.

The orders are away ahead of the output with the brickmakers of Independence.

A slice of strawberry shortcake costs twenty-five cents in Topeka. It's the hard that makes it dear.

The biggest township in Kansas is Garfield, which has recently been annexed to Finney county.

Oskaloosa wants a trade association that will make a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

Over twenty head of antelope pastured on the wheat field of a Kearney county preacher all winter.

A Kansas colored boy is getting a start in life by hauling oats straw to Atchison for a dollar a load.

A number of Kentucky families are now passing through Kansas in the direction of the Cherokee strip.

Mr. Ingalls recently delivered a lecture on Shakespeare at the Midland college in Atchison for nothing.

A Morton county man has laid the foundation of his fortune by purchasing a sow and three pigs for \$15.

A fine herd of Buffalo, owned by E. M. Hewens of Chautauqua county, will be taken to the world's fair.

A Hiawatha man whose wife made him sleep in the wood shed recently got a divorce. The wife paid for it.

George R. Peck is a man who will be accounted brilliant and genial even in Chicago. His is no merely provincial name.

If there is luck in odd numbers Kansas will be better off since she has but 105 counties than she was when she had 100.

Atchison's latest wonder is a Missouri river catfish which weighed 120 pounds after it quit flopping around on the scales.

Preston has the mumps and the grip and there is some talk among the young men of the town about organizing a brass band.

An Atchison family which has an assortment of dogs recently traded one of them off for a head of cabbage and a bushel of potatoes.

Mr. Reinhart, the new president of the Santa Fe, is a brother of Reinhart, the eminent artist, and shares with him the artistic taste.

There is a bachelor in Atchison who has never been in love, but that doesn't go to say that the women in that town are all freaks.

A couple at Whiting who have lived together for forty years and raised a large family have separated and divided up their possessions.

A man living near Pittsburg experimented last year on ten acres of ground with garden truck. He cleared \$1,000 and is going in deeper this season.

About 1,700 varieties of the flora of Kansas have been collected for exhibition at the world's fair. Botanist B. B. Smythe is preparing the display.

Cawker City, with a healthy situation, pure water, a low rate of taxation, freedom from debt and \$700 in its treasury, thinks she is strictly in it.

The Sunflower orchestra of Garden City celebrated its first anniversary with a calico ball. Good lively calico always makes a person think of sunflowers.

In Winfield the other night the question was debated as to whether the ox was more useful to mankind than the horse, and the judges compromised on the bicycle.

The town of Meriden, which is fourteen miles distant from Topeka, can easily be seen from the dome of the state house when the wind is in the right direction.

At least \$100,000 worth of store buildings will be under way in Winfield within thirty days. The belle of the Walnut valley is putting on her beautiful garments.

A man of considerable prominence in Leavenworth in the early '50's died in Leavenworth county poor house the other day at the age of 80 years. His name was Isaac House.

The normal school of Oklahoma has made the right kind of a start by choosing for its president George W. Winans, the late superintendent of public instruction in Kansas.

A woman in Osborne county kept account of her egg sales last year, and found they amounted to \$300. A good farm wife and a lot of industrious hens make a profitable combination.

The Atchison council makes an appropriation of \$25 a month for the public library in that town. It is the burning ambition of Atchison to become as literary as Baldwin City.

Emmett Dalton saved the tax payers of Labette county several thousand dollars by pleading guilty. There are men outside of the penitentiary who have done worse things than that.

When Emmett Dalton entered the penitentiary at Lansing he appeared to be as gay and careless as if he were doomed to live in Kansas for only ninety-nine minutes instead of ninety-nine years.

The city of Coffeyville has just finished \$5,000 worth of macadamizing and turned over bonds to the contractor for that amount. That is a good deal better advertisement than the Dalton bank robbery.

A Pennsylvania family of ten persons settled the other day in Lincoln county. The first thing they will do will be to build a big red barn and the next thing will be the construction of a big white house.

Attamont is to have a county high school, and the bill providing for its establishment was urged through the legislature by a woman—Mrs. Lucy Best, superintendent of public instruction in Labette county.

A settlement in Seward county which thought it was doing big things last year when it raised 400 acres of small grain, will harvest this year 1,200 acres, and that is a sample of the increased average all over the western part of the state.

ERECTED HER TOMBSTONE.

Eccentricity of Character Displayed in an English Graveyard.

A remarkable, but perfectly reliable story comes from Wales which throws a strange light upon eccentricity of character. In the graveyard of the parish church at Churchstoke, a small village in Montgomeryshire, there is to be seen a gravestone which bears an inscription recording the death of a maiden lady who, nevertheless is actually living in the village referred to, and within a short distance of her tombstone.

Her brothers and sisters died in the early part of this century, and a single stone announces their deaths. It stood undisturbed until 1880, when it was renovated, and at that time the lady referred to, who was then in her 68th year, gave orders to a local stone mason to insert her name at the foot of the stone. This was done, but he was rather surprised to receive a further order to add the words "Died 1889."

At first he hesitated, and afterward complied with this request, although he did not credit his customer with any remarkable degree of prophecy. Year after year passed by, and when 1889 came the eccentric lady was still living, perhaps contrary to her own expectations. The epitaph now confronts her every time she wends her way to church service. So robust is she that since 1889 she has visited America, and apparently derived considerable benefit from the voyage.

The following is a copy of the inscription on the stone:

"In memory of Edward Lockley, stonemason, son of John and Mary Lockley, who died July 30, 1843, aged 36 years. Also John, their son, who died December 7, 1846, aged 35 years. Also Thomas, Richard and Joseph, their sons, who died in their infancy. Also Sarah, their daughter, born August 8, 1819, died 1889."

WASN'T CONFIDENTIAL.

His Mistake Was in Thinking That He Could Keep It From Her.

Now that her husband was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary for poisoning his mother-in-law she declared she would insist upon a divorce as provided by statute.

He reproached her with lack of affection, but she was obdurate. He pleaded, but her heart was like stone.

"What a spectacle—"

The few minutes during which they were to be left alone were almost spent and he was becoming frantic.

"—of devotion it would be were you to wait patiently for my release. What a rebuke to the world's condemnation."

She tossed her head impatiently.

"Deliberately—"

She spoke with seeming nonchalance.

"You have destroyed the confidence that should subsist between husband and wife. You—"

He would have interrupted, but her glance commanded silence.

"went to work and killed ma without saying a word to me about it."

Then the guards came and led him away.

NOT HIS FATHER.

He Wouldn't Be Called "Papa" in Business Hours.

It is whispered among a certain gay young set but lately entered into society that one of its members, a college graduate, but a regular "mam-

ma's boy" for all that, is feeling a trifle sore over an episode that marked his first day in business.

His father, the president of a prominent insurance company had made a place in the office for his son, and the young fellow was eager to take it. It so happened that his first dip into the great sea of worldly ambition occurred on the same day as a meeting of the directors of the well-known corporation.

Being sent on an errand to the president, the young hopeful burst into the room where the magnates were assembled and in the familiar parlance of the home began "Papa—"

The august president with a look of absolute horror, turned to the agitated messenger, and to the intense amusement of the others present, and to the everlasting chagrin of the dudelet, roared out, "I'm not your father—at least in business hours."

A Lucky Cat.

Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt's cat, Koko, is said to have cost, counting original price paid and cost of importation, close upon \$1,000. He was born in the palace of the mikado, and is the most beautiful, as well as the most costly cat in this country. Of unusual size, he is like a marmoset cat in color and intelligence. His mouse-colored coat is like heavy satin, so rich and showy and sleek. Every morning he has his bath and is combed and fed before he is allowed to present himself in Mrs. Vanderbilt's rose-colored morning room. His breakfast of cream and grilled bones is served in a delicate china bowl and soup plate, very like those used by children for their oatmeal. One of Koko's accomplishments is the delicate way in which he par-takes of his meals. He never spills a drop of cream or touches the delicate carpet with a piece of meat or bone.

Curious Bequest.

The Italian journals state that a wealthy person of Florence, just deceased, has left a singular will. It declares that the greater part of his fortune shall go to the man with the largest hump on his back in all Tuscany, and that the person entrusted with the duty of selecting him shall be themselves twelve humpbacks. To recompense the latter for their trouble he directs that, in addition to traveling expenses, each shall be presented with a gold medal, bearing the effigy of Baco, their prototype.

Chairman of Committee of following groups approve. "FUSION" nothing else. We want to come with every office we can't afford by having menial work done in an office we ought to. "Keep in the black flag a quarter. Any one who gives an opinion, I will do it."

The Judiciary is begun publican just at Scott City will do is outfit ought

Subject learn abo

The Worcester State after argument he port it at majority of their own the nation's assemble, t prove a be prostitutes ly thankful closing of the pro. Relic.

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ORATIONS.

We give this week the orations delivered by the lady members of the Commencement class of '93 at the Council Grove Opera House.

Rest, A Reward.

BY FLORENCE HAGAR.

What is the meaning of the word, "Rest, A Reward?" Webster tells us a rest is a peace, a quiet, a repose, a support; he tells us a reward is a recompense, pay, requital. That for which we all long and work. There are several different kinds of rest, for instance, after a hard day's work we retire, the peasant after writing quite a while takes up some other work, the pupil after two or three hours study closes his eyes for a few moments, and in our public schools we have recess. Why? Why are all these changes and interruptions made in the days' program, to break the chain of thought or cross the path of its rambles? No, it is for rest that these are done. "This true, 'tis too often the case, we find people work' ing to gain a rest on conditions. We find the millionaire (already worth many millions) saving his treasures and wealth. If we should ask him why he is so saving, we should probably receive an answer something like this: "When I get so much money, I can lay it aside, and have it bring in quite an income to me, and then I will have something with which to enjoy a rest." What an idea some have of rest. This idea of working for rest is found mostly among children. When quite small, if a child is promised that it may have something for which it has been teasing or go some place after it has finished a certain piece of work, how earnestly it will go to work. For what? That envied rest, recompense, reward. Again we see a man hired to do a piece of work; after the workman is gone and the paymaster comes to examine the work, he finds several things not done as well as they might have been. "Of all the sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, it might have been."

What was the man working for, what did he care for; how much did he value that work at? Only the amount he got out of it. He did not care for the work nor the man for whom he was working. He was working for the recompense, pay. However, this can not be applied to all workmen, but a few—more or less. Do people who work for a reward in this way get "paid for their trouble" as we sometimes say; or do they reap as much grain off their harvest fields as he, who works for the work and the pleasure he finds in it? Is there anything to be gained by it; if not why is it, that some will persist in doing so? What does the scholar work for through the many years of his school life? Some, the greater part of them, work and study to learn, to get an education while some only work the time being, to get through the year's work. How few people obtain the rest and recompense that they work all their lives to get; and how few people work with any aim beyond today, this hour, this meal. Not even so much as a rest or a reward. What a poor standard that is. Different from the man who was saving up his money until he got a certain sum, we may turn around in our daily paths and see the man who never has a cent the day after pay day. What a contrast between the two, one has an aim in life, the other has not, one works for the work and the future, while the other works only for today, and lets tomorrow take care of itself. When asked what he has laid by for a rainy day, he makes some kind of an evasive reply and turns around and walks away. Where? To think of the question you have asked him. After he has pondered on it quite a while he sees wherein he has made his mistake and begins to work for something, to lay by for a rainy day. He is working now with an aim, working for that which he may enjoy when broken down by work.

The kinds of rest most needed are the least used the least known and the least worked for. Few people know what the best rest for them is. In fact, few know they need rest and many never have the chance to rest, but who are forever found working for a recompense so small, a mere pittance—that it hardly keeps soul and body together, let alone his family from starvation. How many people never have any rest to speak of. The poor seamstress found in our great cities seldom knows a night's rest. Sewing for others all day, she sews for her family and self at night or rather in the morning early. Many people belonging to this same class of hard workers never have any rest, until they die. We all should try to rest ourselves after a hard day's work. It was not meant for us to work all the time; and conversely it was not meant for us to rest all the time and not work. Look at us, how we have worked. From the time a child enters school, from the A B C and Chart classes up to the Junior and Senior classes in the High School and all through College, it has to study. Every month the remark is made, nearly as many times as we have pupils in our schools, "If I get through this month's work alright I'll work hard, and get through next month's better." And so on from month to month, term to term and year to year. What have we been working for, rest? Partly but not entirely. For we knew that if we did the work for the work itself we would have the rest any way. Ours will be a change of work a vacation for a few short months and then to work again. But we will be ready for work, for we will have had a rest, a peace, a recompense for our eight long months' hard study. We can now truly say that we have worked hard and earned a rest, but we did not work for that alone. We did not set a banner up before us with the inscription "Rest; A Reward" on it, to follow, nor shall we do so. But now since our school labors are finished, for a few short months at least, we will choose a motto to follow through life, the motto of our state, "Through difficulties to the stars," a motto that we know will bring us out from the battle field of life—as it has our State—victoriously. And then when we have completed our life's work, to the best of our ability we can truly have for our well-earned banner, "REST, A REWARD," written in bright letters of gold.

Pocahontas.

BY BELLE MACI.

To the lover of romance and adventure the discovery and settlement of America is an ever fruitful source of pleasure. The gleam of barbaric splendor, the tale of savage chivalry, and the stories of the cruel treachery of the Indians never lose their power to charm and thrill the heart. While the old world weaves with story and song legends of a hoary past and invests with the glamour of romance, the ruins of castles and palace, of this new world feed them but tame, pale fancies in comparison with our new world facts.

None of these stories are more thrilling to the American heart than that of Pocahontas. All the old and young, rich and poor, delight in the story, the poet weaves from it the thrilling romance, the musician sings it to the sweet notes of the harp, while the grave historian relates it as one of the choicest gems of American history; yet, whenever heard, however told it never fails to awaken the same interest in the hearer.

Captain John Smith on expedition for procuring supplies for Jamestown colony was captured by an Indian chief, a vessel of Powhatan and brought in chains before the "Emperor of Virginia." The Emperor dressed and painted in the most fantastic of Indian costumes, with his great robe of red-wood skin thrown over him, sat in grim silence on his throne surrounded by his

retinue of fierce warriors, before him burned the council fire, on either side beautiful maidens lent to the scene something of a regal splendor. The loud exultant shout of the savage throng assured Smith that of his death sentence there could be no repeal; with an agonizing prayer to heaven for mercy on his soul, a tender thought of farewell for his friends in "old England," and a regretful sigh for the failure of the magnificent future which he hoped to build in this new world he laid his head on the huge stone and closed his eyes to shut out the awful scene, while with a terrific yell the savages rushed forward with uplifted clubs to beat out his brain. Clear, sharp, distinct above the maddened shout of the warriors came the cry of rescue and from the midst of the court, swift as an arrow Pocahontas, the "Emperor's" favorite daughter, flies to the prisoner, and, clasping her arms around his neck, throws her own sacred body between him and the murdering clubs. John Smith is saved! For who dare touch Powhatan's favorite child?

Once more in heaven's high court the angel opens the "book of life" and writes, "The weak things of this world shall confound the mighty." Be it our purpose tonight, to show that on every page of the history of our country we see the spirit of Pocahontas—that spirit which throws itself between danger and loved ones—that spirit which counts its all joy to be reckoned worthy to suffer, that thereby a condemned brother may be freed; a tempted one rescued from the power of the tempter; that spirit which with a purpose so high and holy can joyfully endure toil and privation, can exultantly consecrate not only the incidentals of life, but life itself.

On the very first leaf we see the Pilgrim Fathers standing between an oppressive power and liberty of conscience, bravely enduring privations and disappointments, and amidst discouragements, toil, and hindrances almost insurmountable, laying the foundation of our great republic on the strong foundation stones of "liberty of conscience" and "the equality of all men."

Another illustration which the history of our country affords is that of the Revolutionary Fathers standing between the oppressed colonies and George III. As the fathers of our country fought with scanty clothing and food, where their march could often be traced by the blood flowing from shoeless feet, when they stood in battle array, unskilled in warfare, to fight the hosts of the enemy, well-fed, well clothed, well drilled, was it not, again, the weak defending the loved ones and home against the strong? Still further down in the annals of our country, we have Wendell Phillips, Garrison, and Horace Greeley standing between public opinion and oppressed slaves. Again the sweet-voiced Whittier singing his song of freedom and principle, and our own immortal Harriet Beecher Stowe dealing with her pen such gigantic blows at the very prison doors of our American slaves—throwing trembled to its very foundation stones—throwing her reputation as an author and as a woman on the altar to be spurned, sneered and jeered at by the foe of human liberty.

On the ten thousand pages of unwritten history we find the spirit of Pocahontas; in the thousands of asylums and homes provided for the unfortunate and homeless of our land—manifesting itself in the hardy pioneer of our civilization, in the obscure minister of the Gospel of love, and in the intrepid and dauntless reformer, manifesting itself in the humble womanhood which dares in spite of taunt and sneer to throw itself between unrighteous laws which sell their fathers and brothers and sons and husbands into slavery ten times more bitter and helpless than our African slaves endured in the South, the slavery of strong drink.

Exemplifying itself in a Clara Barton, leading the hosts of the red cross among the ghastly scenes of the battle field, pleading with the mad, dened, unassuming and ambitious rulers and sovereigns for arbitration of National quarrels in lieu of civil war.

Exemplified in the womanhood, of that tender, strong, original, wise, character, Margaret of New Orleans. We have mentioned but a few instances where we can see the spirit of Pocahontas but each one of you will supply each its own name wreathed with cypress and laurel. And there because weak shrunk from the fight? Nay, but casting aside weakness threw themselves between danger and those in danger.

In obedience to this heavenly spirit braving the wrath of brutal men, and rushing to the rescue of humanity from a host of evil machination and snares of civilized America—more terrible fierce and murderous than the savage warriors of Powhatan's camp. Oh beautiful spirit of Pocahontas! Evangel of love! The ground thy feet have trodden has become holy. The soul—be it pauper or millionaire—thou has touched has become sacred. A nation's gratitude is thine. Mother and children like bless thy name. I have spoken of Pocahontas but you and I, my classmates, may each have our names written where hers is—on the imperishable list of those who counted not their lives dear unto themselves.

Judge Hazen of the Shawnee county court decided a legal point of law on the 8th inst. in which he held that the 18 month stay law as passed at the last legislature did not apply to mortgages now in force; that said mortgages were a contract and no law could be passed that could change said contract.

That prices will fall or rise as the volume of money be increased or diminished is a law that is as unalterable as the law of nature.—Prof. Walker.

The Exchange proposes to issue checks based on the products of labor and circulate them as the medium of measure, issuing from their respective local branches and received at any branch for their face value. Therefore increase the circulation of a debt paying medium, stimulating trade and employing the idle.

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COUNCIL GROVE, KANSAS.

IMAGINATION'S POWER.

A Cavalryman Who Thought His Boots Were Filled With Blood.

"During the war I belonged to a cavalry regiment, and our company was ordered to dismount and make a charge upon the rebel General Bate, who with his men were entrenched behind breastworks at the battle of Stone River," said a gentleman. "We charged, but the bullets came so thick and fast that every man of the company who was not wounded turned and made tracks for our own breastworks. I was a fleet runner, and made better time in that race than ever before. About 100 yards from our breastworks I felt a ball strike my leg near my boot top, and in less time than I can tell it I could hear the blood 'goosh, goosh,' in my boot leg, yet I never slackened my speed, although I went with a limp. I tumbled over the breast works and lay gasping for breath. One of the boys said: 'Al, what is the matter?' I replied that a bullet had struck me in the leg, and that I was bleeding to death.

"Two of my comrades came up and began searching for the wound. The boot was drawn carefully from the foot, when out fell a minie ball. It had passed through the leather, but had not even broken the skin. A swollen place about the size of a hickory nut, where the ball had struck it, was all the wound that could be found, but I never could imagine why I could feel the blood sash around in my boot leg, when the skin was not broken."

SHE WAS STUPID.

The Idea of Leading the Subject to His Lungs.

They spoke at greater or less length upon politics, religion, weather, millinery, gloves, neckties, skating, the drama, society, dancing, the public schools, the church and its mission, the probability of a continuance of sleighing, the difficulty of getting hired girls, the supply of natural gas and other topics of minor importance. Still he lingered. Instinct told him that the old man was yet awake, but he set the danger at naught and stayed.

There was another danger which he wished to broach.

"My dear friend— It seemed a very cold and distant form of address, but he had previously decided it was the best under the circumstances.

"I wish—to speak to you of something very near my heart."

As she stared at him the perplexity in her face suddenly gave way to intelligence.

"Oh, yes, I know; your lungs. How are they, anyway? How stupid in me not to ask."

He never knew what he murmured in reply. When he recovered complete consciousness he was walking home and the crisp snow was crushing noisily under his feet.

A CLEVER RUSE.

How Baron de Reinach Won Applause for Acrobatic Feats.

An amusing story is told of the late Baron Jacques de Reinach, whose end was so tragic. Last year, at a large costume ball given in a house in the avenue d'Iena, the dancers were suddenly disturbed by the appearance of a clown wearing a mask, who proceeded to perform acrobatic feats worthy of a professional. Everyone crowded round the new-comer, pressing him with questions as to his identity, but with no result, and he disappeared. Later on in the evening the clown again was seen, and this time he deigned to lift his mask. The astonishment of all was great when they recognized M. de Reinach, who, however, did not deserve the compliments that were showered upon him. There were two clowns! Baron de Reinach had engaged the services of a well-known performer at the Nouveau Cirque. He had two costumes made exactly alike, and after the professional had departed M. de Reinach appeared on the scene and reaped his undeserved laurels.

Ancient Bridal Wreaths.

The Roman bridal wreath was of verberna, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulations, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day, in our own country, the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange-blossoms, on a background of maiden-hair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness.

Semitar Snake.

There is a little reptile belonging to Madagascar known as the semitar snake, that is the curling sword. Running along the back from head to tail is a blackish, horny substance, which bends with the convolutions of the snake's body as readily as would a well-tempered steel spring, and throughout its entire length it bears an edge as hard as flint and as sharp as a razor. They are not poisonous, but when one of them springs on a man, which he likes very well to do, he will soon have a leg off unless cracked on the pate.

The Persian Derby.

They have a derby in Persia. A lot of men enter their horses and deposit the entrance fees with the shah. The race is then run after which the shah takes possession of the winner, and sticks to all the entrance money.

DWARFS IN MOROCCO.

Stunted in Growth by Poor Food and a Rigorous Climate.

The existence of a race of dwarfs on the Atlas range, about which there was an animated controversy last year, has received unexpected confirmation. Walter B. Harris, who has returned from a journey in Southern Morocco, communicates the facts. "While traveling along the foot of the mountains he saw thirteen or fourteen persons, none of whom were over four feet six inches in height, natives of the upper mountain regions. The Moors describe them as 'a wild people, living in built houses in the rocks and snow, hunting mountain with extraordinary agility and given to shooting anyone penetrating to their domains.' He attributes their small stature not, as some have asserted, to the fact that they are the remnants of the troglodytes, but to the circumstances in which they live. He believes them to be 'merely a certain collection of Shih tribes, who, through the high altitude at which they live and the extremes of climate they are subject to, from their poverty and inability to raise crops, from the scarcity and bad quality of such food as they are able to collect, have, in the lapse of centuries, become of almost extraordinarily stunted growth."

SELF-EVIDENT.

Almost Unnecessary to State That It Was Wagner Night.

It was a Wagner night. And the large and appreciative audience sat spellbound under the skillful and artistic interpretation of the great musical master by artists who had been culled by the great master's secretary, companion and leader, reluctantly filled up the aisles and down stairs of the academy of music, whose whole atmosphere was redolent with harmony, whose echoes fondly clung to every corner of the auditorium and lingered within the portals.

As the delighted auditors wended their way homeward, melodies still filled their minds, set their souls a-singing with seraphic visitations that would not be excoriated. Melodic strains flitted into their slumbers and led the dreamers into sylvan retreats where birds warbled dulcet refrains, caught up in turn by rippling waters, then snatched aloft by rustling foliage and carried onward by the jubilant zephyrs from bush to flower, to tree and grove, until all nature responded in sympathetic chorus and all verdure became vocal with praise. Finally the Sunday dawn broke upon the awakened dreamer, whose whole being was thus fitly prepared for the contemplation of sacred things and attuned for the spirit of devotion.

ENGLISH WAITERS.

How They Are Paid and Held Responsible.

In English restaurants, where the customer pays his bill through the waiter, the latter is held responsible for its due payment from the moment he receives the articles ordered by the customer from the kitchen, and what is known as the "check" system is pretty generally adopted. The waiter, on beginning his day's work, pays in to the proprietor or his clerk from \$10 to \$25 to cover the orders he is likely to receive during the day, and he is given in exchange a number of "checks." For every order he gives he hands in checks to an equivalent amount. If the value of the orders exceeds the amount of deposit the waiter must pay in more money before he receives the dishes. What the customers pay him he retains until settling time. If the customer goes away without paying the waiter must bear the loss. The waiter is the person on whom the blame naturally falls if orders are not promptly executed. But he is himself at the mercy of the kitchen porters, who pass the dishes from the kitchen, and these men seriously impede him by dawdling in carrying out his orders if he fails to square them with a fee.

Strychnine Settled Them.

One month ago the splendid crop prospect of Washington county was seriously threatened by that abominable pest, the squirrel or gopher, but the farmers said no, and they meant it. Such a buying of powder and shot and strychnine was never heard of in this country, and the war was made in dead earnest. Most of the farmers now report that they have the upper hand of Mr. Squirrel, and that he is not doing much damage. It is estimated that 100 pounds of strychnine have been purchased for this purpose at an average price of \$8 per pound, say \$1,800, and that 700,000 squirrels have been killed in the county, and that each squirrel would have destroyed and eaten one peck of wheat, or 50,000 bushels which at fifty cents per bushel would make \$25,000.

Antidote for Onions.

It is told of a well-known Kentucky colonel that once he invited a gentleman to dine with him at Chamberlin's, in Washington. Among other things ordered was porterhouse steak, with onions. His guest asked to be excused from partaking of this dish. "It gives me a bad-smelling breath," he said. "Never you mind about that," remarked the colonel; "wait till you get the bill—that will take your breath away." The ease with which the colonel changed from host to guest nearly took his friend's breath away. The bill did so completely.

Delusive Hopes.

When Captain Cook first visited Tahiti, the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell and stone. When they saw iron nails, they fancied them to be shoots of some hard wood, and desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.

VERY LONG SLEEPS.

There Is Nothing New or Strange Under the Sun.

"I noticed a suggestion some time ago that science might yet make it possible for a man to go to sleep in the first quarter of one century and wake up in the last quarter of the next," said Colonel Jeff McLemore, as he pulled away at a big, black cigar.

"The writer probably got his idea from the account given by Sir Claude Wade, who relates that while residing at the court of Loodhiana he saw a fakir resuscitated after being walled up for six weeks in a brick vault without the possibility of receiving a breath of fresh air.

"I was inclined to doubt Sir Claude's story until I witnessed a feat fully as remarkable among the Yaqui Indians in Mexico a few weeks ago. An old widowed squaw had a daughter, a rather comely girl of 14, who had an unpleasant habit of going into trances whenever she counted her beads, mother and daughter being devout Catholics. The girl would lie like one dead until her mother uttered some cabalistic words over her and applied a crucifix to her lips, when she would revive on the instant, apparently none the worse for a lapse into a state of coma. The mother took service in a family quite a distance removed and left her daughter with the tribe. The latter soon passed into a trance, and all efforts to resuscitate her were unavailing. A messenger was posted off for her mother, but returned with the answer that she had accompanied her mistress to Monterey. The girl lay for several days motionless and was at last pronounced dead and consigned to the grave. A month later the mother returned, and, learning what had happened, proceeded to dig her child up. The body had not changed in the least since being consigned to the grave, and when the cabalistic words were repeated and the crucifix applied to the lips the girl started up, and, after partaking of a cup of water, accompanied her mother home."

REFORMING A PARROT.

The Scheme Did Not Work in an English Parish.

A Pittsburger who spent a part of last summer in England, tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance.

A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing, at frequent intervals:

"I wish the old lady would die."

This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it.

"I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two birds had become accustomed to each other the bad bird remarked:

"I wish the old lady would die."

Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added:

"We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.

A Remarkable Eagle's Nest.

Some Swiss papers relate that a sportsman recently succeeded in capturing in the Savoy Alps an eagle's nest, after killing the mother bird. The nest, which was large enough to hold several persons, was made of thick branches covered with straw and ruber bish, and in it he found, besides a young eagle, the following remains of a feast: Fresh and stale meat, a recently killed hare, twenty-seven chickens' feet, four pigeons' feet, thirty pheasants' feet, three chickens' feet, eleven chickens' heads, eighteen heads of grouse and other wild birds, and remains of snakes, squirrels, rabbits, marmots and other game. Truly a royal feast!

The Law as to Apron Strings.

"Apron strings must be left alone," said Judge Ermentout the other day to a Reading jury. "People have no business with other men's apron strings in a playful way or any other way." This bit of wisdom was spoken at the close of the trial of Isaac Grossly for assault and battery. A month ago the Augustus Pottenger met Mrs. Grossly on the street and playfully untied her apron strings. Grossly saw the proceeding from across the street, walked over promptly, and knocked Pottenger down. The arrest of Gross followed, but the judge told the jury to acquit him, which it did, and the costs were put upon the man who untied the apron strings.

His Field.

An old gentleman, after the funeral of a relative, in the West of England of the was listening with rapt attention to leave the reading of the will in which he was expectedly proved to be interested for First, it recounted how that a certain defective field was willed to him; then it went on to give the old gray mare in said field little to some one else, with whom he was old fool anything but friendly terms, at which the point he suddenly interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming indignantly: "Then sha's eating ma grass!"

Next Able Liar Has the Floor.

In answer to a prize offered by French paper for the best example microscopic writing, a constant reader sent in the whole history of Christophrus Columbus written on an egg. Another wrote on the back of a camera photograph Francois Coppée's novel of "Henriette" of 19,000 words. The prize was won by a man who sent in the contents written at length, only of the first two sheets of a great paper written on a postal card.

THE PEOPLE.

Vol. 2.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MAY 20 1893.

No. 9

Political and Otherwise

GRAND WORDS.

Chairman H. E. Taubeneck, of the National Committee of the People's party, uttered the following grand words, of which we heartily approve.

"FUSION mean confusion and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get. We want every democrat and republican to come with us and we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we can't afford to secure either voter or office by bartering away our principles. The very moment we use them as trading stock and peddle them around to the highest bidder to secure an office we will sink into oblivion and we ought to. There is but one thing for us to do 'Keep in the middle of the road.' Hoist the black flag and neither give or accept any quarter.

Any one who expects any of the old parties to give us any financial reforms by fusion in my opinion, is a mental deformity."

The Judicial contest in the 33d district is beginning to warm up. The republican judicial convention will meet at Scott City June 15. What the Pop's will do is uncertain. If fusion, the outfit ought to be downed.

Subscribe for this paper and learn about the Exchange.

The World's fair is an immense snide State after state and the general government have come to the front to support it at the expense of a people, a majority of whom are too poor to own their own homes. For Chicago, and the nations gamblers who will there assemble, this organized fraud will prove a howling success. Tricksters, prostitutes and gamblers will be specially thankful to the hypocrites for the closing of the fair gates on Sunday.

Relic. — this paper only \$1,

THREE-MING

ABOUT a bank examiner, was. MEXIC going through the banks to see how much cash the banks have on hand. By the way, Mr. Breidenbach is chairman of the People's party state central committee, and while here made the Echo office a friendly call, and had a long talk with the Old Anarchist. Brother Breidenbach is a boiling hot "in-the-middle-of-the-road" populist.—Ness County Echo.

We are glad to hear of Brother Breidenbach's conversion. The last we knew of him he was hobnobbing with democrats in a lively shape while they controlled his campaign.

Postmaster Thomas, of Topeka, in making the appointment of D. C. Hewitt to the superintendency of the North Topeka post office station, gives utterance to the following, the good sense of which we commend to the consideration of Gov. Lewelling: "I believe the appointment is but a just recognition and reward for your long years of service and devotion to the democratic cause, and I am free to say that it affords me much additional pleasure to know that I am appointing a workingman and a representative of the great middle classes of this country, to whom the democracy, as a party, are indebted for their success and supremacy, and upon whom we must depend in the future."

We had an exhibition in Chicago of the American Sabbath. It was on both sides of the world's fair fence. On the inside nothing was done to improve the mind, but something was done to improve the pocket. Artisans were at work the whole day. Visitors who might receive moral profit were not permitted entrance at the gates.

Then there was the American Sabbath outside the Jackson park fence, the whole length of Stoney Island avenue, the street fair was at work. All the cheap stores and shows that line the avenue were open. The Circassian ladies, the petrified beauties, and the merry-go-rounds, the little Ferris wheels were in operation. The lines of transportation were busy. It was an exhibition of the American Sabbath. Away from the vicinages of the fair grounds the multitude, taking advantage of the first really inviting day of spring, crowded the parks in all portions of the city. The boulevards were lined with vehicles. The occupants of many of them were on their way to see the American Sabbath on exhibition. It was a great day for the American Sabbath.

It was a poor day for the international exhibition.—From a Chicago paper.

Fading Flowers.

EVA L. CORNING.

I plucked a bright handful of flowers
And gazed on the beautiful petals
And gazed on the beautiful petals
So delicate, fragrant and sweet;
And as I stood musing o'er flowers
Adoring each beautiful face,
I thought of young life in its beauty,
Bedecked in its laurels of grace.

But later I gazed on my flowers,
All withered and faded and bent;
The scarlet hues beauties were dying,
The crown of their glory was spent,
But quicker, a sadness that thrilled me,
I clasped them with tenderest pride.
A moment I held them serenely,
While sad thoughts my memory stirred—
Ah, see, how the slight forms are bending—
They're dead—was the magical word.
Then twining them closely together,
I tenderly laid them away
Among the long bright waving grasses;
To sleep in the sun's golden ray.

And so we look out on life's ocean,
And see the young, radiant, fair,
Bright little flowers of childhood;
Expanding, to bless every where;
To shine in their glory forever
And scatter their blessing so sweet,
We look at each face flower laden,
An ideal of heaven complete.

These flowers grow larger and brighter,
To manhood and maidenhood true,
And now at their height and their glory,
Shines bright as the stars through their blue
And upward and onward forever,
Through sunshine, or darkness of night,
They'll soar like the birds of the forest
And gather thought's jewels, so bright.

Now crowned in its white glowing mantle,
The noble and grandeur of years,
Like sentinels guarding our footsteps,
These flowers more lovely appear
And when they are fading and dying,
We'll tenderly guide them to rest,
And hallow the deeds of their kindness,
And love them the truest and best.

Are we any Better.

Th people we call heathens. With their own hands, make images of wood and brass, then bow before them in reverence and awe. They ascribe to them divine power and godly attributes the power to bestow blessings and punishments. For the ordinary individual to believe, doubt or destroy them is the worst blasphemy, the most unholy sacrilege and desecration. We are very solicitous for the welfare and improvement of these benighted people, and at great cost and labor we send men and women to their country to educate them out of the depths of such ignorance and superstition.

We are not so superstitious and ignorant, of course not, but we make idols and worship them. Laws, parties, official position, governments are the products of man's hand and brain, but some where in the process of manufacturing they acquire something sacred that places them above the reach of common, human criticism. The men who fail to see the beauties of our "glorious institutions," who refuse to bow to and revere the "glory and majesty of the law," who talk of their right to alter or abolish a government that no longer secures life or liberty, are traitors and rebels not fit to live.

We, the most enlightened people on the globe, worship idols; we look up with awe and reverence to the work of our hands as something too sacred to touch. As long as this is true why should we claim superiority over the heathen? Patriotism is not a virtue while it demands homage and respect for laws and government that rob and oppress us.

L. D. W.

From Osage County.

That there is no relief to be had for the masses through the instrumentality of political parties has been clearly demonstrated by the history of the People's party in Kansas. It has been proven that as soon as a new party advocating the best interest of the whole people gains strength enough to stand a chance of electing its candidates, immediately a flock of unprincipled buzzards fly over from the old parties, take possession of primaries and conventions and by political trickery nominate themselves as candidates to be voted into office, and if elected they work to fill all position of profit with their own kind. What are the people of the country profited by the change? Are the politicians of the republican and democratic parties who have been trying for years to get office in those parties, and have failed, any better than those who have succeeded? Would it be wise for the people to establish some method by which they may have framed into law, the true principles of reform. It does not take a person more than ordinary comprehension, to know that the interest and design of

the politician is to keep all law making power in the hands of the office-holders, hence the difficulty of carrying into effect the will of the people, by and through the so-called representatives of the people. It is a good adage that what you would have done well, you must do yourself.

F. CURRY.

Always Select the Best Men.

We cannot disguise the fact that political reform has suffered some of its very worst defeats by the treachery of those whom the people have elected to responsible offices. I propose to call the attention to readers of the Advocate briefly to this subject. And first, why is it that we are thus betrayed? Is it because we have no better material within our ranks to select from? Are there really no men among the thousands now rallying to our standard, who are both mentally and morally equipped to stand in the van of the storm, and unflinchingly meet and overthrow the slimy boulder? Every intelligent reader unhesitatingly answers that such men abound in almost every community. Is it not because our people, in their anxiety to carry elections, overlook the really more important object to be secured, viz., the carrying into legislative enactment of the great economic principles which alone can bring relief to the oppressed? How often do we hear the remark, "We must select an available man for this position. It is admitted we have better men, but can we elect them? Charley is really a good fellow, though I am well aware that he has neither the ability nor the staunch integrity possessed by some of our old warriors who, when it cost a man all his life was worth to espouse the reform cause, did valiant service for reform; but then this latter class made enemies and our enemies will not support them. We must select men for office who can win votes from the enemy." I do not undervalue our need of votes; but the first consideration is not votes, but those grand economic principles which underlie and support all just and equitable government. If "Charley" has not the qualities which will make enemies in the present struggle, neither has he the qualities that fit him to hold office. The severest test of one's integrity is that brought to bear by the power of the boulder, after one is in office. And he who has not sufficient love of political reform, to constitute him a bold and fearless champion of truth before election, is morally certain not to do so when, in office, he is confronted with the money bags.

I know a man in Kansas who, for fear of placing himself on the unpopular side of a question, always hedges and avoids committing himself until he first ascertains how others feel upon that particular subject. This same man, when a candidate for office, allows his friends to do all the hard work necessary to his election, while he seems anxious alone to feel his way between contending political forces and to stand in with both sides. And now of what value is he when in office? A cipher before election and only a cipher afterward. Such men may be tolerated in the ranks, but certainly they are out of place in office in the midst of the present political struggle. What we now want, nay, what we must have, is men, not ninnies.

Mr. Editor, the time has now come when this thing must be changed. And how are we to go about this work of change? The above described class are the very men who do the scheming to get into office, and we can not hold them entirely responsible for the evils that follow their success. Our editors, our writers and public speakers must enter more fully and more systematically upon the work of so moulding public sentiment as to make this sort of sharp practice utterly and forever impossible.

There is much more harm in this thing coming to the people's cause, than the mere want of efficiency and and of integrity of these officers; for it has now become a matter of almost daily occurrence to hear men declaring their want of faith, not in the justice and importance of our demands, but what they denominated the insincerity of our people; and they point their moral by reference to our placing this very class of men too frequently in office, while having plenty of men of

sterling worth and integrity to choose from. W. M. GOODNER,
—In Topeka Advocate.

Men embark upon the sea of life full of hopes and aspirations. They spread their sails to catch the breeze of opportunity, never doubting that the voyage before them will be a prosperous and happy one. With timbers sound and staunch, and every rope taut, they speedily sail over the waves, never fearing for storms and tempests which may come. Carrying a rich freight of joyous anticipations, of brightest hopes and yearnings of loved ones, self stands at the helm to guide the good ship safely on her course. But across that course pirates have built a huge sea wall against which bark after bark in endless succession are wrecked, until the sea itself is covered with the debris. Every profession, calling, or walk in life presents many times more wrecks than any thing else. * * * Notwithstanding it is almost infinitely easier to bring wealth into being to-day than it was twenty years ago, yet it is harder for a poor man to get a living. And it is growing harder. You may not yet have stuck the rock; but it is only a question of time when you get them.

The salvation of the people rests wholly with themselves. It is madness of folly to expect relief either from changes in the law, or in the administration of it. I have before me a circular of "The World's Congress Auxiliary, of the World's Columbian Exposition," inviting those interested in labor problems to hold a congress under the auspices of the World's Fair authorities in Chicago, during the time of the World's Fair; which is like inviting the sheep to hold a congress under the auspices of the wolf. The circular specifies seven general topics for discussion, none of which are of the least practical value. None of them reach the root of the evil. Nor would a question that did be permitted before a congress held under such auspices. Victor Hugo says: "The last thing owls wish is a candle."—W. H. Van Ornum, in Why Government at All?

Woman's Progressive Political Club.

By E. L. C.

We had the pleasure last week of attending a meeting of the Women's Progressive Club of the city of Topeka. As the name indicates this club expects to grapple with home questions and advance political thought. Mrs. Otis, wife of ex-congressman Otis, who was basely turned down last fall by the People's party of this district in answer to the demands of democracy and political demagogues, is the president of this club. No better choice could have been made. The thinking women of the city are members of this club. The object of this club is to educate the people along the lines of political economy, industrial co-operation and domestic science. For the benefit of those who wish to organize local clubs we append the constitution. It is proposed to have a delegate convention of all local clubs on the second Tuesday of June in this city for the purpose of organizing a national association.

CONSTITUTION OF LOCAL CLUB.

ARTICLE I. SECTION 1. This organization shall be known as the "Woman's Progressive Political Club" of Topeka, Kansas.
ART. 2. SEC. 1. The object of this organization is to assist in educating women in pure, progressive politics, in the broad field of human labor, and in the social and domestic problems of the ages. This society is political, industrial, literary and educational in character.
ART. 3. SEC. 1. The officers of this club shall be president, vice president, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, treasurer, and chaplain, and an executive board, which shall be elected annually.
ART. 4. SEC. 1. This club shall have the following standing committees, viz: Committee on progressive politics, committee on social and domestic problems, committee on Labor Exchange, committee on printing and circulation of reform literature.
SEC. 2. Each committee shall have a chairman and secretary, whose duty it shall be to report their actions in writing at each meeting, and make suggestions for advancing the work of the club.
ART. 5. SEC. 1. At each meeting of the club there shall be two special committees appointed, viz: (1) Committee on program for next meeting; (2) committee on invitation and reception.
SEC. 2. The regular meetings of this club shall be held upon the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. The meeting on the second Tuesday in May of each year shall be the annual meeting for the election of officers. Special meetings may be held as the club shall direct, or may be called by the president and secretary by giving five days notice.
ART. 6. SEC. 1. At the annual meeting of the auxiliary for the election of officers, there shall be elected three members of the club as an executive board, who, together with the president and secretary, shall have charge of the society when the club is not in session, and shall report at each meeting.
ART. 7. SEC. 1. This constitution may be amended or repealed by a two-thirds vote of the members present, provided such change does not conflict with the state constitution. Notice of such proposed changes shall be given one month in advance, except at the regular annual meeting in May of each year.
ART. 8. SEC. 1. There shall be no membership fee, but members shall pay 10 cents monthly dues.
ART. 9. SEC. 1. Nine members shall constitute a quorum for doing business.

2. The secretary shall keep a list of the members, and shall call the roll at each regular meeting.
3. No person shall be admitted as a member of this club, who is opposed to equal suffrage, or to the control of the liquor traffic or to the suppression of the liquor saloons.
4. The Omaha platform shall be the basis of the political action of this club.
5. The order of business of each regular meeting shall be, viz: Calling to order, devotional exercises, roll-call, reading minutes of last meeting, reports of officers, reports of standing committees, reports of special committees, miscellaneous business.
6. These by-laws can be amended, altered, suspended or repealed at any regular meeting by two thirds vote of members present.
Miss EVA HARDING, M. D.,
Chairman.
Mrs. J. G. OTIS,
President W. P. P. C.
Mrs. GRACE PORTER,
Secretary W. P. P. C.
Mrs. M. H. McALLAN,
Mrs. D. I. FURBER,
Mrs. L. W. PACK,
Mrs. R. E. HELLMAN,
Mrs. H. A. WANKER,
Mrs. L. L. HOKINS,
Committee.

What Would Christ Do?

"To what political party would Christ belong?" and "How would Christ vote?" if he were here," were the questions discussed by a body of Congregational ministers in Topeka the other day and reported elsewhere in these columns. That is secularizing Christ with a vengeance. The preachers treated the theme with the gravest flippancy and did not seem to suspect either irreverence or incongruity in the subjects. Christ did not take to politics much when He was wandering around Jerusalem. He was down on hoodlums, money changers, coupon clippers, landlords, and money makers of all sorts. The only glimpses we get of his political economy come incidentally rather than directly. "If a man ask you for your coat, give him your cloak also,"—"Take no thought of the morrow,"—"Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor." "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." With such notions as these Christ could not be a republican. The suggestion that He would have been a prohibitionist is not countenanced by His biographers. His first public appearance was signaled by converting water into wine at a wedding festival, and that too after the guests "had well drunken." "I came eating and drinking and ye say, behold a wine bibber and a glutton," and the very last meal he took on earth was served with wine. The preachers have not shed much light on the questions they amused themselves discussing. Seeing they have taken up the subject of guessing what Christ might or might not do, if he were here, the Kansan suggests as a topic for a summer afternoon speculation, "What church, if any, would Christ belong to if He were in Kansas?"—Pittsburg Kansan.

We don't believe that if Christ were here He would have attended the Omaha convention, denounced the democrats as plunderers of the people, the destroyers of their homes, and then turn around and combine with the devil to whip satan.

Christ was no fusionist.

It sounded strange to a Kansan audience for the world's organizer to say, "me and DeBernardi are the only men in the world who understand the principles of the Labor Exchange." It had been hoped that it could be brought within the comprehension of the people.

The Labor check is as good, and better than gold. It has the very best base in the world. It not only represents its face value, but it calls for a share of the surplus of the Exchange. Hence, as compared to currency, it will go to premium.

The Labor Exchange is duly organized under and by virtue of the laws of Kansas. It is also organized in Missouri. It is hard to conceive why any Kansan should ignore his own organization and work for a foreign one. Kansas is forging to the front and will soon be in a position by law to foster co-operative movements. The time will soon be here when Kansans will be asking political recognition at the hands of Kansas.

If every bank note, greenback, treasury note, gold and silver certificate, U. S. bond, state bond, municipal bond, school bond, improvement bond, corporation bond, debenture and certificate, personal and partnership note, mortgage account and obligation were utterly destroyed the wealth of the United States would not be diminished to the value of a single cent, whereas the destruction of a single bushel of wheat would be a positive decrease of the nations wealth. —Pittsburg Kansan.

KANSAS MATTERS.

Hutchinson has a daily salt output of 4,000 barrels.

Vitrified brick as a pavement is being talked up in Fort Scott.

E. W. Howe is again at work at his old desk in the Atchison Globe office.

Cottonwood Falls and Emporia exchange dancing parties about once a year.

The Santa Fe pays out to its employees at Chanute about \$30,000 per month.

An Emporia firm made a shipment of three carloads of trees to Colorado recently.

It has been nearly two years since the old desk in the Atchison Globe office.

A colored girl only 17 years old died in Lawrence the other day of consumption.

Topeka makes a pretty fair stagger at a funeral, but she is not in it alongside of Emporia.

Atchison now has a man who can say, "I have lived in Kansas City."—Atchison Patriot.

There is not a foot of pavement in the town of God Intent, notwithstanding its name.

A Detroit, Mich., seed firm has purchased a Kansas farm for the purpose of growing seed on it.

Patsy Curtis, a Kansas horse, will make an attempt to lower the world's stallion record this year.

Independence is yearning for something fresh and meritorious in the way of theatrical talent.

"Poverty socials" began in Kansas after pork became so high as to make ham sandwiches impossible.

Atchison consumes an average of 4,500 pounds of meat a day exclusive of pigs' feet and calves' liver.

Applications for bank charters are filed daily at Topeka. They come from all sections of the state.

Stranger creek is a fishing stream in Atchison county where lots of good fellows meet and get acquainted.

The acreage of crops in Seward county this season will be increased nearly half over that of last year.

A man dressed in a white canvas suit, with a painted advertisement of the state fair, is running loose in Kansas.

A life-size portrait of the late Governor Martin will be presented by his widow to the school in North Atchison.

The Santa Fe railroad is to have thirty new sleeping cars on its line in anticipation of the world's fair business.

A colored man in Oskaloosa recently drank thirteen cups of coffee at one meal, and he wasn't very thirsty, either.

Send in your orders for sample copies.

Does One Thing Well.

There is a woman in Pittsburg who has applied the principle of one thing well so successfully that she has, at her command a modest competence. Her specialty is washing curtains, her trade being entirely with the wealthy families of the city. So excellent is her work that many of the local firms who pretend to send their customers' soiled curtains to New York to be done up merely send them out to Neville street to her. She is mistress of her art; just what it is nobody knows, but curtains from her hand have a whiteness and smoothness no one else can attain.

Bear Killed on a Main Street.

A crowd of men were seen hurrying to and fro on Main street of a Washington town, with here and there a gun in sight, and for a few seconds horrible sights flashed before the imaginary vision of those who were not informed as to the purpose. A lone shot was heard, and as the crowd congregated at that point, a reporter timidly approached from the opposite side of the street, expecting to find the mangled remains of some desperado cold in death. He was agreeably disappointed, however. Before his gaze lay the bulky form of a brown bear, the result of a rifle shot from the unerring aim of J. M. Rose. The wild beast had been shot in the eye.

Sure Ridder for Rats.

The best way to get rid of rats and mice is not to poison them, but to make them thoroughly tired of the locality and induce them to leave. They are generally too smart to eat poison, even when it is prepared for their benefit in the most seductive fashion, but they are a particularly about tatar emetic. When a little of this is mixed with any favorite food they will eat as greedily as though the physic were not there, but in two or three hours there will be the most discouraged lot of rats about the place that anything ever saw. The tatar will not kill them, but makes them, deadly sick.

Canned Peas.

There is a great difference in the quality of canned peas; most of the French peas are put up when young and tender and are superior. As the cans are very small, it will require two or three for the dinner, open and drain off all the water, put into a sauce-pan, add a little hot water, only as much as will cook out, on top of the range and stew slowly, season with butter, salt and half a cup of this cream.

THE PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

(Entered at the post-office at Topeka as second class mail matter.)

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

CYRUS CORNING, Editor
EVA L. CORNING, Mrs L. D. WHITE,
Associate Editors.

A good thought is best seen when put in practice.

The Labor Exchange solves the money question.

The Labor Exchange is rapidly knocking "isms" endways.

Politics go glimmering before the triumphant march of the Labor Exchange.

If you want more money in circulation then organize the Labor Exchange and make it.

When one man assumes to know all there is to know of truth he is tinctured of mossbackism badly.

Mrs. Lease refuses to address the soldiers of Topeka on Decoration day unless she is made chief orator.

Ignorance and prejudice stand in the way of reform work. They are a complete bar to co-operative movements.

A good healthy Labor Exchange was planted this week in Topeka which will at once commence to make a record.

Labor Commissioner Todd is out with an article to show he was honestly appointed Labor Commissioner by Lewelling. Quite likely.

If the people are distressed and business houses failing for want of money, then let them turn their attention to the Labor Exchange and make their own money.

Judge Stratford, of El Dorado, will establish a straight-out People's paper in that city this week. We congratulate Brother Stratford in his undertaking and wish him success.

For fine job work send us your orders, and they will receive our prompt attention.

Secretary Osborn must answer in District Court to the charge of libel. Reform does not so much consist in punching some one else as in doing man, the fam-

It is very probable that the managers of our public institutions will know enough to set their house in order when notified in advance of the time of general inspection.

That man is an idiot who undertakes to prove that there was no fusion in Kansas last year. It was fusion with a vengeance, but well covered up from public gaze until after election then its traitorous head was plainly visible.

Gov. Lewelling believes that the best way to build up a political organization is to starve your friends "whom you have always with you" and feed your enemy. Perhaps so. But idiots learn by experience and in no other way.

Politicians are the last to turn their attention to the Labor Exchange as a means of relief. Such a course might endanger their prospects for office. It is different, however, with the taxpayer.

A thought is of no consequence to the people unless it can be utilized and made effective. With this idea prominent the Board of directors of the Central Branch of the Kansas Exchange have been giving much of their time in studying the details of business that they may put the Exchange idea into practice. They have been remarkably successful. The work of practical organization is going rapidly on.

Political treachery on the eve of an election is bad enough, but to misrepresent and slander the very one who came to the rescue when friends were turning away, when the clouds were lowering, when indignation was running high, when family ties were being sundered, and who poured oil upon the troubled water, is a thousand times meaner. Comment may not become necessary.

The principles of the Labor Exchange are as carefully protected by charter provisions in Kansas as in Missouri. Proof-charter. Again they are taught in all their purity and it is false to assert that there is an effort to combine the check with the Omaha platform idea of money. This kind of racket will react upon the authors and bring them of much of their glory which might come to them as the reward of past honorable services. Their last days may be worse than their first. Reform can never be built upon a base of falsehood and misrepresentation.

A New Field for Woman's Thought.

For some time the Labor Exchange has engaged the minds of the thinking people of Kansas and Exchanges have been organized at different points in the State.

Men are learning that all wealth is based upon labor and certainly they who labor should reap the benefits of their toil.

Through the Labor Exchange, we receive full value of labor performed.

I want a few minutes with the women who have lent every energy of mind and hand for the advancement of the cause of reform.

My Sisters, it is largely through your efforts during these last few years that the way has been opened through which this Benovolent Association is brought to our rescue, and made to flourish on Kansas soil.

You are weary of toiling without recompense. Your feet are weary in pressing the threshold of a tenement house or a mortgaged home. Your hands are weak and your hearts ache as you struggle in vain to keep the wolf of poverty from your doors. You have forced the storm bravely and fought well and long, regardless of the sneers of little men whose only aim was office and boodle for themselves regardless of the needs of the people.

You are tired of wearing your lives away through constant toil that a few may revel in luxury, while you and your little ones are treading the paths of poverty and sorrow.

We bring you a message of relief. It is bound up in the Labor Exchange, a Co-operative Benovolent Association, and we solicit the aid of all liberty loving women in building up the organization. All admit that there is plenty of work to be done, but no money to pay labor. Then why can we not organize into a society, and make our own money—issue checks—that is, you perform labor and the Exchange will issue checks for the amount due you in payment of your labor, or for the products of your labor.

If these checks will perform the same work that money does, then they are money. Bear in mind that the bank bill is not a legal tender, and we are not obliged to use them, as money. Still they are as good as the gold and will purchase goods on the same basis that legal tender greenbacks do and it is simply custom, and nothing more, that make bank bills perform the functions of money. The people will take a labor check just as quick, when they find it will purchase for them just what the gold dollar or greenback will purchase. Merchants will use them because they will receive a benefit through their use in return. Prominent merchants have enlorged the system.

What is money but a system of book-keeping? The people have been so blinded by the "almighty dollar," "the gold dollar," "God's money," that it is hard for them to realize that money is simply a medium of exchange.

Money is what the people make it. Behind each check are the products of labor and each member has agreed to receive them and thus its field of circulation is secured. Interest will never mar the face of these checks. When you deposit your checks and take your goods, the checks will be canceled, as is the postage stamp, showing that it has performed its duty; thus it can not be cornered like the currency of today.

Sisters, this is an age of progression and this is the most progressive thought of the age. Let us have your assistance. Let the voice of the women be heard. Study this thought and give us your views. Let the women lend a hand in building this Co-operative Benovolent Association.

The Exchange is rapidly growing, but if you will take a hand in its building there is no telling where it will stop. It will go on and on until it is known and established throughout the nation.

Sisters send in your thoughts, there is room for all. E. L. C.

Woman and Politics.

Many honest people talk about the necessity of voters understanding the principles of government, legislation, constitutions, laws, "the science of politics," and in order to truthfully say that we are self-governed and make our own laws, this knowledge is necessary. We are governed by the machinery of politics, and if we "consent" to the laws that control us it behooves us to know something of its workings, keep an eye on our officials and their work and know something of the doings of legislative bodies. Some of these same honest people think it would be a good plan to require of all voters a qualification in

the shape of a certificate denoting the proper amount of political knowledge. It is probable that the most active opponents of this plan would be the leading politicians, as they can work a lot of ignorant voters to their own advantage much more effectively than intelligent men who know as much about the machine as they themselves do.

But the majority of people are not interested in politics. The man who is obliged to struggle constantly to keep the wolf from the door has no time to study politics, and the man interested in science, art and invention, and is really making the world better, has no inclination, so the average citizen is in danger of being forced to obey laws in which he has no voice, and of being governed without his consent. Besides it is utterly impossible for the average citizen with any other vocation in life to make even a small beginning toward understanding the voluminous mass of laws and the intricacies of government. Especially is this true of women. At various meetings where they meet to discuss the ills they endure, and to learn what their husbands can not tell them when they ask at home, the advice is given, usually by women of leisure and culture to women who have neither, to study our system of government; that it very important to be familiar with our constitution and laws, and to keep informed as to the proceedings of our legislatures, congress, etc., all of which is just as impossible for the average woman as it is for the average man.

Eminent woman suffragists have labored in vain to awaken in women an interest in politics. They assume then, that knowledge and an active interest are essential if they would vote intelligently. They confidently assert that with the right to the ballot women would exhibit the required interest and wisdom in the use of it, and correct the blunders men have made, but this assertion is without foundation, considering the ages of woman's bondage and obscurity, the narrowness of her sphere, her education in the line of submission and obedience, it is doubtful if she would do as well as men have done. Few men are able to explain or give a reason why they vote with the democrats or why they vote with the republicans. Of course this can not be said of Populists—but how many of them all can rejoice over the security of their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, or give any reason to hope to possess it through political methods or parties. Politics is but a scramble for office and spoils, corruption, bribery, fraud, win, pulling, deceit and cunning are the principal trait employed and all virtuous, self respecting women and men will keep out of it.

The only legislation, the only scheme political or otherwise in which women can feel an interest is that which will abolish poverty. The political machine so far has been used to grind out laws by which therich may keep themselves rich without work, and the poor can work without riches. The poor can hope for no relief through the machine.

In all new movements to abolish poverty, in the crusade to rescue labor, women have taken an active part and have done their share of the work. The weight of poverty lies heaviest on women. The mothers feel most keenly the denial of comforts and luxuries with which she would gladly surround her family; she knows the difficulty of trying to make a dollar cover the need of twenty, and the serious problem of extending the service of last year's dresses, hats and shoes over another season. The impossibility of making birth-day and Christmas presents, the denial of many little indulgences that afford so much pleasure, are source of heartache to the mother who wishes to see her children happy. She knows better than any one else the importance of pleasant surroundings, well furnished rooms, good clothes, wholesome food, music, books, pictures, works of art, education and social pleasures.

Women are ready and willing to join a crusade against poverty, but they need not wait for the ballot or hope to do the work with that weapon. Join and work for the Labor Exchange. L. D. W.

Review of a New Book.

It is a cheering sign of the times that most of these new books which are really good and create something of a sensation, are books in the economic or social relations of mankind. It shows that people are sensing their wrongs—that, dreaming of changes, they are nearly ready for them. Such a token, is a new work by Henry Olerich entitled "A Cityless and Countryless World." It is a picture of co-operation under individualism; a de-

scription of an ideal society built up under free conditions. It arranges for every relation between human beings, all the affairs of society being so adjusted that there is no inharmony, no injustice, no suffering. The institutions of our present civilization are fairly analyzed and reviewed showing what the author thinks is wrong and how they may be righted. The questions which so perplex society today—such as the money question, production, distribution and exchange, woman, marriage, the education of children, are all satisfactorily settled in this ideal society which Mr. Olerich so graphically describes. An air of bright, breezy freedom pervades the work and interests the reader from the first, while the mind rests relieved on the portrayal of a paradise which is after all possible in this life and on this earth. It may startle many to find what conclusions an advanced and wise race of beings may arrive at; some will doubt the uniformity and sameness of arrangements in co-operative societies which are entirely voluntary, and others may object to some of the reasoning on much vexed questions. But it is a remarkable book and well-worth reading. It will aid agitation and lead us nearer to some kind of a solution of the weighty problems which puzzle society. If there is a way to eliminate poverty and promote justice, we want to find it. L. M. H.

Topeka has organized a Labor Exchange.

THE HAT BOY.

How He Remembers the Men Whose Headgear He Cares For.

The man in the light suit was in a hurry. He was hungry. His mistatinal cocktail had been down precisely nine minutes, and was beginning to be self-assertive.

The individual in uniform by the dining-room hat-rack, caught the tile man in the light suit tossed him, gave a quick glance at the back of the light suit disappearing in the diningroom entrance, placed the hat in a row with a score of other tiles of all shapes and sizes. Half an hour later the man in the light suit emerged from the dining-room slowly and with an expression of satisfaction, for the cocktail had succumbed to the attack of coffee, porterhouse steak, chops and other concomitants of a good breakfast. The hat is now adjusted, the cigar lighted and the individual in uniform added a silver coin to the pile in his pocket.

"The ability of the hat boy to remember different faces and heads and the hats that go with them," said the clerk, "is marvellous. Out of the hundreds who daily pass into that dining-room, strangers, transients and permanents, he never makes a mistake and returns the wrong hat. I confess I myself am perplexed at the wonderful memory and faculty of association, which is the chief recommendation of the average hat boy. One would imagine that in a rush he would hand over the wrong hat, but he never does. However, that is all he has to do, and as his position depends upon his accuracy he soon becomes an expert in his particular line."

TOMBSTONE.

How This Gold Prospecting Town Came by Its Name.

Richard Schieffelin, of Los Angeles, who was at the Palmer in Chicago lately, attracted considerable attention by his peculiar Western attire and long, flowing hair. Mr. Schieffelin was famous a few years ago as the discoverer of Tombstone, in Arizona. He was a poor prospector on the Arizona desert in search of gold, which he believed was located in the southern part of the territory.

After getting a "grub stake" at a store in Yuma he started out alone to cross the arid waste lying west of Yuma. As he left the town he was told that instead of finding gold he would find his tombstone. For weeks the daring prospector struggled on until his provisions were nearly exhausted.

One night, while camping beside a small, dry stream, he was obliged to dig in the sand of the river-bed to get water, and while thus employed unearthed several nuggets of gold. The next day he staked his claim and started back to Yuma, where he reported that he had found his tombstone, but that it was lined with golden nuggets. From this the present city of Tombstone sprang, and today "Dick" Schieffelin is one of the wealthiest men in Los Angeles.

Japanese House Mats.

Japanese house mats, says Miss Bird in her work on Japan, are as neat, refined, and soft as covering for the floor as the finest Axminster carpet. They are five feet nine inches long, three feet broad, and two and a half inches thick. The frame is solidly made of coarse straw, and with very fine woven matting, as nearly white as possible, and each mat is usually bound with dark blue cloth. Temples and rooms are measured by the number of mats they contain, and rooms must be built for the mats, as they are never cut to the rooms. They are always level with polished grooves or ledges which surround the floor. They are soft and elastic, and the finer qualities are very beautiful. They are as expensive as the best Brussels carpet, and the Japanese take great pride in them, and are much aggrieved by the way in which some thoughtless foreigners stamp over them with dirty boots.

ESCAPE OF THE DOG.

Civilization Taught the Brute a Trick Worth Knowing.

Mr. Dennie Reed, a young man about 17 years of age, who occupies the position of cook at the Coffee Mill claim in California, had quite a thrilling experience with a large California lion lately. The following is his experience in his own language:

"On Friday evening, while sitting in front of my cabin in Indian Gulch absorbed in reading a very interesting book, my attention was attracted by a very peculiar noise. I at first thought it was a fox or a coyote, but you can imagine my feelings when I looked up and discovered that I was in very close quarters with a large California lion, and that he was slowly making his way toward me, snarling and showing his teeth.

"Fortunately I am the owner of a large dog who happened to be by my side at the time. The dog took in the situation at once and started toward the lion, growling and barking at every jump. The lion turned his attention at once from me and started on a run for the dog, but the dog was equal to the occasion, and to my astonishment made for a large pine tree some twenty yards away, with the lion in close pursuit. On reaching the tree the dog disappeared as if by magic in a cave that had probably been dug by some prospectors in the early days and used as a dwelling house.

At the further end of this cave an upraise had been made through the solid lava, answering the purpose of a stovepipe or a fireplace. The upraise being very flat through it the dog made his escape. The lion, after giving a couple of unearthly yells, slunk away in the brush, and I can assure you that I had no desire to follow him to see where he had gone."

IRELAND'S DEAD KINGS.

Most of Them Succumbed With Their Boots On.

In Whitaker's Almanack for 1893 there is a short and succinct account of the kings of Ireland, dating from the Milesian conquest in 1300 B. C. There is apparently no record of the fate of the first two kings; they were probably translated. But from the year 1285 B. C. to the Christian era out of 169 kings fifteen died of malignant distemper or plague and the rest were either killed in battle or died other violent deaths.

From the Christian era to the reign of Henry II. of England the record is not more promising. There were apparently seventy-eight kings; of these thirteen died natural deaths, that is to say that they presumably did not live long enough to enable them to share the fate of their predecessors and successors; one was drowned in a fog; one had thirty sons, in itself enough to cause death; one was choked by a fish bone; three were killed by "thunderbolts," but as the three reigned successively it is not unreasonable to suppose that the "thunderbolts" were but "rocks," "hefted" by the hands of aspirants to the throne; the remaining fifty-nine succumbed to the inevitable assassination or death in the battlefield. Happy Ireland!

Another Four Hundred.

It is generally thought that the saying, that the only people in New York worth knowing can be numbered by 400, was originated by Ward McAllister, but it can be found in the Bible, Acts v, 36, which speaks of Theudas boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves, who were scattered and brought to naught. The verse referred to reads as follows: "For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves; who were slain, and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered and brought to naught." Another verse worth mentioning in this connection is from 1 Samuel, 22: "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them, and there were with him about 400 men."

A Miscalculation.

Girls should avoid conversational risks. A couple of maidens, who had been entertaining an ultra-elegant gentleman of an older set than their own, to their immense satisfaction, said, in their simple exultation, after he had withdrawn to the hall, and, as they supposed, left the house, "I thought he'd never go, didn't you?" A remark in which the young man, who had not yet departed, failed to detect the compliment. Perhaps, too, he saw a chance to impart a useful lesson, for he promptly returned to the drawing room and exclaimed, "Please don't say that yet?"

Oderferous.

Going through a picture gallery lately, with an acquaintance, Addie Ledyard Ferris, the illustrator, came to an example of the realistic school, a revolting subject, treated with great candor. One of the surrounding group, as they approached, murmured ecstatically: "How strong!" Mrs. Ferris swept one comprehensive glance at the canvas. She turned to her companion, with her dainty handkerchief raised to her nose: "Strong!" she repeated; "I should say it was! Come away."

Fruit and Health.

Lemons, grapes and tomatoes are most valuable from a medicinal point of view, and if the uses of such fruits and their juices were persevered in there is every reason to believe that not only cancer, but many other diseases of a similar nature with which the skill of the surgeon and physician are unable to cope, might be actually cured, or so much alleviated as scarcely to shorten life.

ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.

His Wife Gets His Life Insurance, but He Hobbles Up Again.

A romantic affair has just come to light in Essex. Seven years ago Henry Chaney, a sailor belonging to Wivenhoe, in that county, left England on board of the ship Ironopolis of London. The ship was wrecked and most of the crew were lost, including, as there was good reason to suppose, Chaney. An insurance on his life was paid by the Prudential company, and death allowances were also granted by the Fishermen's Aid society and the Foresters. Mrs. Chaney bravely set to work to earn a living for herself and her children, whom she brought up most respectably. Last spring two of the daughters thought they saw their father in the street at Wivenhoe, while quite recently another daughter, who is now a lady's-maid in London, wrote home to say that she had met her father, and that each had recognized the other. Soon after this the missing man wrote a letter to his wife, describing the wreck of the Ironopolis and saying that he was picked up by a passing steamer and taken to Brussels infirmary, and thence to an asylum, where he was detained till last April. He then returned to London, and visited Wivenhoe with the intention of seeing his wife, but being told (which was not true) that his wife was on the point of getting married to another man, he did not fulfill his intention. In consequence of the accidental meeting with his daughter in London, Chaney has been reunited to the family from which he has been so long separated. He is now employed at a warehouse in Champside.

SHE WAS FAST

How a Cow Was Made Prisoner in a Hollow Tree.

Owen Glacey of Summit, Wash., missed a very valuable cow last week, and spent several days in searching for her without finding any trace of her whereabouts, and had about concluded that she had been stolen when one of the children discovered the animal not over fifty yards from the house. She had wandered into a hollow cedar tree, presumably to get out of the sun, and in pushing her way for fifty feet into the log she passed through a space where it had splintered in falling with the end of the splinters headed in her direction.

Of course, when she attempted to back out her exit was effectually stopped, the splinters having sprung back. And there she was as securely imprisoned as any of the repentant sinners at Walla Walla. When discovered she had been there five days. Mr. Glacey had to cut the log in front of her before she could be taken nothing the worse for her confinement, except for her weight, 1,500 pounds, and was able to form an idea of the cedar timber "in this neck of the woods."

A MAN AT HER FEET.

Why Women Are Always so Suspicious of Each Other.

"Why is it that women are always so jealous and suspicious of each other?" asks the professor in a plaintive voice of the lady with whom he had been dancing.

"Oh, because they know each other so well. Now, there's that Kate Lawson. Do you know what she told young Anderson to-night?"

"No. Please enlighten me."

"She said she had one of the most eligible young fellows in town at her feet. Such a whopper, when everybody knows she's never had a single offer."

"I can prove the truth of Miss Lawson's assertion," said the professor, in his cold, calm voice, that sounded like a brook gurgling over broken glass.

"Oh, were you the man?" spitefully.

"No," not in the least disconcerted, "she was buying her wedding shoes, and the man at her feet was the clerk, who was fitting her."

"Her wedding shoes! You don't mean to say that girl has at last caught a husband?"

"So they say."

"Who is the unhappy man?"

"Myself."

Oldest of Time-Pieces.

The most curious of time-keepers in the world, perhaps, are those used by some South sea islanders. Taking the kernels of the nut of the candle tree, they wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. This is placed in an upright position and the upper kernel lighted. As the kernels are of the same substance, each burns for a certain time setting fire then to the kernel below. To mark divisions of time the native bits bits of bark cloth along the string at regular intervals.

Fashions Not Made for the Old.

Elderly women often complain, with a considerable amount of justice, that the fashions seem to be intended only for the young, and that those women who have passed 40 are left more or less to their own devices. Few fashion papers contain, any designs or suggestions for the attire of women of middle age. A newspaper devoted to this object would doubtless be regarded as a boon by all those many women who are sensible enough to bear their years becomingly and gracefully.

After White.

Ludicrous deliveries are common in advertisements, especially in those of a personal nature. Here is one that appeared not long ago in a New York paper: "Willie, return to your distracted wife and frantic children! Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will, if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's meerschaum."

A TERRIBLE JOURNEY.

Blondin's Fearful Struggle With a Lariat on a High Rope.

Blondin, the renowned rope walker, usually carried a man upon his back when walking the tight-rope. Formerly he was wont to bargain with some one to accompany him on this dangerous journey. On the occasion of a performance in Chicago a man offered his service gratis. Blondin accepted them and ascended the rope with his living burden. When the pair had reached the middle of the rope the man began to laugh heartily.

"What is it that amuses you?" the rope-dancer asked with astonishment. "Oh, a comic idea has struck me. I was thinking what a face of a face you would pull if, during the next half minute both of us were to fall down upon the audience."

"But we shall not fall," replied Blondin, reassuringly.

"But I have determined upon this occasion to take my life."

At the same moment the man began to wriggle about so that the rope-dancer nearly lost his balance. He, however, soon composed himself, dropped his balancing pole and grabbed the man so firmly with his hands that the latter was unable to move. Then, continuing his walk, although in a state of great trepidation, he arrived safely at the end of the rope, and, allowing his living burden to slide from his shoulders, he administered a box on both ears with such force that the would-be suicide fell down unconscious. Since that terrible journey Blondin has carried only one man, his true and faithful servant, on every occasion.

AGE OF ORANGE TREES.

Groves of the Delicious Fruit Trees Can Be Found in Italy.

An exchange remarks that there has been much discussion among American horticulturists the last few years concerning the extreme age that orange trees will bear well and produce good fruit. Some maintain that an orange tree, no matter how much care is put upon it, will slowly wither and die after it has reached half a century of growth. Others have argued that about seventy-five years is the limit of usefulness of a well-cared-for orange tree.

Several American horticulturists who have been traveling along the Mediterranean sea have recently found trees over 120 years old that are still producing fruit of excellent quality. On the island of Elba, where Napoleon was banished, there is an orange grove of over 700 St. Michael orange trees that were planted by an Italian in 1781, and it produced last year over 200 boxes of fruit, but it produced Relief times that quantity twenty-five years ago.

There are several small groves in Southern Italy that are still producing fruit of excellent quality. One of the most famous is the "Pellegrino" grove, which is said to be 142 years old, and that yielded several boxes of fruit last year. It is even alleged that in the Azores there are orange and lemon trees over 200 years old that still bear fruit, but there is no good authority for the allegation.

THE WIND DIGS POTATOES.

A Thirty-Acre Patch of Murphys Ripped Up at One Fell Swoop.

Charles H. Ruddock of Chicago, New Orleans, Memphis and Carina, Cal., came in to chat the other day, and told one story that will bear printing.

Our exchange editor had just remarked that he wished to heaven he could shake this part of the world and land in Southern California, where a man could "live happy until he died rich."

"Why," said Ruddock, "the wind digs potatoes in Southern California!"

"Haughty Dumpty! What?" the exchange man remarked, disappointment shadowing his face.

"Honestly," continued Ruddock, "one man had thirty acres of potatoes, and there came a gale that uncovered every potato, and all he had to do next day was to go out and pick them up."

And then, as if he wanted to get away from the subject, the Chicagoan-Tennessean-Louisianan-Californian went on to talk about his first love, eypress.

A Professional Ghost-Hunter.

In the dark ages professors of exorcism were important and highly respected persons in the community, but somehow or other they fell into disrepute and were finally abolished as impostors. It is satisfactory to find, however, that at the present time, when so many people complain that they can find nothing to do, this time-honored profession has been revived and at least one gentleman finds it sufficiently profitable to pay for the printing of circulars commendatory of his business. It is addressed to "landlords, house agents and those whom it may concern," and states that the exorcist "will be pleased to investigate and report upon any reputed haunted house, ascertaining the cause of and putting a stop to all seemingly unaccountable shrieks, cries, groans and spirit rappings at the shortest notice." This is hard on ghosts.

She Wanted All Particulars.

The Maine steamboat engineer was polite and attentive. It may be that he was flattered by the fact that a lady so impressive in her manner should have come to him for information. At any rate, he told her all about it, just where the steam went into the cylinder, where it escaped, and how it was that the piston rod attached to the crank turned the wheels that propelled the little vessel through the waves. She appeared to be all wrapped up in the information, and when he had finished she turned a beaming face upon him and said: "Now, what is the object of the boiler?"

A BLUFF.

How a Band of Indians Were Cleverly Duped.

"I had one brush with Indians and do not want another," said Major S. B. Pillsbury. "In 1859 I was down in Southwestern Kansas with a surveying party. I had been sent back to our supply station, some thirty miles distant, and was returning with two well-laden pack mules and a young half-breed Indian boy when a band of roving Apaches swooped down upon me."

"There were a dozen in the party, but I knew that surrender meant certain death. I prepared to make such defense as I could. Right in front of me were two large cottonwood trees. I shot the pack mules so that one fell on one side of the trees and one on the other, thus making a rude fort. I had a fine rifle and a large fowling-piece, and I put a dozen bullets in each barrel of the latter and reserved it for the rush. The bucks were well mounted and armed, and they began circling around me, shielding their bodies behind their horses and firing rapidly. My first and second shots were fortunate, and the survivors retired to a safe distance and held a pow-wow. I felt sure that they would make a rush, and that if they did they would get me. I must make a bluff."

"In the packs were a dozen bunches of fire crackers, intended for our modest Fourth of July celebration. I secured them, cut the fuses short and lit a fire with twigs and dry grass. The rush came. I led with my rifle and threw the crackers into the fire. I pumped both barrels of buckshot into the Apaches and the crackers set up a roar like a platoon of musketry. The Indians were astounded, and dividing to the right and left, went by me like the wind."

POWER OF A SMILE.

How a Lieutenant Pacified a Swarm of African Savages.

Italian soldiers used to be trained to overcome their foes by the assumption of the fiercest possible expression of countenance—the face ferocious, as it was called. Lieutenant H. O'Brien-Brown, of her majesty's service, says that during his perilous journey across the veldt in South Africa he found his engaging smile a more potent artifice to subdue the savage beast. One day a swarm of wild Africans came upon the lieutenant and his little band, and the redoubtable soldier confesses that he "felt an inward sinking," but it was only momentary. "I knew," says he, "that my safety depended on my maintaining external coolness, and so I remained imperturbable until I distinguished directly in front of me to the right, an Indiana or Riny-kop (leaders among the Metabete wear a black ring on the head) who was particularly violent in his objection, and on him I fixed my eye and smiled. When I first smiled on the Riny-kop Metabete he went on smiling he mollified, and as I smiled again and again he broke into a hoarse laugh. It was a hoarse laugh, but I think I never heard a jollier one, and I immediately followed up my advantage." The savages were soon so pacified that they were willing to do anything to oblige the lieutenant and his party.

LONG FINGER NAILS.

A Chinaman Raised One Six Inches In Length.

To allow the nails to grow to an inordinate length is common in China, as an indication that the owner follows a sedentary occupation or leads a life of leisure. Long nails on the right hand would interfere with the use of the brush (corresponding to our pen), and would therefore reflect unfavorably on the person concerned, as tending to show that he did not devote himself to composition and literary exercises, the pride of all educated Chinese. They are almost always confined to the left hand, therefore, and are at times very long, delicately chased silver cases being worn to protect them.

Some years ago I met a Chinese gentleman who had carefully guarded the growth of the nails on the third and fourth fingers, the former for some ten years, the latter for over twenty-five. The nail on the fourth finger, when the silver protector was removed, was some six inches or more long, and twisted like a cork-screw. Some few months later this gentleman, owing to an accident, broke the nail. His grief was as great as if he had lost a near relative.

The Most Remarkable Latin Sentence.

The Latin sentence, "Sator arepo tenet opera rotas," which is, it must be admitted, pretty bad Latin, is a curiosity nevertheless. It can be freely translated as "I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels." Its fine oddities are these:

First—It spells the same backwards as forwards.

Second—The first letter of each word spells the first word.

Third—The same may be said of the second third, fourth and fifth letters.

Fourth—The last letters, read backwards, spell the first word, the next to the last the second word, and so on throughout.

Fifth—There are just as many letters in each word as there are words in the sentence.

A Contrary Man.

"This remedy, sir," said the clerk at the drug store, taking down a bottle of patent medicine from one of the shelves, "is highly recommended for the ailment you are suffering from. The firm that compounds it has hundreds of testimonials. It has cured thousands of cases."

"I've no faith in testimonials," grumbled the customer. "Give me a bottle of some kind of blamed mixture, if you've got it, that has never been known to cure anybody."

Madame Modjeska is very fond of walking. When she was in Topeka she crossed and recrossed Kansas avenue several times.

It is the impression that the postmaster at Belle Plaine is preparing for a change because he advertises a load of cobs for sale.

There are forty men employed on the new government building at Atchison. Isn't that about enough federal pie for one town?

A spinning wheel made in 1720, and now the property of a resident of LaBette City, has been sent to the world's fair for exhibition.

Emmett Dalton has been put to weaving carpet in the Kansas penitentiary. That is about as near as he will ever come to stretching hemp.

"It appears that the women of Wellington have enough sense to leave the merchant in the soup who laid in a supply of erinoline a few weeks ago."

A watch chain which was stolen two years ago from a Topeka jeweler, was recognized by him the other day on a man from Missouri who was passing his store.

The skating rink at Emporia, which is associated with the recollection of many effulgent social events, is to be converted into a stock stable. Sic transit, etc.

The Kansas boys at the Chicago university are distinguished from the rest of the students by the certainty with which they know everything, and more besides.

A Lawrence resident recently sold two 6-month-old greyhounds to a Texas gentleman for \$350. The live stock industry seems to be picking up in all branches.

"Toia has a minister named Schmacke. The prominent individual whom he is fighting spelled his name differently when he tempted Mother Eve in the garden."

Paderewski will visit Topeka about the middle of April. It will be a great treat to see the wondrous zephyrs of Kansas avenue toy with the luxuriant locks of the Polish pianist.

The Delsarte fad has taken full possession of society in Lawrence. A woman in that town who weighs 200 pounds with her summer clothes on is practicing the "feather movement."

The meeting of the State Bee Keepers' association and the Forest Park Chautauque are events which are looked forward to in Ottawa with the hope of financial aggrandizement and of spiritual uplift.

Robert Morrow, who used to run the Hotel Coolidge in Emporia and afterward the Hyman house in Atchison, has leased a big hotel which is in process of construction at El Reno, Ok. His sons, Bob and George, will help him run it.

An Atchison county farmer's net profits last year on his eighty-acre farm were \$4.63. The net profits of his wife from forty-two hens in the same time were \$126.18. Now let us hear no more about the superiority of the sterner sex.

A Wichita man recently furnished the Missouri Pacific road an indemnity bond for \$200,000 on behalf of a widow whose husband was killed on the company's tracks. The bond was given in order that she might collect \$10,000 for her husband as wages.

The secretary of the faculty of Lane university contradicts the statement that the southwestern conference of the United Brethren church voted to withdraw its support from Lane with the view of making Central college at Enterprise the church school of the state. Lane is still in the conference and is still in the swim.

Rapid Transit in the Future.

The time is coming when we shall board a railway train for Boston or New York and get there before we get settled into our seats for a nap. A rapid transit road is building between Vienna and Budapest, and an electric locomotive is being constructed which will cover the distance between the two cities at the speed of 125 miles an hour. An electric railroad is projected between Paris and Brussels, a distance of 192 miles which will be traversed in 80 minutes, or at the speed of nearly 150 miles an hour; and trains will be running within two or three months. The electric road now building between Chicago and St. Louis, a distance of 230 miles, is likely to be an object of national interest, inasmuch as it is hoped to have it in operation before the world's fair is over.

Proving Man's Honesty.

Every man is supposed to be honest until the contrary is proven is the maxim adopted by a quick lunch restaurant in this city, observes a writer in a New York paper. The price of each eatable is duly displayed, and the customer throws down his money to the cashier and says fifteen to twenty cents, as the case may be, and receives change. The proprietor has confidence in man, and thinks he can make more by trusting him than by lying waiters. In order to remind his customer that honesty is the best policy quotations from the Bible are framed and hung conspicuously on the walls.

Send in your subscriptions.

A Heavenly Attribute.

Quester—It's funny how some people's opinions vary. There's Meekleigh, for instance; he was of the opinion that his wife was heavenly before he married her.

Jester—And to a certain extent he has occasion to think so yet.

Quester—In what regard, pray?

Jester—Why, they say "Order is heaven's first law," and it's Mrs. Meekleigh's, too. She doesn't do much else but order, and the worst of it is that he doesn't find it politic to do other than obey.

A Hundred Carriages Followed Him.

"And a hundred carriages followed him to his grave," said the man who was describing the funeral.

"Who are they talking about?" asked a stranger; "a great statesman, warrior, poet or what?"

"They are talking, sir, of Mike the bruiser, who kept the dive."

CHIHUAHUA BROWN.

Chihuahua Brown came to Pyrites when the camp was first started. That was six months before the time of which I write.

Pyrites was a typical mining town of "camp," far up in the Rocky mountains.

It had grown in six months from one log cabin to a town of a thousand inhabitants. It was a rough, unpretentious town, both as regards its buildings and a large number of its citizens; but under the duck suit of the miner there are more honest hearts, more noble and generous natures, than will be found in almost any other calling in life.

The cleanest, most home-like eating-house in the place was Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. Bridget McGuire was a lively, bustling Irish woman, with a red face and hair a shade lighter. She was popular with "the boys," as she called the miners who patronized her place. "We can always get plenty on our forks at Mrs. McGuire's," was the usual sentence of praise bestowed upon her establishment.

"Chihuahua" Brown boarded with Mrs. McGuire. He was a quiet, retiring sort of a man. No one knew much about him, except that he once had some mining property near Chihuahua, Mexico. There was another Brown in Pyrites, so he was given the sobriquet of "Chihuahua," to distinguish him from the other Brown. He paid his bills promptly, and was highly esteemed by Mrs. McGuire, who sometimes spoke of him as "the widow woman's friend," on account of his once having loaned Mrs. McGuire \$200 without security, which the good natured Irish woman first started in business. Now she was beyond the need of financial assistance, and was doing a flourishing business—such a large business, in fact that she had been obliged to send to Denver for additional help to wait upon the table. The "help" duly arrived upon the stage and created a sensation in Pyrites. The first general description was given out by the stage-driver, "Fairplay Bill," to a deeply interested throng at the Silver Bear saloon.

"She cum up on the stage alongside of me," said "Bill." "When we got to the first station at Turkey Creek canyon, she asked if she could ride on the seat with me, she did so admire the scenery. I took her up beside me on the box, and you never heard a girl go on so about the color of the sky, and the trees and rocks, and the wild flowers blooming on the mountain side. She pointed out things to me about the scenery I never see before. I never see a girl so gone on scenery. She really did enjoy it. I got so durned interested hearin' her talk, I cum purty near slidin' the whole outfit down the mountain. She's different from any biscuit shooter ever I see."

"Purty? She's purtier than that pig leader o' mine, but she don't put on as much style as Kitty does, specially when she's just been hitched up an' anxious to go. Purty? Ever see 'em pictures about a woman raisin' up out o' the sea? Ever see that picture of 'Rumy and Julia'? She's a durned sight purtier than either one o' 'em. I've carried many a hash-slinger in my time, but I never see one like her. Most o' 'em's got their hair cut short and curly, an' act fresh. She's different; long hair, blacker'n a dark night in the canyon; big eyes; roses in her cheeks; she's a lady, that's what she is. I could tell that first time I see her."

This was how Doris Ware came to Pyrites to be the "help" at Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. It was not strange that the business of the restaurant increased. Mrs. McGuire's new waiter-girl was very, very pretty, and a pretty face is an attraction anywhere, but especially so in a new mining camp, where women constitute a very small minority of the population.

It is not strange, either that many of Mrs. McGuire's boarders fell in love with Mrs. McGuire's waitress. There was quite a noticeable sprucing up in the way of general appearance among the boarders. Two or three of "the boys" affected brightly-colored ties, and when they came to their meals they wore particular about washing their faces very clean. They seemed to put more than the usual amount of water on their hair and combed it back slicker than they had been in the habit of doing. All this seemed to have no effect upon Mrs. McGuire's help. She was as demure, retiring and modest as when she first arrived. There was one boarder who loved the pretty waiter-girl with the consuming passion of a secret affection. He scarcely dared raise his eyes to her, he was so diffident. The flutter of her dress was sufficient to cause every nerve in his body to tremble. If she spoke to him he was sure to put a lump of butter in his coffee or sprinkle sugar all over his plate, during the ensuing moment of confusion. This boarder was "Chihuahua" Brown. He was reserved in his manner, so quiet and gentlemanly that

Doris was naturally attracted to him. They became friends and gradually "Chihuahua" Brown learned the past life of Doris Ware. Her father had been a man of wealth; he was a speculator. A bad investment had left him almost penniless. He lacked the moral courage to face adversity and in a moment of desperation he blew out his brains. The shock almost killed his wife, a woman of a delicate, nervous temperament. His daughter Doris rose superior to the occasion. She supported her mother from the rather small wages she earned in a store. One day she read an advertisement in a Western paper: "Ten girls wanted for light, easy occupations in the mountains; wages \$20 per week." With such large wages she could comfortably support her mother. The amount was more than twice as much as she had been receiving. She had used her meagre savings to come West, only to find that "the light, easy occupation" for which the ten young girls were wanted was to serve beer in a dance-hall in Leadville. Being almost without money she took the first place she could get; it was her present one—waitress in Mrs. McGuire's restaurant.

It was a beautiful September afternoon in Pyrites. The mountains were covered with wild flowers, and here and there the sides of the mountain hills had been touched by the frost, transforming verdant hues into purple, crimson and gold. Doris went for a stroll early in the afternoon. She gathered the flowers as she went along, and almost every step revealed some new beauty of the floral kingdom. Her mind was not so much upon the flowers as it was upon him—big, bearded, honest, manly "Chihuahua" Brown. She had received a letter from her mother that morning, in which a remittance of \$100 was acknowledged. The letter to her mother had been sent by "Chihuahua" Brown, and he had stated therein that the \$100 was a part of the proceeds from a mine in which Doris had an interest with him. The money was badly needed by the mother, and her gratitude was almost extravagantly expressed.

Doris strolled on, thinking of the generosity of "Chihuahua," and the secret, delicate method he had taken of showing it.

It was time to return. The shadows began to gather on the mountains, and darkness would soon be upon her.

She started back to the trail; but, alas! there was no trail where she thought it should be. Again she located in her mind's eye the place where she had left the trail in her search for flowers, but there was no trail when she arrived there. It was almost dark. She realized that she was lost. Lost in the mountains; lost in a little basin, with the town of Pyrites just over a small ridge. But this latter fact she did not know.

Higher up in the basin she saw a light. It came from a miner's cabin. She started there. It was very much further than she thought it was. It seemed at least an hour before she arrived at the little cabin from the windows of which the light streamed out upon the dark mountain. The door was slightly open. Doris knocked. No answer. She entered the cabin.

What was this? A mining deed. Maxwell H. Brown to Doris Ware, a one-half interest in the "Goodness Gracious" lode.

A letter—she must not read it. Her name? Why, what could this mean?

"Dear Miss Doris"—so the letter began. Then she read: "All my life I have been going it alone, and I'm getting tired of it. I want a partner, I mean—and that's you. I took you into partnership on the 'Goodness Gracious' lode last month. Will you be my pard for life and have a regular warranty deed made out by Parson Wilson? I never was in love till I met you. I don't know how this affair will pan out but I don't think I'll be able to winter through without you. I know my love ain't worth as much to you as yours is to me, and if you say you will be my wife I will try and make the bargain even by throwing in the whole 'Goodness Gracious' mine and the 'Small Potatoes,' which is an adjoining claim. Answer me quick. If I don't get an answer I'm afraid I'll hurt some of the boys, because I don't know what I'm doing half the time. Please marry me—will you? And oblige yours respectfully, 'MAXWELL H. BROWN.'"

Just as Doris finished reading she heard a step, a heavy step, at the door. She grabbed the pen and wrote in large letters at the bottom of the sheet:

"My answer is yes. Doris."

Some one was bending over her. Some one had seen her write; some one saw that plain, big "Yes," and she was gathered tight in a pair of strong arms, and felt a fervent kiss upon her lips.

Another step at the door. It was "Galena" Mike, a miner.

"Chihuahua," he said, "there's an eight-foot vein of that stuff, and it will run at least \$1,000 to the ton."

"Chihuahua" did not answer Mike, but Doris heard him say:

"I wouldn't give one minute like this for 8,000,000 tons of it"—N. Y. Journal.

To Find Your Future Husband.

At bedtime, having fasted since noon, two girls who wish to obtain a sight of their future husbands boil an egg, which must be the first egg ever laid by the hen, in a pan in which no egg has ever been boiled before. Having boiled it till it is hard, they cut it in two with something that has never been used as a knife before. Each girl eats her half and its shell to the last fragment, speaking no word while; then, still in silence, they walk backward to bed, "to sleep, perchance to dream."

The Newspaper of the Future.

Mr. Edison thinks that eventually all newspapers will be set up by a combination of the phonograph and the type-setting machine. Editors, he says, will read off into phonographs all the copy brought in, editing it as they go along. The compositor will put the cylinder with his "take" on another phonograph, and, listening to the dictation of the machine, will translate it directly to the keys of the mechanical type-setter.

Can a Fish Be Frozen?

Somebody told Dr. W. T. Herring of Georgia that it was impossible to freeze a fish to death, but he was not fully convinced and decided to test the matter. He tried it, putting two young carp in a jar and allowing it to freeze almost solid, except about a tablespoonful about the little fish. The fish did not seem to mind it much, and as soon as the ice thawed out they swam around as lively as ever.

A street car trust headed by Boston capital is the latest in the line of proposed combinations.

New York's reform club is preparing a tariff reform bill, which, it expects, will go before the next congress as an administration measure.

Clothing manufacturers of New York have notified the cutters that unless they recede from their position by March 22 they will inaugurate a general lockout.

John Ortilly, a rich bachelor of San Francisco, has died and left \$1,000,000 or more to his brother, Michael, who is a wanderer and cannot be found.

Newton has a barber who bears a striking resemblance to Paderewski, but he can't earn \$40 a minute.

The seniors of the Kansas university are going to have a "pot-latch" on class day, whatever that may be.

The Third Presbyterian church congregation of Topeka will soon commence on a new place of worship.

The sun of prosperity has risen upon Chautau and it is a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Mrs. Ella W. Brown of the law firm of Brown & Brown of Holton is the attorney for the state equal suffrage association.

Lots of people who live out along the Central Branch make a living raising chickens, which they ship east and to Denver.

A monument for the soldiers of Johnson county will be placed in the cemetery at Olathe and dedicated on memorial day.

The city council of Stockton borrowed Cawker City's chicken ordinance and is going to protect the industry of raising garden truck.

The business men of Newton have a thrifty plan of allowing their awnings to remain exposed to the weather until they fall to pieces.

There is not an empty business house of any kind in Burlington. That shows what may happen in a town that has never had a boom.

Fattie Horner, the sweet singer of the Walnut valley, writes poetry good enough to appear in the Arena, a way-up magazine published in Boston.

A Kansas man has just turned up at Chicago whose wife has worn mourning for him for five years. Black must be mighty becoming to that woman.

A Harvey county farmer didn't think much about going to the world's fair until he found a double egg which was laid by a wild goose on his farm.

It is rumored that Strong City and Cottonwood Falls are to have another railroad. At present there is only one line by which people can get out of town.

Coffeyville has secured the necessary bonus and will have its big douring mill. That town seems to get everything it goes after since it "got" the Dalton gang.

When the chancellor's residence and the new library and the scientific hall are completed the Kansas university will have nine buildings, exclusive of the coal house.

A Havensville man had to pay \$32.40 for three turkeys and two chickens sent from Pennsylvania. The transportation problem is a vexatious one in this country.

The farmers of Cowley always begin to sow their oats as soon as the students of the Chillicothe Indian school sell their winter clothes to the rag men of Arkansas City.

One of the big conservatories at the Kansas agricultural college is to be devoted entirely to the culture of roses. That will make Manhattan a great place for visiting girls.

Eudora is feasting on home grown lettuce, and not lettuce with your new fangled French dressing, either, but lettuce wilted with hot vinegar and ham gravy. Yum, yum, yum!

Kansas is always doing the unexpected thing. They had a bank failure out there the other day and one of the bank officials actually lost heavily by the collapse.—Chicago Times.

The Columbian chorus of Topeka and the Columbian chorus of Emporia are vying with each other in the quality of their social texture and the resonance of their vocal properties.

Wichita has found a dumping ground for its garbage. Now, if it will fight shy of premature cucumbers and green apples, it may get through the summer without a visitation of cholera.

Improvements to the amount of \$10,000 will be made on the mill property at Cottonwood Falls this spring. A new dam will be built, the building enlarged and new machinery put in.

Frank A. Waugh, a McPherson county boy and graduate of the Kansas agricultural college, has been elected to the chair of horticulture and entomology in the agricultural college of Oklahoma.

The cost of operating the Soldiers Orphans' home at Atchison is less than that of any of the eight charitable institutions in the state. The expense during the month of February was only \$1,359.

Forty-two Kansas high schools and seven academies fully prepare students for entrance into the Freshman class. Besides these there are twenty-three which do not fall short more than three terms.

Ten or twelve of the normal boys at Emporia have applied for positions on the world's fair police force. The Normalites are mostly from the country, and when it comes to muscle rate as "A No. 1."

An Atchison county farmer is feeding 5,000 head of sheep.

At Osage City a new co-operative store with a capital of \$50,000 is soon to be started.

Good government land can still be had in Gray county for the payment of the filing fee.

A Newton woman has just completed a point lace "Josie" which she makes at \$500.

Arkansas City hotels are enjoying a largely increased business on account of the strip opening.

An Independence lady has an invitation to the inaugural ball held in Washington March 4, 1865.

One Salina firm paid out \$11,000 to the farmers of Saline county last month for poultry and eggs.

We do fine Job work. Call and see us.

A BOY'S CARTOON.

(Scene: Florence, A. D., 1540.)

"Good Master! I crave your service. See, I am not the beggar I am taken to be. Though you'll say, I tell my story o'er, it is such as you've often heard before."

"Is not for myself," he sobbing said,—"It is not for myself I'm asking bread. But my mother is broken her heart to-day; For she's ill, and may lose her place, they say. In the sick-bed, if I could only get A fourth or two, she might hold it yet. Old Tito, the picture dealer said: He would give me enough to buy us bread For a month or more, should I chance to meet Some one of your craft upon the street. And he bid me to draw on the panel I hold A sketch of the Sibyl's head and old Whom the greatest of Florentine painters all Has drawn on the Sistine Chapel wall. A dozen I've asked, good Master mine, But none of them paused to draw a line. You have pencils with you. Dare I claim A picture, in charity's holy name?"

With a kindly look on his stern sad face, The artist at once began to trace. The Sibyl ancient, and with such art As quickened the throb of the boy's warm heart. No word as he worked did he deign to say, But, signing his name, he went his way.

"Whose name is this?" asked the boy of one To whom he displayed the picture done. "Where got you—?" came the question. "Who Has given a prize so rich to you? Why, but that one cartoon you hold Will bring you many a piece of gold: And that you, a Florentine, should not know The name!—It is Michelangelo!"

—Margaret J. Preston, in St. Nicholas.

CRAZY POLLY'S LOVER.

In the hall of a deserted mansion at White Plains stands an old clock which has a history. It is over 150 years since its French maker gave it the finishing touches and set its big pendulum in motion, and a century since the brass hands marked off the last hours of British supremacy in America. The house was the home of Miss Polly Carter, an eccentric old creature who lived alone and held little communication with the outside world. She was called "Crazy Polly" by her neighbors, who disliked her most heartily. She died way back in the fifties, at the advanced age of 90, and was promptly buried and promptly forgotten.

She was so withered and ugly in her last days that it was difficult to credit the stories of her great beauty when a girl. It is said that at a grand ball given in the old Robinson Manor house, at Yonkers, an English governor remarked that she was not only the most beautiful but most charming young woman in the provinces, and danced with her so often that his angry spouse led him home by the nose.

At her death the dilapidated house and worked-out farm passed into the hands of a grandnephew in the West, who still owns it. Everything of value in the house was sold except the old clock, which, with its rusty works and battered case, was passed by as a worthless piece of rubbish.

In the sad story of Miss Carter's life the old clock plays an important part. In the days of the revolution the Carter house, then a fine old place, lay within the British lines. Colonel Carter, his governor, was with the British, and attended son-in-law, Lieutenant Lawrence Carter. His daughter, Polly, remained at home under the protection of a maiden aunt.

They were sad days for the poor girl, days of anxiety and fear. For weeks she had received no tidings of either father or lover, as the neighborhood was infested with red-coats and all means of communication cut off.

One rainy afternoon while sitting before a fire dreaming of the days when horrid war should be a thing of the past, she was startled by the sudden opening of the door and the next moment she was clasped in two strong arms and a handsome young officer was kissing the tears away from her lovely face.

A second later she broke from his embrace and cried, her voice quivering with fright: "Oh, Larry, why did you come? They will catch you. The brutes are everywhere." The sentences were broken by a flood of tears, but the young fellow laughed lightly, and taking her face between his hands, he kissed her and said: "Never you fear, my pet; I know the country too well to be trapped by the beef-eating Britishers. It's as safe as a sanctuary here and I can get back through the lines to-night. But come, come, dry up your eyes and let's have something to eat. I am as hungry as a bear and as wet as a water rat."

Thus reassured, the trembling girl hastened to set food and wine before her half famished lover; who all the while was chattering as gaily as a school boy. He had removed his cloak and the tight-fitting uniform showed off his graceful figure to perfection. He was strikingly handsome, and as good and honest as he was pleasing to the eye. Polly was a girl of considerable experience for her years, and had refused more suitors than one, but she loved her young cousin devotedly and stoutly affirmed that he was a better lover than cousin, which was saying a good deal. After he had finished eating he stretched out before the fire and smoked his pipe as unconcerned as if there had not been an enemy in the country. He told her of his father and of the brightening fortunes of the army.

Then their tones grew low and earnest and they told of their love and talked of the great happiness in store for them when Washington should have driven the English to the wall. The girl was nervous, however, and fearful of her lover's safety. At every sound she would start in terror, and as the time came for his departure she clung to him and begged him to wait until the morrow and make his way through the lines in disguise. He laughed at her fears, however, and was kissing her good-bye when their ears caught the tramp of horses in the yard.

The lieutenant jumped to the window. A glance through the thin panes was enough.

Three English officers had ridden up to the very steps and dismounted. He realized the danger. To be taken meant to be hung as a spy, but he said as calmly as possible so as not to frighten Polly. "There are soldiers in the yard; I must hide." Suddenly a memory came to the girl of the days when as children they used to play hide and seek together. "Got in the clock," she whispered, for the soldiers were already knocking at the door. "It is big enough. Oh, Larry, be quick." It was the only chance. In a moment the young man with difficulty crowded his body into the tall barrel of the timepiece and Polly locked the door and put the key in her pocket. Then she threw her coat and hat under the sofa, and hurried to admit the unwelcome guests.

They were swearing at the delay, but the beauty and dignity of the girl had its effect, and one of the officers said politely enough: "Pardon us, but can't you give us shelter for an hour or two, and some food, in the king's name?" The request was practically an order and without more ado they marched into the house, their hateful scarlet coats dripping with water and their boots heavy with mud.

Though trembling with fear the girl managed to conceal her agitation and was inwardly rejoicing that their stay would be a short one. She ordered a servant to bring food and drink for them and then settled herself with a book in the corner. When they had finished eating one of them brought brandy from his saddle bags and they all began to drink freely.

The oldest of the intruders was deaf, and in speaking to him his comrades raised their voices to an unpleasant pitch. Before an hour had passed they were all drunk and used such vulgar language that Polly swept from the room, her face flushed with anger and disgust. Even in her room the noise of their carousing reached her. It was already dark and to her relief she heard the officers getting ready to depart. One by one they filed out of the front door, but just as they were mounting their horses, which they had tethered to the fence, one of them turned to the deaf Englishman and said: "Go back and see what hour it is by that big clock in the corner." The drunk fellow staggered up the steps and into the house. "It's stopped, and by the Lord Harry, it will never run again," he muttered, and taking his heavy sabre he ran it, several times through the dial into the delicate works. Then, as if not satisfied with the damage he had done, he drove it twice through the polished panels of the door.

There was a smothered groan from the inside of the clock and a creaking of hinges which did not reach the dulled ears of the Royalist, and he was too much under the influence of brandy to note that the end of his sabre was dripping with blood. With a grunt of approval he returned to his comrades, and Polly from her window, heard them ride away toward the British camp. After waiting until they were out of earshot she hurried to release her lover.

As she crossed the room a black stream that wound its way from the base of the clock to the middle of the polished floor like a snake, caught her eye. Her first thought was that the red-coats had spilled some liquor. She leaned forward and touched it. It was warm, and as she rose a fitful gleam of the fire showed her hand crimson with blood. With a frightened cry she sprang to the clock, and as she opened it the body of the poor officer fell heavily forward, the blood gushing from two great gashes in his breast. He was dead.—Philadelphia Times.

The Squirrel and the Rats.

A young man living in the outskirts of Portland caught a squirrel recently and started in to tame it, and he had such success that the squirrel is now as tame as a house cat. The squirrel, after being boxed up for a while, was given the run of the house and went about upstairs and down at will. Then he was let out doors and allowed to play in the trees, but he got back into the house regularly at meal time and at night. A few days ago the squirrel dodged into a rat hole and began running through the walls. The house had been overrun with rats, and after the squirrel got into the walls there was a scampering and racket which threatened to tear the house down. The squirrel came out of the hole after a while, and from that time nothing has been heard of rats in the house. The squirrel enjoys a scamper through the walls every day, but the rats have taken themselves off.

The White Rhinoceros.

From a letter addressed by that renowned sportsman, Mr. Selous, to the Field, it appears that that curious and rare animal, the white rhinoceros, has not yet gone the way of the dodo and the great bustard, though some have ventured to give Mr. Selous' authority for saying that he is extinct. It is to the occupation of North Mashonaland, which kept the native hunters to the west of the Umwati river, that this gentleman attributes the fact that in this part a few specimens still survive the constant persecution which in less than twenty years has utterly exterminated them in every other portion of South-Central Africa. "There may yet," Mr. Selous adds, be ten or twenty of these animals left, but certainly not more, I think, than the latter number."

A More Appropriate Name.

Miss Backnumber—My little dog Hero was awfully scratched by a cat to-day, so I think I shall have to change his name.

Miss Sero—What will you call him now?

Miss Backnumber—Claude!

ORATIONS.

We give this week the orations delivered by the lady members of the Commencement class of '93, at the Council Grove Opera House.

This closes the orations and we desire to thank the young ladies for their kindness in furnishing us with the manuscript. We hope that success will be theirs in whatever occupation they may choose.

The Scholar's Mission.

LOUISE BARLOW.

It has come to be quite a common idea, among theologians at least, that all of us have a special mission. That there is for each of us a peculiar work—a particular place, which none other than ourselves can do or fill.

While we may not believe that there is for each a special place or work, we do believe that there is for each and every one a general mission-field and a general mission. (1) That field is the great field of the world. That mission is to make our little part of it purer, nobler, more God-like for our having been in it.

America is to-day preparing her boys and girls—her young men and women for entering that field by what she calls education. Her great system of public schools are, as it were, a great military academy in which she is each day sharpening the swords of her pupils—clipping their hands more firmly about the weapons which they are to use—and adding, slowly but surely, link after link to their armor of knowledge. And when that armor is completed, gives them a new name and sends them forth, not as soldiers, but as scholars.

The wants of our time and country, the constitution of our society forbid that the scholar should live or work for himself. But few of our educated men are privileged.

"From the loath-holes of retreat To look upon the world, to hear the sound Of the great Bible, and not feel its stir."

Soon, very soon, the youthful scholar must go out among men to work with them; and for them. He must not expect to take his school days into life with him, but rather the grace, power, and discipline which they imparted to him. He will be given no value by the world until he has earned it in the world. The world does not want lookers on. It does not want croakers, but workers! Men who will take hold of the business end of the plow or pen, or will make the end which they take hold of become the business end. Our is a busy, hurrying, practical world. From the east, from the west, from the north and from the south, come the cry of "Practical Education! Practical Education! Bring with you a practical education or we don't want you." Nor is there need to deplore the present prevalent idea. It is not in literary productions only, or chiefly, that the educated mind finds fit expression or fulfills its mission in honor or beneficence. In the great "theater of the world's affairs," it has a worthy and sufficient sphere. Society needs the well-trained, enlarged, and cultivated intellect of the scholar in her midst—needs it and welcomes it, and gives it a place, or by its own capacity it will take a place of honor, influence and power. Nor need the scholar fear that his education will be useless, or the time which he spent at school lost, because he is not called upon to conjugate "Latin verbs" or demonstrate geometrical theorems in his daily work. If the conjugation of those verbs and the demonstration of those problems have developed his reasoning faculties to the smallest degree—if the study of literature and history have made him any better acquainted with the world in general, if under the severe discipline of school life, he has learned to obey laws because they are laws, has learned to respect the "powers that be," because they are the powers that be, if, in other words, the scholar is any stronger physically, mentally or morally, than when he entered school none of his time has been lost.

Every hour of study, every truth reached, and the toilsome progress by which he reached it, will all tell truly, nobly, if he will but give heed to the conditions. And the one condition is that he go forth with heart and soul, and every gift and acquirement dedicated, loving and resolutely to the true and the right. His character should be framed of the most sterling honesty, his conduct conform to the most scrupulous morality, his knowledge be used with such grace, delicacy and power that all shall desire it. Ignorance is a curse to a people and intelligence their only safeguard. Education is their very spiritual life. And to the scholar is given the task, may privilege, of instilling into the hearts of the people a love for such intelligence. It is his privilege to direct the thought of those less wise than himself toward all that is good, all that is beautiful, toward the source of all good and beauty—God, Himself. His the privilege of seeing people become thinking, reasoning men and women under his influence, his the power to help form refined tastes and correct habits, and his the right to be a leader and promoter of virtue. All this is his right. All this he has power to do if, as Webster has said, "he will let his object be his country and nothing but his country. And, under his influence, by the blessing of God, that country will become a vast and splendid monument, not of terror and oppression, but of wisdom, of peace and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

My Country's Mission.

MARY EMILY KEZEK.

A mission is that upon which we are sent, and may be called our life-work. Each and every one of us should have some object in living and to attain this is our mission.

In regard to the different kinds they may be divided into two classes. The one may be far above us requiring courage and perseverance to reach it. This is one in which our duty is right, fully perform it and which affords happiness both suitable and advantageous. Take, for instance, a young man starting out in life with every prospect bright. He knows that he has been given a mission while here, a duty to be performed, and is striving to fill it honorably. Although he may meet with discouragements he toils bravely on, loved and respected by those who know him. Do you suppose he would be found on the street corner almost any time of the day, wasting the time that was given him for profitable employment and improvement? Or, perhaps, in the billiard hall or saloon? If he is truly and honorably trying to work out his mission in a right way, he will be in none of these places, but will ever be found at the post of duty, helping both himself and those around him, and striving to elevate mankind.

A deteriorating mission is one in which our opportunities are used to a disadvantage or in a hurtful way. Those who use it in this way as a matter of course, never try to do any good, never try to lift one that has fallen but drag them down lower and lower. Not content with their own fall they strive to take others with them. These different mission all have an object; some good, some bad. The object of our country's mission may be seen partly in the preamble of our constitution, to provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty. Or, in other words, to guard the public from all injury, to promote common health, happiness and prosperity of our nation and extend for us the happiness and the blessings that attend our liberty.

And in order to do this it is necessary that we should be united as one people. The protection and defense of the people is thus secured, not only in our own country but in foreign countries.

It has been one great aim of our government to educate the people that they should not be ignorant of all that is to their interests. And ever since the founding of Harvard College in 1638 a great deal of attention has been paid to this subject. Schools, libraries, colleges, universities and numerous other institutions, have been established and maintained. Literature of the highest class is within reach of all who wish it. Books and reading material of every kind are made free use of.

No country can prosper while there is trouble internally. Cities or states contending against each other, and each striving to put the other down may destroy the peace of a whole nation. It may be taken up by neighboring cities or states and soon the whole country be involved in war. Business is neglected, no improvements are made, happy homes are broken up never to be reunited and the country is ruined and devastated.

The great object for which a country should seek first of all is peace, both at home and abroad. And when this is secured its attention may be turned to other subjects. Crimes should not go unpunished, for the comfort of the people would then be sacrificed and no one feel safe, knowing that no restrictions were placed on such things. Friendly relations should also exist between it and other nations. Improvements are necessary in the advancement of a nation. This is encouraged by the general government by securing to inventors the exclusive right to their own inventions. Quite a number have been made in our nation that will be of lasting benefit to all, such as the telegraph, or locomotive by which our system of transportation is secured. Inventions of numerous kinds, though not all so important as these, have been made for the use of the people. Take, for instance, the tools employed on a farm, wagons, plows and binders. Is it not worth while to encourage inventions when labor-saving machinery is so much needed?

It is also the mission of our country to send light to those who are in darkness. To carry the message of the gospel to these dark places and help lift the veil from their eyes.

This man should ever strive to fulfill his mission. The grandeur and beauty of a life work is never so well appreciated as after it is completed. Those lines of Shakespeare, "The evil men do live after them. The good is often interred with their bones," is, on the whole, we think not well taken. For how often do we hear evil of persons in their life time, and when they are gone only praise is spoken. Would it not be better if a part of this at least, were spoken during the life of the person? Might not a part of the burden be lifted from their shoulders, and life made more endurable by the giving of a kind word? We have a mission in the world each and every one of us; a duty to be performed, and we should strive to do it in the best way and manner. If each individual should perform his mission in a right way, would they not all be advancing the mission of our country? Wouldn't we nationally as well as individually become more prosperous and happy?

The smallest flower, though it may blossom unseen, is performing a mission in the way that was intended. So we by filling our place, no matter how small and insignificant it may seem, may advance the mission of our country, and our reward if not given here will be received in a life to come.

American Heroes.

NORA HOTTLE.

"Beautiful in her solitary grandeur, fair as a green island in a desert waste, proud as a lonely column, reared in the wilderness," rises America, to take place among the historic nations of the world.

Here, beneath our shadowing forests, here, on our rolling prairies, have occurred the most daring deeds that love of country could compel an individual to perform.

Here, was the spirit of liberty first cultivated by the common people. Here, such patriots as William Penn and Thomas Jefferson, stood unquivering before the open jaws of the devouring world, and boldly proclaimed their respective causes—Love and Liberty.

No beautiful legends of her childhood, youth and maturity are chanted by her poets; for she had no childhood nor youth.

"Tis the battle-fields of America that have recorded the essential points of history. Let us return to the early history of our country. Here, dark war is being waged, for supremacy. The colonies have struggled on beneath the burden of England's taxes, but now an addition of the "Stamp Act," "The Quartering Act," and numerous other measures, have been to their already unbearable load.

The United Colonies have bravely stood their grounds, during their troubles. Let us take the year of 1776, one of the darkest years that America has ever experienced. Let us see how boldly the children of freedom stand! how fearlessly they fall.

George Washington has been called from his plantation to lead the army, and is now commanding. Before him are the trained troops of that nation that has led the world. Behind him the untrained, worse still, the unarmed troops of the colonies.

Being enlisted in Freedom's cause, he plunges into the battle at Long Island with vigor; but is defeated and compelled to retreat. Is reinforced, enters the battle of White Plains with the same, if not more valor than before. Success does not attend him there; again he retreats; this time across the Delaware. With a few other defeats we have the dark side of Washington's life. He had many successes. During these failures he was full of cheer and encouraged his soldiers and by his cheerfulness and bravery in times of defeat he encouraged the people and his strategy caused his enemies to fear him.

The winter is bitter cold, many of the soldiers are bare-footed. Their path can be traced in the snow by the prints of blood from their bruised feet. Do they shrink from awful reality, and wish themselves at home and under England's taxes? No! Liberty stands beckoning them on and the hope of a home, and that a free home, makes them willingly cross the river on the ice with their feet and bleeding feet.

The old maxim has again been proven true "perseverance wins;" for Cornwallis with his beautifully arrayed army is forced to surrender to Washington. "The flood gates of discord are closed, and our rising nation is no longer deluged in blood."

The bell from the old State House peals forth glad notes of Independence. The loud voice of the cannon no longer echoes from hill to hill. Supreme peace reigns everywhere.

The gray haired man whose trembling form is bent with age, the fair red-checked maidens, the calm self-possessed nation, and the merry blue-eyed boy, all with one accord extend their hands, and in sweet confusion blend their voices in praise and rush forward to welcome him who served his country so faithfully.

America has been marching steadily forward for almost a century when her progress is again broken by the stern monster war. The flag our forefathers so proudly raised to the four winds of heaven is insulted. The tie which has bound the states into a mighty nation is threatened to be broken by an earthquake of rebellion. Abraham Lincoln is in the supreme chair, superintending national affairs. When the real conflict can no longer be avoided, Gen. Grant is called to command. Linking his service with such men as Sheridan, Sherman, Logan and others all of whom

are zealous in the cause of Union, they lead the Nation to victory.

Nay! A call has issued been and from all sections men are leaving their wives and little ones; young men, farms and work-shops; the boy even, the pride of his mother's heart, are joining the forces to battle for freedom.

Let us take the battle of Antietam as a theme for another chapter, in the story of America's life. Let us see how almost super-human endurance is manifested.

The battle has raged all day with terrible slaughter on both sides. Night is drawing her dark curtain over all. But look at the battle field as the smoke of battle clears away, the ground is strewn with the bodies of dead and dying men lying with white ghastly faces turned toward heaven. The moon rises behind the horizon to flood the earth with her silver light, but hides her face behind some neighboring cloud, to shut the horrible scene from her view.

It is with difficulty that the turnpike from Sharpsburg to Hagerstown is passed without trampling the bodies of dead and dying men, so thickly do they lie.

We dare not close our list of heroes here; our record would be very incomplete without bearing the names of the heroes of our land. We have no fitter tribute to offer, those who left home and friends, to endure the dangers of war, and care for the wounded, than the beautiful lines of Whittier. The occasion is the battle of Buena Vista; the characters the Mexican women, who care alike for friend and foe. But the same has been done by the noble women of our land in all our wars.

"Look forth once more Ximena, Like a cloud before the wind, Rolls the battle down the mountains, Leaving blood and death behind. All they plead in vain for mercy: In the dust the wounded strive; Hide your faces, holy Angels! Oh, thou Christ of God, forgive."

Sink, O night, among thy mountains, Let thy cool gray shadows fall, Dying brothers, fighting demons, Drop thy curtain over all. Through the quickening winter twilight, Wide apart the battle rolled; No his sheath the sabre rested, And the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the holy Mexico women Still their holy task pursued, Through that long, dark night of sorrow, Worn and faint, and lacking food. Over weak and suffering brothers, With a tender care they hung. And the dying foeman blessed them, In a strange old Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! Is this evil world of ours. Upward through its blood and ashes, Springs afresh the Eden Flowers; From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayers, And still the white-winged Angel Hovers dimly in our air."

Among the many heroes of our land, Kansas does not look with so much pride to any others as she does John Brown and Charles Sumner.

Both of these patriots were called upon to surrender their lives in behalf of their noble cause, one on the scaffold and the other at the hand of a cowardly assassin.

Numberless and honored many of the poor heroes of our land, keep their last slumber on our battle fields. The low-shore turns the sod above the unknown grave of many men who fell for the rise of the nation. Many did not have graves; their bodies were left to decay and their bones to whiten under the torches of our Southern slave fields. A writer has said: "Far from friends and home, no affectionate sister, no loving mother to soothe the anguish, the poor private dies unnoticed and unknown. Yet by some quiet hearth stone, far from the tumult of cities, tears are shed for his fall."

"The stern old father never himself to his loss, by the thought that his sacrifice was made for his country, while the aged mother's heart bleeds with a wound time can not heal."

No costly monuments mark the final resting place of the mass of the soldiers. Yet have they erected in the memory of the people, living monuments which time and flood cannot deface.

Seldom are the praises of our slain heroes sung by poets. But sweeter far than the lines of poets, are the stories that are recorded in blood "on the plains where brave men die."

They are remembered, and will be remembered as long as the nation for which they died, can reach forth and grasp the Pacific with one hand, feel the billows of the wild Atlantic with the other, as long as the "Stars and Stripes" are allowed to float on the breeze from the top of every school house, and our eagle to scream for freedom.

"In every spear of grass that grows on our battle fields, in every wild flower that blooms above the dead of our wars," you read the quiet heroism of the children of freedom.

The Open Polar Sea.

ANNIE CLARK.

"Whether in tropic heat or polar cold, the beacon of man's ambition is equally bright; and causes him to tread even dangerous paths with heart as light as when he walks the easy road of safety."

Our attention is particularly called at the present time to the frozen seas of the north. Expeditions have been fitted out and many have braved dangers to explore those regions of which so little is known; some never to return and relate around the happy fireside their adventures on the frozen wastes; others have returned crowned with laurels, receiving the congratulations and gratitude of nations for their heroic achievements. Never before have these seas excited so much attention. They are open and invite investigation. The knowledge gained but increased our desire for more. Some one has said: "Thrice fortunate was Columbus in the attainment of his ambition, while yet in the full maturity of his powers, long before the infirmities of age had begun their blighting inroads, he lifted the veil from a new and beautiful world." True this celebrated discoverer did not realize the full value and extent of his achievements, still this hero was a martyr and we would remember that "at the foot of every altar lies a sacrifice."

These brave and heroic men do not start out in any haphazard way. Oh, no! decisions are reached and knowledge gained by deliberate and constant reflection, mental labor, guided by practical experience is preformed, a careful study of the sea is made, the climate and all the surroundings and possible dangers are studied, charts are carefully prepared, every available knowledge is treasured up, stores and supplies of all kinds are provided and stored away in a staunch and reliable ship, and most valuable of all, a good compass.

Weeks, months, years, are given to

preparation for this voyage. We have carefully studied this sea and with heart and mind bent on the object of our goal our energies have been put forth, with the assistance of parents, teachers and friends, to the treasuring up of the stores we will need. Our work of preparation is done, our stores are supplied, our charts are in readiness, and best of all a compass has been provided infallible in all its requirements—it is the Bible.

We have to-night reached the wharf, our ship is waiting, kind faithful friends have gathered here to bid us God-speed.

Whether we reach heights never before attained or are wrecked by the first iceberg which presents itself remains for the future to unfold.

We expect to meet with buffeting waves and chilling blasts, but if we with dauntless courage guide our lives by our compass we can not fail, victory is sure, though our bark should sail into port all shattered and seared, the storms have but tested it and with every victory comes strength.

The polar sea of life is wide, and deep, and vast, as we stand to-night upon its rock-girt shore and gaze out as far as the eye can reach, nought rewards that gaze but the beautiful blue of the mighty expanse with the fleecy clouds of a summer's evening mirrored in its bosom. No storm clouds, no towering foam crested billow, no signals of distress or danger mar the beauty of the scene, all—all is peaceful and serene. We are awed into silence as we stand with hushed breath and eyes riveted upon the realistic picture before us we are strangely fascinated by its tranquility and beauty and our hearts throb with a new born desire to launch our bark and test our equipments upon the water's peaceful bosom and see for ourselves what lies beyond the line of vision. But look, my beloved companions, do you see a hand extended to us beckoning us on? Ere we heed its summons let us pause for one backward glance. The memory of the happy past crowds upon us. We see ourselves hand in hand pursuing our way together, rejoicing in each other's victories, sympathizing in each other's discouragements, bearing one another's burdens. Thus far on life's sea, one bark has borne us, one impetus has impelled us onward, one goal has been before us. The last port in this happy voyage is past; to-night we have reached the goal that has allured us on through all these school years even as four hundred years ago and island on our Atlantic shore proved the goal and rewarded the courage of that brave navigator with his three small vessels and ninety seamen.

Are our hearts filled with that prevailed the breasts and his men and broke songs of thanksgiving? No, sadly we say: "Good-bye, my dear friends, and members of the Board of Education who by their kind words and assistance have aided and cheered us on our way. With tear-dimmed eyes and lingering hand-clasps, my classmates, we bid to each other a last "Good-bye." No longer can we sail o're life's sea together; to-night each embarks alone. God grant that as our vessels leave the harbor, tide and wind may favor our sailing, and bring us all safe to heaven's port at last, where the reward of lives well lived awaits each.

Good-bye dear friends, we sail no more to-gather.

But here with loving words we part, and from memory's wreaths of flower, fern and heather. I'll take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

It Bothers Their "Whiskers."

If a barrel of molasses and faith will start a labor exchange, how many ear loads of sand would you have to put on the track to stop it? Here is a problem for your whiskers.—Courier.

As will be seen by the above, our esteemed co-temporary, is endeavoring to devise a scheme by which they can stop the wheels of progress and prosperity that will be derived by and through the Labor Exchange. Boys, you can't do it. You might as well try to stop the sun from moving in its orbit as the Exchange. Intelligent men and women are always ready to embrace a remedy that will bring sunshine to their homes.—New Era.

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THE PEOPLE.

Vol. 2.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MAY 27 1893.

No. 10

Political and Otherwise

GRAND WORDS.

Chairman H. E. Taubeneck, of the National Committee of the People's party, uttered the following grand words, of which we heartily approve.

"FUSION mean confusion and will lead to nothing else. We want all the votes we can get. We want every democrat and republican to come with us and we would like to have every office within the gift of the people, but we can't afford to secure either voter or office by bartering away our principles. The very moment we use them as trading stock and peddle them around to the highest bidder to secure an office we will sink into oblivion and we ought to. There is but one thing for us to do 'Keep in the middle of the road.' Hold the black flag and neither give or accept any quail."

Any one who expects any of the old parties to give us any financial reforms by fusion in my opinion, is a mental deformity."

It would be interesting to know what per cent of the state house appointees are People's party men outright. The list will soon be out.

"Physician, heal thyself." With what force will these words strike the reformer who now goes forth to scatter the seed planted at Omaha.

Take this paper only \$1.

The common idea of money is very delusive. If an increase of the volume of government money is necessary to a revival of business then forever good bye to general prosperity, for the money power now rules and there is no prospect of its cutting its own throat. It will be years to dislodge it even under the most favorable conditions. In the mean time the people will be wasted beyond recovery. Whatever the money power can do it will do. It can deepen debt, cut off the power to pay and forcibly transfer to itself the prosperity of the people.

Relief lies not in politics.

THREE-MINUTE TALKS is the title of an illustrated folder describing the farms, ranches, mines and towns of New Mexico. The profits of fruit raising are set forth in detail, also facts relative to sheep, cattle, and general farming. No other country possesses such a desirable climate all the year round. Write to G. T. Newman, G. P. & T. A., A. T. & S. F. R., Topeka, Kas. for free copy.

The Initiative and the Referendum is the only hope of the people politically. The politicians of all parties will fight the introduction of the thought. Discuss it, organize along that line, put it in operation if you want the people to rule. When you bring the power down to the people to be used by them in all cases, so that not a law can go upon the statute books without their direct vote in the matter then you destroy the occupation of the hoodlums, the schemers, the tricksters and the hypocrites who, with eyes rolling heavenward, build on lies and feast on salary—deceiving the elect of God.

Yes sir, the Wichita convention was a anti-fusion convention. Fusion was a product of after deals. It was fought about by traitorous leaders by lies and misrepresentation to intimidate, to say nothing of the fact that they covered their tracks as best they could. The campaign of 1892 was a thing considered, the most venal and servile campaign the world has ever seen. It was not a party campaign, nor was it a campaign along the People's party lines, it was a campaign to interest the people. It was a fusion campaign, carried on by hoodlums—renegades from the People's party and democracy—and for boodle. We do not hesitate to make this charge. The proof is abundant. Reform can only flourish in the light of truth.

Treasurer Biddle is guilty of publicly arraigning the People's party membership as an army of incompetents. This he did when he assumed and declared that out of at least 125,000 voters, we do not include democratic fusionists, one could not be found who is competent to keep the books of his office. What a sad commentary on a reform party, no brains, yet demanding a financial reform, and organizing the details of a mighty scheme! And stranger yet, a mullet head asks his brethren in the holy faith to furnish the bond for the faithful performance of the duties of his office while the "wreckers of industry" furnish both the brains and the honesty by which the office is run and the bondsmen protected.

For rank inconsistency and brazen officiousness a fusionist has no equal.

Fading Flowers.

EVA L. CONNING.

I plucked a bright handful of flowers
That grew in the grass at my feet,
And gazed on the beautiful petals
So delicate, fragrant and sweet;
And as I stood musing o'er flowers
Adorning each beautiful face,
I thought of young life in its beauty,
Bedecked in its laurels of grace.

But later I gazed on my flowers,
All withered and faded and bent;
The crown of their glory was spent,
The crown of their glory was spent,
But quicker, a sadness that thrilled me,
I clasped them with tenderest pride,
And when I observed they were fading,
My thought was to cast them aside."

A moment I held them serenely,
While sad thoughts my memory stirred—
Ah, see, how the slight forms are bending—
They're dead—was the magical word.
Then twisting them closely together,
I tenderly hid them away,
Among the long bright waving grasses;
To sleep in the sun's golden ray.

And so we look out on life's ocean,
And see the young, radiant, fair,
Bright little flowers of childhood;
Expanding, to bless every where;
To shine in their glory forever
And scatter their blessing so sweet,
We look at each face flower laden,
An ideal of heaven complete.

These flowers grow larger and brighter.
To manhood and maidenhood true,
And now at their height and their glory,
Shines bright as the stars through their blue
And upward and onward forever,
Through sunshine, or darkness of night,
They'll soar like the birds of the forest,
And gather thought's jewels, so bright.

Now crowned in their white glowing mantle
The noble and grandeur of years,
Like sentinels guarding our footsteps,
These flowers more lovely appear
And when they are fading and dying,
We'll tenderly guide them to rest,
And hallow the deeds of their kindness,
And love them the truest and best.

[By an oversight of ours the last two lines in the second verse was omitted, hence we re-publish the above.—Ed.]

H. Peoples, of Elm Creek, has a novelty in the chicken line—a rooster that went around this spring clucking and showed a disposition to set. Mrs. Peoples assigned him to a nest and gave him some eggs, which he sat on and as a result has thirteen chickens that he looks after with as much care as an old hen, clucking and calling them. Mr. Peoples is very proud of him and thinks of taking him to the big fair.—Alma News.

The picture of our present industrial system, the product of our boasted 19th century civilization, will be looked upon by the future generations as one of the outgrown evolutionary stages of a savage age. It will be spoken of as a feature of barbarism, as we now regard cannibalism and chattel slavery.

All the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life are flowing from the workshops, factories, mines and farms, produced by the hand of labor, into the hands of a few who produce nothing. Labor produces all and enjoys nothing, wealth enjoys all and produces nothing. Imagine a person, from another planet for instance, a stranger to our "glorious institutions" and our "best financial system in the world," knowing nothing about our money, what would he think of the phenomenon? He would see the stream of wealth flowing from the wealth producer to the wealth possessor and could but wonder what was the source of such power. He would look in vain to see anything going back. Absolutely nothing goes from the rich to the poor. Labor retains barely enough to keep up the rank of wage slaves. It is time for labor to make an intelligent protest against this condition and claim for its own the good things of life. L. D. W.

The state administration, in council with the state house fusion ring, has decided that a man who went into the reform work prior to 1890 and whose action has been consistent with his profession, has "too much mouth and can't be trusted," and must be relegated to the rear and made to keep silent while other people do the talking and draw the salaries. These political harlots are now talking about getting up a school for those afflicted with common honesty, common decency and the spirit of consistency, and they are to be taught to keep their eyes shut while the devil is playing his pranks and to keep their mouths shut in regard to what they have seen and heard. An effort will be first made to fustigate Smith and Dennington, and if successful, all the huns of hell will be turned loose by the state house gang to close the eyes and pucker the strings and their song shall be, "Blessed are those who have eyes to see and can not see and have ears to hear and can not hear—blessed be the name of mammon!"

EQUAL SUFFRAGE.

Col. E. L. Dohoney's Address at Dallas, Texas.

TEXAS ADVOCATE.

Following is the address of Col. E. L. Dohoney, of Paris, before the Equal Suffrage Association at Dallas, May 10:

No valid reason has ever been assigned why woman, as well as man, should not have a voice in making the laws which tax her property and punish her person. She is a human being, emanated from the same God who created man, the same laws of being were imposed on both, and these equal laws require the same duties and confer the same rights on both sexes.

The language of the Bible is that all the people without regard to sex or condition voted to ratify and adopt the laws submitted by Jehovah through Moses. Here then we have a precedent from the Almighty, which forever settles two fundamental principles of human government, first, the sovereignty of man, i. e., his inherent right to select his own form of human government and enact the laws for his own government, second, the right of all the people in the nation to have a voice in making those laws. God took the sense of all the people in Israel as to whether they would adopt the code written by him on Sinai.

This is the first precedent on record of the fundamental principles of republican government.

Blackstone, the greatest law writer of the Anglo-Saxon race, recognizes God as the source of all government, and bases human law on divine law. He also recognizes the natural right of every human being to a voice in the government under which he lives. He maintains that a human being in his individual state outside society has the right to do as he pleases, subject only to the laws of God, natural law revealed. But when he enters society, he surrenders a portion of his natural liberty and in return receives the protection of human law to his rights of person and property. This is a clear recognition of the natural right of every human being to a voice in the government under which he lives.

Jefferson expressed the same idea in the Declaration of Independence when he stated human governments are instituted to secure the natural rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and that they "derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed."

This startling proposition fell like the sound of the fire-bell at midnight on the ears of the civil and spiritual despots of earth; for the divine right of kings and priests to reign and rule and trample on the rights of the people had been almost unquestioned on the earth for 3,000 years; ever since the pure theocracy of Israel was at the request of a wicked people merged into a despotic kingdom. It is true that some of the Grecian states and some other localities had made patriotic efforts to establish true democracy; but the sovereignty of the people, was never fully stated by a man until Thomas Jefferson, the grandest statesman earth has yet produced, wrote those immortal words: "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

But this grand truth as it has been applied in the United States, has proved a flaming lie. For nearly 100 years only one of four classes, viz the white men, were allowed to conduct the government imposed on the entire people.

In 1863 Abraham Lincoln, by a stroke of his pen, struck the shackles of slavery from 4,000,000 of people, and, aided by the heavy hand of war, and an amended constitution, suffrage has been extended to the colored man but it is still in the main unjustly and illegally withheld by "the powers that be" from the women—the better half of the nation.

Section 1 of article 14 of the constitution of the United States reads as follows:

"All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States. Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty

or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

While section 1, article 15 reads as follows: "The rights of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any state on account of race, color or previous condition."

The foregoing language of the fifteenth article of the constitution of the United States clearly implies the natural right on account of race, color or previous condition.

All the courts, state and federal, hold women to be citizens. Therefore the denial of power both to the States and the United States to abridge the rights of citizens of the United States to vote applies to women as well as men. But if there had been any question about women being citizens, section 1 of article 14, quoted above, forever settles the question by defining that "all persons born in the United States and subject to its jurisdiction are citizens of the United States and of the state in which they reside." It will surely not be denied that a woman is a person.

It therefore inevitably follows from a plain construction of articles 14 and 15 of the constitution of the United States, taken together, that a woman born and residing in Texas is a citizen of the United States and of Texas, and under article 15 her natural right to vote cannot be denied, provided she is competent to exercise that natural right, that is, is not an infant, idiot or lunatic.

This brings up the question of the natural and the conventional right to vote. Nearly all professional politicians deny the natural right to vote and maintain that suffrage is only a conventional right. I boldly maintain that the right of suffrage is both natural and conventional. It is natural because it belongs to all citizens, and every person subject to the constitution of the United States is a citizen, both by natural right and constitutional law, as provided in section 1, of article 14, of the constitution, and it is conventional because some of these persons are incompetent to exercise this natural right, and the entire people of the state, through their delegates in convention assembled, in framing the constitution have a right to say who is incompetent, and if the constitution so framed is afterward ratified by a vote of the people, it becomes the organic law of the state.

But it is forbidden by the constitution of the United States from interfering with any right of a citizen of the United States, and every person born within the United States and subject to its jurisdiction is defined to be a citizen. It follows that suffrage is both a natural and conventional right.

The constitution of the United States guards it as a natural right and inhibits the United States and the states from abridging it, but leaves the states to fix it as a conventional right by determining what citizens are competent to exercise the natural right; usually infants, idiots, lunatics and some other classes are excluded for want of mental capacity.

Section 1, article 6, of the constitution of Texas reads as follows: "The following classes of persons shall not be allowed to vote in this state, to-wit: 1. Persons under twenty-one years of age. 2. Idiots and lunatics. 3. All paupers supported by any county. 4. All persons convicted of felony, subject to such exceptions as the legislature may make. 5. All soldiers, marines and seamen employed in the service of the army or navy of the United States."

It will be seen at a glance that in our state no citizen is deprived of the natural right to vote, except such classes as are mentally or physically unable to attend the polls and vote intelligently. Most of the states have attempted to deny women from voting by classing them with the incompetents, such as idiots and lunatics. But article 6, section 2, of the constitution of the United States makes said constitution the supreme law of the land.

And the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of said constitution already quoted, in legal effect makes woman a citizen and a voter, and in habits both the United States and the states forever from denying or abridging this right to vote. Therefore, a provision in a state constitution deny-

ing women the right to vote would be absolutely void, because in conflict with the constitution of the United States, the supreme law of the land.

But in the state of Texas this conflict does not exist. We have not in our constitution denied to woman the right to vote, and as it is a natural right, and is besides guaranteed by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution of the United States, I hold that every woman in Texas who is a citizen of the United States, and who is over twenty-one years old and not an idiot or lunatic, is a legal voter, notwithstanding the legislature has never in direct and positive terms said she was a voter.

While the legislature of Texas has never directly made woman a voter, some good lawyers believe that it has been done indirectly and unintentionally. I will now call your attention very briefly to the construction of several important statutes, and while I do not regard it as a necessary link in the chain of argument I am submitting, I give it to you as an additional string to the bow which contends for woman's natural and legal right to vote in Texas.

While the election law has copied the language of the constitution and only provides that males may vote, a fair construction of this statute, in connection with others, will, it is believed by able lawyers, include females as well. Section 3, of General Provisions of the Civil Statutes, page 718, reads as follows: "That the rule of the common law that statutes in derogation thereof shall be construed strictly, shall have no application to the revised statutes, but said statutes shall constitute the law of this state respecting the subjects to which they relate, and the provisions thereof shall be liberally construed with a view to effect their object and promote justice."

And section 23, in the chapter entitled "Definitions," on page 3, and which is a kind of preface to the penal code, reads as follows: "The use of the singular number includes the plural, and the plural the singular, and words used in the masculine gender include the feminine also, unless it appears by reasonable construction that such was not the intention of the language."

Now, taking the revised statutes together as a whole, and constructing these several statutes together, we may safely conclude that as the masculine includes the feminine, that male voters, as used in the election law, includes females as well; and this conclusion becomes the more evident because natural law has given this right to women and the constitution of the United States has guaranteed it and forbidden the states to deny it; and a general provision of our civil code provides that the statutes "shall be construed liberally to promote justice." And it is no objection to the last statute quoted that it is a preface to the penal code, being a definition, it in legal effect applies to the entire revised statute, to the civil code as well as the penal.

Were I governor of this state, in issuing a proclamation for an election, I would include the statement that at said election all legal voters, male and female are privileged to vote. Under such a proclamation the election officers would let the women vote; and the friends of liberty, in my humble opinion, can well afford to risk the action of the courts, state and national, if any man should manifest such want of gallantry and such injustice as to question the natural right of his wife or sweetheart to a voice in selecting the officers who are to make and execute the laws which tax the property and punish the persons of women as well as men.

Our forefather's labored and suffered through seven years of war, fire and blood and achieved our independence as a people on account of smaller offences and smaller wrongs than the man is guilty of who opposes impartial suffrage for all people—women as well as men. This is the ungalant and unpatriotic position of men who wish to deprive women of the ballot. This suffrage monopoly is the most damnable unjust of all the monopolies now cursing this monopoly ridden nation. The grinding money monopoly of Wall Street and the infamous partnership

of the United States with the liquor traffic pale into insignificance when compared with the despotic suffrage monopoly which deprives one-half of the people, and the "better half" at that, of the natural right to a voice in the government. In the light of the Declaration of Independence our government is unjust and despotic, because just government can only exist with the consent on the governed.

This is emphatically the age of woman; she is pressing to the front on every line of thought and successfully competing with man on every field of action, except war, prize fighting, liquor selling and crime. This enlightened public opinion, which woman more than any other factor has produced, is rapidly putting the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the constitution into effect in the states.

In over twenty states women already vote in educational and municipal matters. In others she has an indirect voice against the liquor traffic, while in Kansas, the foremost commonwealth of earth, a full suffrage resolution has been submitted to a vote of the people by the almost unanimous vote of all parties in the legislature. At the next election Kansas will be redeemed and the woman have all the rights that men now exercise. And the late municipal election in Kansas, in which more women than men voted in the towns and cities forever dispels that pretense of the politicians that women don't want to vote and will not exercise the privilege.

Hark, Ye Sires!

Boys, there is no use talking about it. We are unalterably opposed to fusion between the People's party and Democracy, or between the People's party and the republicans, and we won't support such a deal. Neither will we support fusionists for any position. nor will we march to the fray under the leadership of a fusionist if we know it. As of yore, we will give our best efforts for the advancement of principle. We will stand by the Omaha platform and work in harmony with that organization which works to advance the principles of that platform, but that organization must show honest effort; it must be consistent in its organization and action; it must not go off a whoring with other political organizations of opposite faith and with a record to dam, and it must not officer its army with political tricksters nor put such on its ticket, and it must not treat its political enemies with greater consideration and preferment than it does its faithful and consistent workers. You know now where we stand. You ought to have known long ago. If knowing, you want to wage war, wade in.

TAKE THE GREAT

SANTA FE RAILWAY

To Chicago and The World's Fair.

In the case of the State of California vs. the Southern Pacific Railroad for the collection of state and county taxes the United States supreme court decided in favor of the railroad company on the ground that the mortgage indebtedness of the road must be deducted from its assessed valuation and when this mortgage debt exceeds the valuation, as in the case of the Southern Pacific, of course under this decision no taxes can be collected. This puts an end to taxing railroads, as their bonded debt may easily be made to exceed their assessed valuation. Thus the plutocratic mills are grinding the people with an ever increasing pressure.—Alma News.

Great fortunes can be gathered only by robbery of the many. It can be done in no other way. There is but a given amount of wealth created each year—all by labor. Coupon clippers, usurers, mortgage-lenders, speculators and all other such classes, do not create wealth. Labor alone does. Fortunes are piled high by impoverishing our fellow men. Greed rules the hour, and the astonishing fact is that many who are, year in and year out, systematically robbed by the prevailing financial system annually go to the polls and vote to sustain the robbers, and call that act patriotism.—Kansas Agitator.

THE PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

(Entered at the post-office at Topeka as second class mail matter.)

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

CYRUS CORNING, Editor

EVA L. CORNING, Mrs. L. D. WHITE,
Associate Editors.

A political machine is inherently dishonest.

Why spend your time and money to get Congress to do what you can better do yourselves.

Let every one who wishes to add to the sum total of prosperity put his shoulder to the wheel and build up the Labor Exchange.

Whatever will perform the functions of money is money. To the extent that Labor Exchange checks come within this rule they are money.

Branch No. 3, Topeka, Kansas, made its first purchase this week of Branch No. 1, Bennington, Kansas. Checks paid the bill.

The ease and simplicity with which the Labor Exchange goes into operation is surprising to those who have given the matter little study.

There is no politics in the Labor Exchange. The Exchange is an organization which stands upon its own base and it brings its blessings for all.

The Labor check has a base better than gold. That base can not be frittered away, neither can it take wings and fly across old ocean's depths.

If you want an organizer to put the Labor Exchange in operation in your locality address the secretary, Cyrus Corning, 303, Kansas Ave., Topeka, or J. V. Randolph, of Emporia, president of the State Exchange.

Send in your orders for sample copies.

A thought is of but very little good unless put in operation. The Kansas Branch of the Labor Exchange proposes to put the thought into operation and thus benefit the people.

Time and again has it been said upon the rostrum and in the columns of the reform press that a man can not be a christian and a republican or a democrat. And now we want to add that a man can not be a christian and a fusionist. "Ye can not serve God and mammon."

Workmen of Topeka buy our overalls, pants and jackets of the Labor Exchange. Rooms 303, up stairs, Kansas Ave. Mrs. L. D. White is the manager. Through the Exchange every idle man and woman in Topeka can be set to work. Let us unite and grow the Exchange.

The Alma News appeared last week advocating the principles of the Labor Exchange. It is with pleasure that we see such prominent papers as the News proclaiming such grand truths as are contained in the Exchange. We welcome the News to our ranks.

Business need not be stagnant for the want of the money of the realm. A study of the Exchange system will disclose this fact. There is no good and sufficient reason why the people should be the cringing slave to the creature of their own production.

Labor can never hope to retain the wealth which it creates until it controls the medium by which the wealth is exchanged. The labor question is in the last analysis, purely a question of money—or in other words, exchange.—Alma News.

This question can and will be remedied by and through the Labor Exchange.

Chicago girls are evidently not aware of the peculiarities of the president of this great country, hence the predicament of the chambermaid at the hotel where Mr. Cleveland stopped during his recent visit to that city.

Mr. Cleveland like all great men wears a night gown, and his neck being so large he cannot remove it over head, he tramps himself out of it as a woman does her petticoat.

This is what Grover did at Chicago, and when the chambermaid looked at the pile of embroidered muslin stacked up on the floor in Grover's room it paralyzed her, and she telephoned the office that she wanted some help, that the president had left a circus tent in the room and she couldn't drag it out.—Political (Lamar, Mo.) Review.

For fine Job work send us your orders, and they will receive our prompt attention.

Told by a Working Girl.

BY LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

[A Chicago daily paper keeps running a series of articles entitled "Told by a Society Girl." It consists of nonsense, froth, points of etiquette, the silly doings of perfectly idle and useless girls, and may possibly interest a tenth part of the paper's readers. It has been suggested that what could be told by a working girl might contain more interest, information and important truths than all the brilliant chatter of a belle of the first water could convey.]

TOLD BY A WORKING GIRL.

"Girls, I'd like to invite company to tea, today if you don't mind. She's a jolly girl—will really add elat to our entertainments, and is well up in worldly knowledge—pretty too."

"Will she appreciate our elaborate arrangements and our intellectual conversation?" asked the dear, practical girl we called Ariadne, as she thoughtfully looked into the steaming tea pot.

"Just the girl for all that sort of thing," and without more words 'Titania ran away to bring from the far end of the long work room, her new friend. There are four of us who together usually partake of the refreshments we call "high tea," as it takes place at high noon. Our table is a cream-colored dry goods box set up on end, laid with a delicate shade of old gold wrapping paper, and set with four nicked stone china cups, four spoons, a shining tea pot and a tin pie plate. Niobe, the blue-eyed, idealistic one of us, insists on the table cloth, or paper, though Ariadne says it is a bother. It is usually considered quite the thing to give three strokes of the front hair with our hands and to wipe our finger on a good big rag, before beginning our meal; and Niobe daily requests Ariadne to brush the furry lint from the front of her dress, (she works on the fur garments) as it has a way of flying around and settling on the surface of our tea in an unpleasant manner. Some times Ariadne does so—when she doesn't forget it—and today we insisted upon it. We arranged our chairs about the table so that elbows might just escape collision and were ready to begin when Titania came back. "Here she is girls. We'll call her "Psyche" adhering to our purpose not to be common place, and she's simply 120 to the rest of the shop."

Psyche smiled and easily took her place. She is pretty, with deep grey eyes shaded by black lashes, that look all sorts of things, there's something strong and out of the common in her face too, and one would not be surprised to hear her express all manner of unheard of, unusual ideas.

"Now this is something like—much better than dining alone," she said as she took a sandwich from the paperful I passed. We are sticklers for propriety, never pouring our tea into saucers, or putting knives in our mouths; refreshments from tin dinner pails or paper bundles being much more properly handled with the fingers. We had pickles in a tomato can cover, boiled eggs on a brown paper plate, sandwiches, cake and crackers on appropriate receptacles. We attacked the viands with a beautiful well earned appetite many a city belle might envy us.

"A delightful corner, young ladies; I wish I could get a machine near you. The fastening of that brown cambric curtain over the dim, gray window pane is extremely esthetic; that stack of cloaks near you is symmetrical in its proportions, and the myriads of dust mites dance in that golden bar of sunlight with lovely grace," Psyche remarked, looking critically about.

"Well, join our club, which we will call the 'Queer Quintette' instead of the 'Big Four,' and at least dine with us every day," said Titania with her mouth full.

"Agreed, if admitted. Are there any dues?"

"Two cents a week for candy; a little lame boy comes up ever other day with caramels. Any objections to Miss Psyche as a member?"

"None whatever," was the response, and by a solemn inclination of the head from each, the young lady was duly initiated.

"Psyche has an invitation to go and see the World's fair some day, from a real cavalier, who will take her into all the side shows and buy peanuts for her all day long. Isn't she fortunate?"

"Most blessed, I consider myself. He drives a coal wagon, has red hair and can't get off except on Sundays. Then the gates are open, but nothing else is."

"Too bad. But what else is he? Red hair and a coal wagon are not bad faults. Has the fellow any intellect?"

"I am sorry to say I have not seen any signs of it. But he has had no chance to discover it himself, if he has. He works every day, Sundays included. That is nothing down our way—the directors of the Fair ought to bring

their foreign visitors over to our side if they want to show them "a typical American Sabbath." A couple of factories run over time, there is a sweat shop or two where they never stop sewing, a picnic park in the vicinity where they dance and drink beer all the afternoon and night, and all the married working men in the neighborhood who do get Sunday off, chop wood, calamine and do odd jobs about their homes all day. We women wash, iron and mend our clothes on Sunday. What other time have we? Then talk about the wickedness of an open Fair on Sunday!"

"Wise girl!" murmured Titania.

"I had another invitation to go to the fair too, I could be taken in a carriage any day I wish, and enjoy the best there is on the grounds; my escort would be well dressed, polished and—detestable. I answered that one with a scornful silence and one of my crushing bows. I smiled at poor Tom, though I did not give him much hope."

"Don't see how you are to get to the fair after all then?" said one of us. Any more invitations in sight?"

"Not yet. A satisfactory day out there will cost about two dollars a person at least and that makes a big hole in a salary of six dollars a week with a lost day to reckon on; but I prefer to go alone."

"Much the best way. You are not dragged around to see something you don't want to see, or pulled away from something you are just doting on."

"I'll be glad to creep in, any way I can get in," quoth Ariadne. "We've been shut out so far on the most important occasions, came mightily near being shut out on our only leisure day, the expensiveness of living and the cheapness of working pretty near puts a veto on going any day."

"Look out, or you'll be making incendiary remarks" our visitor interrupted. "Do you insignificant people who have merely produced the wonders of the exhibition, expect to share any of the glory and honors of it? These are enjoyed by far more important people—those who bless the world simply by consenting to live in it."

We looked at the girl in some surprise though as a "queer set" we are not usually astonished at anything; but the bell rang just then and as it is not thought quite the correct thing to be found eating when the wheels begin to hum, we hurriedly arose and dispersed without more words. Daphne.

FREE ARMS IN CHEROKEE STRIP.

Write to G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., A. T. & S. P. R. R., Topeka, Kansas, for free copy of illustrated folder describing CHEROKEE STRIP, and the Tonkawa, Pawnee and Kickapoo Reservations, soon to be opened for settlement by U. S. Government. Millions of acres in the finest agricultural country under the sun, waiting to be tickled by the husbandman's plowshare. This is almost the last chance to obtain one of Uncle Sam's free farms.

Exchange.

Q. Say John I was up to Benerton last week.

A. Benerton? No, you mean Bennington, do you not?

Q. Wal that is just what I sed Benerton in Ottaway kounty on the grate Unern Persifik.

A. Well, all right then. Bennington, in Ottawa county, on the U. P. But what of that? Bennington is only a small town and what is there of importance there?

Q. Yu jist orter go thar wunce and see them fellers in that thar change uv thars.

A. The Exchange, do you mean? I have heard quite a report from that and it strikes me that there is a grand thought there if it can be placed in practical operation, but I confess I do not understand it.

Q. Wal if yu wil go up thar an se them at work and all them checks in that thar trader then yer will sa thar is bizines. Why yu kan send yur little gal up thar an let her have a pek uv takers then she jist turns around an trade that check to the hired man fur his work, he in turn taks that check to the liverman fur a team uv horses an a buggy and then the hired man taks hiz gal out fur a long drive, the liverman passes the check to the pap uv the little gal fur a little ha, pap gives it to a nabur fur hogs, nabur taks it to Mineraplus and trades it fur a kaleko dres fur his wife, merchant passes it to a kustomer fur eggs and that kustomer tuk it and passed it fur to pa his hired man an he goes bak to Benerton and gets baker with it.

J. T.

The Exchange is not a political organization. It will not be run by or through the Alliance, nor yet in the interest of the People's party; Political tricksters can not make capital out of it. It is for the great plain people and through it they will regain their liberties and prosperity filched from them by their political leaders. Thinking the people are rapidly taking to the Exchange as a sure and inexpensive method of industrial reform.

Letter From Henry Olerich.

To the editor of THE PEOPLE.

I notice the extensive agitation of the Labor Exchange in Kansas and elsewhere. The agitators of this reform seem to think that the monopolization of money is the only cause of poverty, crime and cruelty, but, I think, this is by no means the case. And if the monopolization of money was the only cause, even then, I think, the complete introduction of your "Labor Exchange," as I understand it, would not completely remove the evil causes, for, in my opinion, your Labor Exchange, or medium of exchange, lacks some essential features to make it just and convenient.

In my recently published book, entitled "A Cityless and Countryless World," I first enumerate and then elucidate the several essential features, which, I think, a just and convenient medium of exchange must possess; and, as I understand your Labor Exchange, it does not possess all these features.

In order to make my meaning clear, I shall enumerate the essential features, as given in my book (p. 179), which, I believe, a just and convenient medium of exchange must possess:

"1. It must be made out of the cheapest, most convenient and durable material."

"2. It must afford the greatest security to the taker."

"3. It must eliminate all credit from trade and commerce."

"4. It must maintain the most unvarying uniformity in its purchasing power."

"5. It must least be obtainable by any other means than by productive labor and by voluntary gift."

"6. In volume, it must be always practically equal to the value of the negotiable wealth which it represents and must increase and diminish in the same ratio as the wealth does."

"7. It must not admit of being monopolized so as to make the drawing of interest possible."

"8. It must be least liable of being counterfeited."

"9. It must give the person who possesses a large quantity of it, no advantage or special privileges over him who has less of it."

"10. The money must be such that payee may accept or refuse the money instead of the actual wealth which the money represents."

"11. It must, in its circulation, preserve a financial equilibrium with other parts of the world, and in proper quantities must naturally return to its place of redemption."

"12. It must be most directly issued to the individual—man, woman and child—who performs the productive labor which produced the wealth which the money represents."

No medium of exchange can possess these twelve features as long as many other of our present monopolistic privileges exist. Before there can be universal prosperity there must be many other changes. "Vacant land" must be free. Crowded cities on the one hand and lonely country solitudes on the other can not be productive of good social and economic results. The tools and machinery must belong to the laborers and not to the capitalists. All monopolistic features must be removed from transportation and intercommunication. In the highest state of prosperity and well-being, the production of wealth must be achieved by means of extensive, voluntary co-operative Individualism. A faultless social and domestic organization must be vastly different from our present one. In this article, I can only give a few suggestions concerning the defect of our present institutions and make no mention of how they ought to be.

In my book, "A Cityless and Countryless World," I have portrayed an ideal world from which, I believe, all our present social and economic evils are eliminated. To this work I respectfully refer those readers who desire a full elucidation of the social and economic questions.

HENRY OLERICH.

We shall read Mr. Olerich's book with much interest, a copy of which we have received. The Labor Exchange check comes well within the requirements of Mr. Olerich touching the requisites of money as outlined in his article above. We commend to Mr. Olerich a careful study of the Labor Exchange and its workings and the effect it as an organization, must have on the business of the people.

A civilization that throws all the burden upon labor is indeed a dangerous one. It is evident that labor will not stand a civilization that robs them of hope and makes them slaves. If the man who schemes to rob labor would only think for a moment what the result will be, he would tremble for his country.—The Advocate, Buffalo, N. Y.

From Ottawa.

The idea is beginning to dawn upon the country that satan's hidden hand is cropping out all over the world and that the time has come when the people should cut loose from tyranny.

Satan's scheme is to obtain civil power and use it for most unholy ends. He has caused capital to clasp hands with legislators, Pinkerton and his satanic majesty.

A combination which blights happy homes by starving men, women and children, and which will cause a revolt that will fill the world with persons whose necessities will defy all law.

The first law given to man was thundered from the "Gates of Eden." "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." It was the purpose of this law to protect society from the greed of giants. Sacred history tells of giants being killed for consuming large quantities of the earth's productions. And the people of all civilized nations will now insist that history repeat herself, and that a revolution which will wipe modern giants from the face of the earth is the only remedy that remains.

We cannot disguise the fact that we are now in the midst of the greatest change the world has ever known—one that will shake this old planet to its foundations—and which must bring satan's power to an end. A large majority of the human family must come to an end at the same time; I casually may remark.

D. KESTER.

A Populist Judge.

"I don't care what the Police Department or any other person may say, I am going to do my duty as I believe it," said Judge Frost. "I will never convict an innocent person. The poor man will have just as good treatment as the rich man while I am holding court. What is a vagrant? A vagrant is one who will not work when work is to be had and who has no honest method of gaining a livelihood. I will not convict a person walking the streets out of work, even though a policeman may find him once in a saloon or a gambling place. They must bring me stronger evidence than that."

"An ex-convict ought to receive the same treatment as any person. He has atoned for his crime and it should not be brought up against him on every occasion. I would not convict a person simply because he is an ex-convict. It must be shown that he has committed, or is committing at crime. The trouble with the police is that they are arresting people because they are found without money and without a home, and are expecting me to convict them."

"In the majority of the cases the policemen never saw the people they arrested more than once or twice. I believe in the old teaching which said: 'Whatsoever you would have others do unto you, do you likewise unto them.'"

This is the kind of a Populist that suits me.—Denver Republican.

Objections to the Labor Exchange Considered.

There can be no valid objections urged against the Labor Exchange. Shylock, big or little, is the only man who will be hurt by the check system. It prevents him from robbing the laborer of his hard earned wages. A man who is a usurer, whether it be on a large or a small scale, is an enemy of industry and he is eating away at the substance of another just as fast as his means will allow him. He is no more an innocent investor because his means are small than a petty thief is innocent because his stealings are confined to the hundreds by reason of his inability to reach up into the thousands.

There are some fighting the Labor Exchange and calling it a fraud, but they are more to be pitied than censured for they are ignorant and are not capable of understanding business principles for the Exchange is based on purely business principles.

What will be the result of the Labor Exchange when in full force? It will not injure a single industry in the state, not one. On the contrary, it will enlarge our home industries and give employment to the unemployed. It strikes only at the usurer, the thief, the murderer. One thing is certain and that is as the usurer receives and fattens the producer pays out and grows poorer. The only remedy is for the producer to reverse the operation and keep what he produces. The streams of wealth upon which the usurer fattens are cut off; then as a usurer he must die. His death will be heralded throughout the state with exceeding great joy. Such will be the case when the Labor Exchange becomes a universal system.

E. E. F.

ANOTHER ENOCH ARD.

His Wife Gets His Life Insurance, He Dies Up Again.

A romantic affair has just come to light in Essex. Seven years ago Henry Chaney, a sailor belonging to Wivenhoe, in that county, left England on board of the ship Ironopolis of London. The ship was wrecked and most of the crew were lost, including, as there was good reason to suppose, Chaney. An insurance on his life was paid by the Prudential company, and death allowances were also granted by the Fishermen's Aid society and the Foresters. Mrs. Chaney bravely set to work to earn a living for herself and her children, whom she brought up most respectably. Last spring two of the daughters thought they saw their father in the street at Wivenhoe, while quite recently another daughter, who is now a lady's-maid in London, wrote home to say that she had met her father, and that each had recognized the other. Soon after this the missing man wrote a letter to his wife, describing the wreck of the Ironopolis and saying that he was picked up by a passing steamer and taken to Brussels infirmary, and thence to an asylum, where he was detained till last April. He then returned to London, and visited Wivenhoe with the intention of seeing his wife, but being told (which was not true) that his wife was on the point of getting married to another man, he did not fulfill his intention. In consequence of the accidental meeting with his daughter in London, Chaney has been reunited to the family from which he has been so long separated. He is now employed at a warehouse in Cheapside.

SHE WAS FAST

How a Cow Was Made Prisoner in a Hollow Tree.

Owen Glacey of Summit, Wash., missed a very valuable cow last week, and spent several days in searching for her without finding any trace of her whereabouts, and had about concluded that she had been stolen when one of the children discovered the animal not over fifty yards from the house. She had wandered into a hollow cedar tree, presumably to get out of the sun, and in pushing her way for five feet into the log she passed through a space where it had splintered in falling with the end of the splinters headed in her direction.

Of course, when she attempted to back out her exit was effectually stopped, the splinters having sprung back. And there she was as securely imprisoned as any of the repentant sinners at Walla Walla. When discovered she had been there five days. Mr. Glacey had to cut the log in front of her before she could be taken out, nothing the worse for her imprisonment, except for her enforced fast. When we state that the cow would weigh 1,500 pounds our readers will be able to form an idea of the size of the cedar timber "in this neck of the woods."

A MAN AT HER FEET.

Why Women Are Always so Suspicious of Each Other.

"Why is it that women are always so jealous and suspicious of each other?" asks the professor in a plaintive voice of the lady with whom he had been dancing.

"Oh, because they know each other so well. Now, there's that Kate Lawson. Do you know what she told young Anderson to-night?"

"No. Please enlighten me."

"She said she had one of the most eligible young fellows in town at her feet. Such a whopper, when everybody knows she's never had a single offer."

"I can prove the truth of Miss Lawson's assertion," said the professor, in his cold, calm voice, that sounded like a brook gurgling over broken glass.

"Oh, were you the man?" spitefully.

"No," not in the least disconcerted, "she was buying her wedding shoe and the man at her feet was a clerk who was fitting her."

"Her wedding shoes! You mean to say that that girl has caught a husband?"

"So they say."

"Who is the unhappy man?"

"Myself."

Oldest of Time-Pieces.

The most curious of time-keepers the world, perhaps, are those us some South Sea Islanders. Taki kernels of the nut of the candle they wash and string them on of a palm leaf. This is placed in an upright position and the upper kernel lighted. As the kernels are of the same substance, each burns for a certain time setting fire then to the kernel below. To mark divisions of time the natives tie bits of bark cloth along the string at regular intervals.

Fashions Not Made for the Old.

Elderly women often complain, with a considerable amount of justice, that the fashions seem to be intended only for the young, and that those women who have passed 40 are left more or less to their own devices. Few fashion papers contain any designs or suggestions for the attire of women of middle age. A newspaper devoted to this subject would doubtless be regarded as a boon by all those many women who are sensible enough to bear their years becomingly and gracefully.

After Willie.

Ludicrous deliverances are common in advertisements, especially in those of a personal nature. Here is one that appeared not long ago in a New York paper: "Willie, return to your distracted wife and frantic children! Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will, if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's meerschaum."

A TERRIBLE JOURNEY.

Blondin's Fearful Struggle With a Lunge on a High Rope.

Blondin, the renowned rope walker, usually carried a man upon his back when walking the tight-rope. Formerly he was wont to bargain with some one to accompany him on this dangerous journey. On the occasion of a performance in Chicago a man offered his service gratis. Blondin accepted them and ascended the rope with his living burden. When the pair had reached the middle of the rope the man began to laugh heartily.

"What is it that amuses you?" the rope-dancer asked with astonishment. "Oh, a comic idea has struck me. I was thinking what sort of a face you would pull if, during the next half minute both of us were to fall down upon the audience."

"But we shall not fall," replied Blondin, reassuringly.

"But I have determined upon this occasion to take my life."

At the same moment the man began to wriggle about so that the rope-dancer nearly lost his balance. He, however, soon composed himself, dropped his balancing pole and grabbed the man so firmly with his hands that the latter was unable to move. Then, continuing his walk, although in a state of great trepidation, he arrived safely at the end of the rope, and, allowing his living burden to slide from his shoulders, he administered a box on both ears with such force that the would-be suicide fell down unconscious. Since that terrible journey Blondin has carried only one man, his true and faithful servant, on every occasion.

AGE OF ORANGE TREES.

Groves of the Delicious Fruit Trees Can Be Found in Italy.

An exchange remarks that there has been much discussion among American horticulturists the last few years concerning the extreme age that orange trees will bear well and produce good fruit. Some maintain that an orange tree, no matter how much care is put upon it, will slowly wither and die after it has yielded half a century of growth. Others are of the opinion that about seventy-five years is the limit of usefulness of a well-cared-for orange tree.

Several American horticulturists who have been traveling along the Mediterranean sea have recently found trees over 120 years old that are still producing fruit of excellent quality. On the island of Elba, where Napoleon was banished, there is an orange grove of over 700 St. Michael orange trees that were planted by an Italian in 1781, and it produced last year over 1,800 boxes of fruit, but it produced four times that quantity twenty-five years ago. There are several small orange orchards in Southern Italy that are over eighty years old and are still productive of large quantities of fruit. On the island of Malta, James Pellman, the famous American horticulturist, found one orange tree that there can be no doubt is 142 years old, and that yielded several boxes of fruit last year. It is even alleged that in the Azores there are orange and lemon trees over 200 years old that still bear fruit, but there is no good authority for the allegation.

THE WIND DIGS POTATOES.

A Thirty-Acre Patch of Murphies Ripped Up at One Fell Swoop.

Charles H. Ruddock of Chicago, New Orleans, Memphis and Carina, Cal., came in to chat the other day, and told one story that will bear printing. Our exchange editor had just remarked that he wished to heaven he could shake this part of the world and land in Southern California, where a man could "live happy until he died rich."

"Why," said Ruddock, "the wind digs potatoes in Southern California!" "Humpty Dumpty! What?" the exchange man remarked, disappointment shadowing his face.

"Honestly," continued Ruddock, "one man had thirty acres of potatoes, and there came a gale that uncovered every potato, and all he had to next day was to go out and pick them up."

Then, as if he wanted to get to the subject, the Chicagoan told a Louisiana-Californian tale about his first love, who was a ghost-hunter.

"I was a professor of exorcism and a student and highly respected in the community, but when they fell into disrepute, I was finally obliged as I was a professor of exorcism, to find a way to get out of the community, and at least one gentleman finds it sufficiently profitable to pay for the printing of circulars commendatory of his business. It is addressed to 'landlords, house agents and those whom it may concern,' and states that the exorcist 'will be pleased to investigate and report upon any reputed haunted house, ascertaining the cause of and putting a stop to all seemingly unaccountable shrieks, cries, groans and spirit-rappings at the shortest notice.' This is hard on ghosts."

She Wanted All Particulars.

The Maine steamboat engineer was polite and attentive. It may be that he was flattered by the fact that a lady so impressive in her manner should have come to him for information. At any rate, he told her all about it, and when the steam went into the cylinder, where it escaped, and how it was that the piston rod attached to the crank turned the wheels that propelled the little vessel through the waves. He appeared to be all wrapped up in the information, and when he had finished she turned a beaming face upon him and said: "Now, what is the object of the boiler?"

A BLUFF.

How a Band of Indians Were Cleverly Duped.

"I had one brush with Indians and do not want another," said Major S. B. Pillsbury. "In 1859 I was down in Southwestern Kansas with a surveying party. I had been sent back to our supply station, some thirty miles distant, and was returning with two well-laden pack mules and a young half-breed Indian boy when a band of roving Apaches swooped down upon me."

"There were a dozen in the party, but I knew that surrender meant certain death, so I prepared to make such defense as I could. Right in front of me were two large cottonwood trees, shot the pack mules so that one fell on one side of the trees and one on the other, thus making a rude fort. I had a fine rifle and a large fowling-piece, and I put a dozen bullets in each barrel of the latter and reserved it for the rush. The bucks were well mounted and armed, and they began circling around me, shielding their bodies behind their horses and firing rapidly. My first and second shots were fortunate, and the survivors retired to a safe distance and held a pow-wow. I felt sure that they would make a rush, and that if they did they would get me. I must make a bluff."

"In the packs were a dozen bunches of fire crackers, intended for our modest Fourth of July celebration. I secured them, cut the fuses short and lit a fire with twigs and dry grass. The rush came. I led with my rifle and threw the crackers into the fire. I pumped both barrels of buckshot into the Apaches and the crackers set up a roar like a platoon of musketry. The Indians were astounded, and dividing to the right and left, went by me like the wind."

POWER OF A SMILE.

How a Lieutenant Pacified a Swarm of African Savages.

Italian soldiers used to be trained to overcome their foes by the assumption of the fiercest possible expression of countenance—the face ferocious, as it was called. Lieutenant H. Crichton-Browne, of her majesty's service, says that during his perilous journey across the veldt in South Africa he found his engaging smile a more potent artifice to subdue the savage breast. One day a swarm of wild Africans came upon the lieutenant and his little band, and the redoubtable soldier confesses that he "felt an inward sinking," but it was only momentary. "I knew," says he, "that my safety depended on my maintaining external coolness, and so I remained imperturbable until I distinguished directly in front of me to the right, an Induna or Ring-kop (leaders among the Metabele wear a black ring on the head) who was particularly violent in his objection, and on him I fixed my eye and smiled. When I first smiled on the Ring-kop Metabele he was the picture of savage rage; as I went on smiling he mollified, and as I smiled again and again he broke into a hoarse laugh. It was a hoarse laugh, but I think I never heard a jollier one, and I immediately followed up my advantage." The savages were soon so pacified that they were willing to do anything to oblige the lieutenant and his party.

LONG FINGER NAILS.

A Chinaman Raised One Six Inches In Length.

To allow the nails to grow to an inordinate length is common in China, as an indication that the owner follows a sedentary occupation or leads a life of leisure. Long nails on the right hand would interfere with the use of the brush (corresponding to our pen), and would therefore reflect unfavorably on the person concerned, as tending to show that he did not devote himself to composition and literary exercises, the pride of all educated Chinese. They are almost always confined to the left hand, therefore, and are at times very long, delicately chased silver cases being worn to protect them.

Some years ago I met a Chinese gentleman who had carefully guarded the growth of the nails on the third and fourth fingers, the former for some ten years, the latter for over twenty-five. The nail on the fourth finger, when the silver protector was removed was some six inches or more long, and twisted like a cork-screw. Some few months later this gentleman, owing to an accident, broke the nail. His grief was as great as if he had lost a near relative.

The Most Remarkable Latin Sentence.

The Latin sentence, "Sator arepo tenet opera rotas," which is, it must be admitted, pretty bad Latin, is a curiosity nevertheless. It can be freely translated as "I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels." Its fine oddities are these: First—It spells the same backwards as forwards. Second—The first letter of each word spells the first word.

Third—The same may be said of the second third, fourth and fifth letters.

Fourth—The last letters, read backwards, spell the first word, the next to the last the second word, and so on throughout.

Fifth—There are just as many letters in each word as there are words in the sentence.

A Contrary Man.

"This remedy, sir," said the clerk at the drug store, taking down a bottle of patent medicine from one of the shelves, "is highly recommended for the ailment you are suffering from. The firm that compounds it has hundreds of testimonials. It has cured thousands of cases."

"I've no faith in testimonials," grumbled the customer. "Give me a bottle of some kind of blended mixture, if you've got it, that has never been known to cure anybody."

Madame Modjeska is very fond of walking. When she was in Topeka she crossed and recrossed Kansas avenue several times.

It is the impression that the postmaster at Belle Plaine is preparing for a change because he advertises a load of cobs for sale.

There are forty men employed on the new government building at Atchison. Isn't that about enough federal pie for one town?

A spinning wheel made in 1730, and now the property of a resident of Labette City, has been sent to the world's fair for exhibition.

Emmett Dalton has been put to weaving carpet in the Kansas penitentiary. That is about as near as he will ever come to stretching hemp.

It appears that the women of Wellington have enough sense to leave the merchant in the soup who laid in a supply of crinoline a few weeks ago.

A watch charm which was stolen two years ago from a Topeka jeweler, was recognized by him the other day on a man from Missouri who was passing his store.

The skating rink at Emporia, which is associated with the recollection of many effulgent social events, is to be converted into a stock stable. Sic transit, etc.

The Kansas boys at the Chicago university are distinguished from the rest of the students by the certainty with which they know everything, and more besides.

A Lawrence resident recently sold two 6-months-old greyhounds to a Texas gentleman for \$350. The live stock industry seems to be picking up in all branches.

Paola has a minister named Schnacke. The prominent individual whom he is fighting spelled his name differently when he tempted Mother Eve in the garden.

Paderewski will visit Topeka about the middle of April. It will be a great treat to see the wondrous zephyrs of Kansas avenue toy with the luxuriant locks of the Polish pianist.

The Delsartean fad has taken full possession of society in Lawrence. A woman in that town who weighs 200 pounds with her summer clothes on is practicing the "feather movement."

The meeting of the State Bee Keepers' association and the Forest Park Chautauque are events which are looked forward to in Ottawa with the hope of financial aggrandizement and of spiritual profit.

Robert Morrow, who used to run the Hotel Coolidge in Emporia and afterward the Byram house in Atchison, has leased a big hotel which is in process of construction at El Reno, Ok. His sons, Bob and George, will help him run it.

An Atchison county farmer's net profits last year on his eighty-acre farm were \$14.03. The net profits of his wife from forty-two hens in the same time were \$126.18. Now let us hear no more about the superiority of the sterner sex.

A Wichita man recently furnished the Missouri Pacific road an indemnifying bond for \$200,000 on behalf of a widow whose husband was killed on the company's tracks. The bond was given in order that she might collect \$45 due her husband as wages.

The secretary of the faculty of Lane university contradicts the statement that the southwestern conference of the United Brethren church voted to withdraw its support from Lane with the view of making Central college at Enterprise the church school of the state. Lane is still in the conference and is still in the swim.

Rapid Transit in the Future.

The time is coming when we shall board a railway train for Boston or New York and get there before we get settled into our seats for a nap. A rapid transit road is building between Vienna and Buda-Pesth, and an electric locomotive is being constructed which will cover the distance between the two cities at the speed of 125 miles an hour. An electric railroad is projected between Paris and Brussels, a distance of 192 miles which will be traversed in 80 minutes, or at the speed of nearly 150 miles an hour; and trains will be running within two or three months. The electric road now building between Chicago and St. Louis, a distance of 250 miles, is likely to be an object of national interest, inasmuch as it is hoped to have it in operation before the world's fair is over.

Proving Man's Honesty.

Every man is supposed to be honest until the contrary is proven is the maxim adopted by a quick lunch restaurant in this city, observes a writer in a New York paper. The price of each eatable is duly displayed, and the customer throws down his money to the cashier and says fifteen to twenty cents, as the case may be, and receives change. The proprietor has confidence in man, and thinks he can make more by trusting him than by hiring waiters. In order to remind his customer that honesty is the best policy quotations from the Bible are framed and hung conspicuously on the walls.

Send in your subscriptions.

A Heavenly Attribute.

Question—It's funny how some people's opinions vary. There's Meekleigh, for instance; he was of the opinion that his wife was heavenly before he married her.

Jester—And to a certain extent he has occasion to think so yet.

Question—In what regard, pray?

Jester—Why, they say "Order is heaven's first law," and it's Mrs. Meekleigh's, too. She doesn't do much else but order, and the worst of it is that he doesn't find it polite to do other than obey.

A Hundred Carriages Followed Him.

"And a hundred carriages followed him to his grave," said the man who was describing the funeral.

"Who are they talking about?" asked a stranger; "a great statesman, warrior, poet or what?"

"They are talking, sir, of Mike the bruiser, who kept the divo."

CHIHUAHUA BROWN.

Chihuahua Brown came to Pyrites when the camp was first started. That was six months before the time of which I write.

Pyrites was a typical mining town or "camp," far up in the Rocky mountains.

It had grown in six months from one log cabin to a town of a thousand inhabitants. It was a rough, unpretentious town, both as regards its buildings and a large number of its citizens; but under the duck suit of the miner there are more honest hearts, more noble and generous natures, than will be found in almost any other calling in life.

The cleanest, most home-like eating-house in the place was Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. Bridget McGuire was a lively, bustling Irish woman, with a red face and hair a shade lighter. She was popular with "the boys," as she called the miners who patronized her place. "We can always get plenty on our forks at Mrs. McGuire's," was the usual sentence of praise bestowed upon her establishment.

"Chihuahua" Brown boarded with Mrs. McGuire. He was a quiet, retiring sort of a man. No one knew much about him, except that he once had some mining property near Chihuahua, Mexico. There was another Brown in Pyrites, so he was given the sobriquet of "Chihuahua," to distinguish him from the other Brown. He paid his bills promptly; and was highly esteemed by Mrs. McGuire, who sometimes spoke of him as "the widow woman's friend," on account of his once having loaned Mrs. McGuire \$200 without security, when the good natured Irish woman first started in business. Now she was beyond the need of financial assistance, and was doing a flourishing business—such a large business, in fact that she had been obliged to send to Denver for additional help to wait upon the table. The "help" duly arrived upon the stage and created a sensation in Pyrites. The first general description was given by the stage-driver, "Fairplay Bill," to a deeply interested throng at the Silver Bear saloon.

"She cum up on the stage alongside of me," said "Bill." "When we got to the first station at Turkey Creek canyon, she asked if she could ride on the seat with me, she did so admire the scenery. I took her up beside me on the box, and you never heard a girl go on so about the color of the sky, and the trees and rocks, and the wild flowers blooming on the mountain side. She pointed out things to me about the scenery I never saw before. I never saw a girl so gone on scenery. She really did enjoy it. I got so durned interested hearin' her talk, I cum purty near slidin' the whole outfit down the mountain. She's different from any biscuit shooter ever I see."

"Purty? She's purtier than that nigh leader o' mine, but she don't put on as much style as Kitty does, specially when she's just been hitched up an' anxious to go. Purty? Ever see 'em pictures about a woman raisin' up out of the sea? Ever see that picture of 'Rumyo and Julia'? She's a durned sight purtier than either one of 'em. I've carried many a hash-slinger in my time, but I never see one like her. Most of 'em's got their hair cut short and curly, an' act fresh. She's different; long hair, blacker'n a dark night in the canyon; big eyes; roses in her cheeks; she's a lady, that's what she is. I could tell that first time I see her."

This was how Doris Ware came to Pyrites to be the "help" at Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. It was not strange that the business of the restaurant increased. Mrs. McGuire's new waiter-girl was very, very pretty, and a pretty face is an attraction anywhere, but especially so in a new mining camp, where women constitute a very small minority of the population. It is not strange either that many of Mrs. McGuire's boarders fell in love with Mrs. McGuire's waitress. There was quite a noticeable sprucing up in the way of general appearance among the boarders. Two or three of "the boys" affected bright-colored ties, and when they came to their meals they were particular about washing their faces very clean. They seemed to put more than the usual amount of water on their hair and combed it back slicker than they had been in the habit of doing. All this seemed to have no effect upon Mrs. McGuire's help. She was as demure, retiring and modest as when she first arrived. There was one boarder who loved the pretty waiter-girl with the consuming passion of a secret affection. He scarcely dare raise his eyes to her, he was so diffident. The flutter of her dress was sufficient to cause every nerve in his body to tremble. If she spoke to him he was sure to put a lump of butter in his coffee or sprinkle sugar all over his plate, during the ensuing moment of confusion. This boarder was "Chihuahua" Brown. He was reserved in his manner, so quiet and gentlemanly that Doris was naturally attracted to him. They became friends and gradually "Chihuahua" Brown learned the past life of Doris Ware. Her father had been a man of wealth; he was a speculator. A bad investment had left him almost penniless. He lacked the moral courage to face adversity and in a moment of desperation he blew out his brains. The shock almost killed his wife, a woman of a delicate, nervous temperament. His daughter Doris rose superior to the occasion. She supported her mother from the rather small wages she earned in a store. One day she read an advertisement in a Western paper: "Ten girls wanted for light, easy occupations in the mountains."

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KANSAS MATTERS.

Hutchinson has a daily salt output of 4,000 barrels.

Vitrified brick as a pavement is being talked up in Fort Scott.

E. W. Howe is again at work at his old desk in the Atchison Globe office.

Cottonwood Falls and Emporia exchange dancing parties about once a year.

The Santa Fe pays out to its employees at Chanute about \$39,000 per month.

An Emporia firm made a shipment of three carloads of trees to Colorado recently.

It has been nearly two years since the Sheridan county jail has had an occupant.

A colored girl only 17 years old died in Lawrence the other day of consumption.

Topeka makes a pretty fair stagger at a funeral, but she is not in it alongside of Emporia.

Atchison now has a man who can say, "I have lived in Kansas City."—Atchison Patriot.

There is not a foot of pavement in the town of Good Intent, notwithstanding its name.

A Detroit, Mich., seed firm has purchased a Kansas farm for the purpose of growing seed on it.

Patsy Curtis, a Kansas horse, will make an attempt to lower the world's stallion record this year.

Independence is yearning for something fresh and meritorious—the way of theatrical talent.

"Poverty socials" began in Kansas after pork became so high as to make ham sandwiches impossible.

Atchison consumes an average of 4,500 pounds of meat a day exclusive of pigs' feet and calves' liver.

Applications for bank charters are filed daily at Topeka. They come from all sections of the state.

Stranger creek is a fishing stream in Atchison county where lots of good fellows meet and get acquainted.

The acreage of crops in Seward county this season will be increased nearly half over that of last year.

A man dressed in a white canvass suit with a painted advertisement of the state fair, is running loose in Kansas.

A life-size portrait of the late Governor Martin will be presented by his widow to the school in North Atchison.

The Santa Fe railroad is soon to have thirty new sleeping cars on its line, in anticipation of the world's fair business.

A colored man in Oskaloosa recently drank thirteen cups of coffee at one meal, and he wasn't very thirsty, either.

We do fine Job work. Call and see us.

Bear Killed on a Main Street.

A crowd of men were seen hurrying to and from Main street of a Washington town, with here and there a gun in sight, and for a few seconds horrible sights flashed before the imaginary vision of those who were not informed as to the purpose. A lone shot was heard, and, as the crowd congregated at that point, a reporter timely approached from the opposite side of the street, expecting to find the mangled remains of some desperado cold in death. He was agreeably disappointed, however. Before his gaze lay the bulky form of a brown bear, the result of a rifle shot from the unerring aim of J. M. Rose. The wild beast had been shot in the eye.

Sure Kidnaper for Rats.

The best way to get rid of rats and mice is not to poison them, but to make them thoroughly tired of the locality and send them to leave. They are generally too smart to eat poison, even when it is prepared for their benefit in the most seductive fashion, but they are not so particular about tartar emetic. When a little of this is mixed with any favorite food they will eat as greedily as though the physic were not there, but in two or three hours there will be the most discouraged lot of rats about the place that anybody ever saw. The tartar will not kill them; it only makes them deadly sick.

Does One Thing Try.

There is a woman in Pittsburg who has applied the principle of one thing well so successfully that she has at her command a modest competence. Her specialty is washing curtains, her trade being entirely with the wealthy families of the city. So excellent is her work that many of the local firms who pretend to send their customers solid curtains to New York to be done up merely send them out to Neville street to her. She is mistress of her art; just what it is nobody knows, but curtains from her hand have a whiteness and smoothness no one else can attain.

A BOY'S CARTOON.

(Scene, Florence, A. D., 1540.)

"Master, I crave your service. See, I am not the beggar I seem to be; though you'll say, as I tell my story o'er, I'm such as you've often heard before."

"Not for myself," he sobbing said,—"Not for myself I'm asking bread; my mother is breaking her heart to-day; my father's ill, and may lose her place, they say, in the silk-mill. If I could only get a farthing or two, she might hold it yet."

"Oh, Tito, the picture dealer said he would give me enough to buy a bread for a month or more, should I chance to meet some one of your craft upon the street, and beg him to draw on the panel I hold a sketch of the Sibyl's ghost and old whom the greatest of Florentine painters all has drawn on the Sistine Chapel wall."

"A dozen I've asked, good Master mine, but none of them paused to draw a line. You have pencils with you. Dare I claim a picture, in charity's holy name?"

With a kindly look on his stern sad face, the artist at once began to trace the Sibyl's aspect, and with such art as quickened the throbs of the boy's warm heart.

No word as he worked did he deign to say, but, signing his name, he went his way.

"Whose name is this?" asked the boy of one to whom he displayed the picture done. "Where got you it?" came the question.

"Who has given a prize so rich to you?"

"Why, I'd, that one cartoon you hold will bring you many a piece of gold; and that you, a Florentine, should not know the name!—It's Michelangelo!"

—Margaret J. Preston, in St. Nicholas.

CRAZY POLLY'S LOVER.

In the hall of a deserted mansion at White Plains stands an old clock which has a history. It is over 150 years since its French maker gave it the finishing touches and set its big pendulum in motion, and a century since the brass hands marked off the last hours of British supremacy in America. The house was the home of Miss Polly Carter, an eccentric old creature who lived alone and held little communication with the outside world. She was called "Crazy Polly" by her neighbors, who disliked her most heartily. She died way back in the fifties, at the advanced age of 90, and was promptly buried and promptly forgotten.

She was so withered and ugly in her last days that it was difficult to credit the stories of her great beauty when a girl. It is said that at a grand ball given in the old Robinson Manor house, at Yonkers, an English governor remarked that she was not only the most beautiful but most charming young woman in the provinces, and danced with her so often that his angry spouse led him home by the nose.

At her death the dilapidated house and worked-out farm passed into the hands of a grandnephew in the West, who still owns it. Everything of value in the house was sold except the old clock, which, with its rusty works and battered case, was passed by as a worthless piece of rubbish.

In the sad story of Miss Carter's life the old clock plays an important part. In the days of the revolution the Carter house, then a fine old place, lay within the British lines. Colonel Carter, its owner, was with the Continental army, as was his nephew and intended son-in-law, Lieutenant Lawrence Carter. His daughter, Polly, remained at home under the protection of a maiden aunt.

They were sad days for the poor girl, days of anxiety and fear. For weeks she had received no tidings of either father or lover, as the neighborhood was infested with red-coats and all means of communication cut off.

One rainy afternoon while sitting before a fire dreaming of the days when horrid war should be a thing of the past, she was startled by the sudden opening of the door and the next moment she was clasped in two strong arms and a handsome young officer was kissing the tears away from her lovely face.

A second later she broke from his embrace and cried, her voice quivering with fright: "Oh, Larry, why did you come? They will catch you. The brutes are everywhere." The sentences were broken by a flood of tears, but the young fellow laughed lightly, and taking her face between his hands, he kissed her and said: "Never you fear, my pet; I know the country too well to be trapped by the beef-eating Britishers. It's as safe as a sanctuary here and I can get back through the lines to-night. But come, come, dry up your eyes and let's have something to eat. I am as hungry as a bear and as wet as a water rat."

Thus reassured, the trembling girl hastened to set food and wine before her half-famished lover, who all the while was chattering as gaily as a school boy. He had removed his cloak and the tight-fitting uniform showed off his graceful figure to perfection. He was strikingly handsome, and as good and honest as he was pleasing to the eye. Polly was a girl of considerable experience for her years, and had refused more suitors than one, but she loved her young cousin devotedly and stoutly affirmed that he was a better lover than cousin, which was saying a good deal. After he had finished eating he stretched out before the fire and smoked his pipe as unconcernedly as if there had not been an enemy in the country. He told her of her father and of the brightening fortunes of the army.

Then their tones grew low and earnest and they told of their love and talked of the great happiness in store for them when Washington should have driven the English to the wall. The girl was nervous, however, and fearful of her lover's safety. At every sound she would start in terror, and as the time came for his departure she clung to him and begged him to wait until the morning and make his way through the lines in disguise. He laughed at her fears, however, and was kissing her good-bye when their ears caught the tramp of horses in the yard.

The lieutenant jumped to the window. A glance through the thin curtain was enough.

Three English officers had ridden up to the very steps and dismounted. He realized the danger. To be taken meant to be hung as a spy, but he said as calmly as possible so as not to frighten Polly. "There are soldiers in the yard; I must hide." Suddenly a memory came to the girl of the days when as children they used to play hide and seek together. "Get in the clock," she whispered, for the soldiers were already knocking at the door. "It is big enough. Oh, Larry, be quick." It was the only chance. In a moment the young man with difficulty crowded his body into the tall barrel of the timepiece and Polly locked the door and put the key in her pocket. Then she threw his coat and hat under the sofa, and hurried to admit the unwelcome guests.

They were swearing at the delay, but the beauty and dignity of the girl had its effect, and one of the officers said politely enough: "Pardon us, but can't you give us shelter for an hour or two, and some food, in the king's name." The request was practically an order and without more ado they marched into the house. Their hateful scarlet coats dripping with water and their boots heavy with mud.

Though trembling with fear the girl managed to conceal her agitation and was inwardly rejoicing that their stay would be a short one. She ordered a servant to bring food and drink for them and then settled herself with a book in the corner. When they had finished eating one of them brought brandy from his saddle bags and they all began to drink freely.

The oldest of the intruders was deaf, and in speaking to him his comrades raised their voices to an unpleasant pitch. Before an hour had passed they were all drunk and used such vulgar language that Polly swept from the room, her face flushed with anger and disgust. Even in her room the noise of their carousing reached her. It was already dark and to her relief she heard the officers getting ready to depart. One by one they filed out of the front door, but just as they were mounting their horses, which they had tethered to the fence, one of them turned to the deaf Englishman and said: "Go back and see what hour it is by that big clock in the corner." The drunken fellow staggered up the steps and into the house. "—it's stopped, and by the Lord Harry, it will never run again," he muttered, and taking his heavy sabre he ran it several times through the dial into the delicate works. Then, as if not satisfied with the damage he had done, he drove it twice through the polished panels of the door.

There was a smothered groan from the inside of the clock and a creaking of hinges which did not reach the dulled ears of the Royalist, and he was too much under the influence of brandy to note that the end of his sabre was dripping with blood. With a grunt of approval he returned to his comrades, and Polly from her window, heard them ride away toward the British camp. After waiting until they were out of earshot she hurried to release her lover.

As she crossed the room a black stream that wound its way from the base of the clock to the middle of the polished floor like a snake, caught her eye. Her first thought was that the red-coats had spilled some liquor. She leaned forward and touched it. It was warm, and as she rose a fitful gleam of the fire showed her hand crimson with blood. With a frightened cry she sprang to the clock, and as she opened it the body of the poor officer fell heavily forward, the blood gushing from two great gashes in his breast. He was dead.—Philadelphia Times.

The Squirrel and the Rats.

A young man living in the outskirts of Portland caught a squirrel recently and started in to tame it, and he had such success that the squirrel is now as tame as a house cat. The squirrel, after being boxed up for a while, was given the run of the house and went about upstairs and down at will. Then he was let out doors and allowed to play in the trees, but he got back into the house regularly at meal time and at night. A few days ago the squirrel dodged into a rat hole and began running through the walls. The house had been overrun with rats, and after the squirrel got into the walls there was a scampering and racket which threatened to tear the house down. The squirrel came out of the hole after a while, and from that time nothing has been heard of rats in the house. The squirrel enjoys a scamper through the walls every day, but the rats have taken themselves off.

The White Rhinoceros.

From a letter addressed by that renowned sportsman, Mr. Selous, to the Field, it appears that that curious and rare animal, the white rhinoceros, has not yet gone the way of the dodo and the great bustard, though some have ventured to give Mr. Selous' authority for saying that he is extinct. It is to the occupation of North Mashonaland, which kept the native hunters to the west of the Umwati river, that this gentleman attributes the fact that in this part a few specimens still survive the constant persecution which in less than twenty years has utterly exterminated them in every other portion of South Central Africa. "There may yet," Mr. Selous adds, be ten or twenty of these animals left, but certainly not more, I think, than the latter number."

A More Appropriate Name.

Miss Backnumber—My little dog Hero was awfully scratched by a cat to-day, so I think I shall have to change his name.

Miss Sere—What will you call him now?
Miss Backnumber—Claude!

ESCAPE OF THE DOG.

Crucifixion Taught the Brute a Trick Worth Knowing.

Mr. Dennie Reed, a young man about 17 years of age, who occupies the position of cook at the Coffee Mill claim in California, had quite a thrilling experience with a large California lion lately. The following is his experience in his own language:

"On Friday evening, while sitting in front of my cabin in Indian Gulch absorbed in reading a very interesting book, my attention was attracted by a very peculiar noise. I at first thought it was a fox or a coyote, but you can imagine my feelings when I looked up and discovered that I was in very close quarters with a large California lion, and that he was slowly making his way toward me, snarling and showing his teeth.

"Fortunately I am the owner of a large dog who happened to be by my side at the time. The dog took in the situation at once and started toward the lion, growling and barking at every jump. The lion turned his attention at once from me and started on a run for the dog, but the dog was equal to the occasion, and to my astonishment made for a large pine tree some twenty yards away, with the lion in close pursuit. On reaching the tree the dog disappeared as if by magic in a cave that had probably been dug by some prospectors in the early days and used as a dwelling house.

At the further end of this cave an upraise had been made through the solid lava, answering the purpose of a stovepipe or a fireplace. The upraise being very flat through it the dog made his escape. The lion, after giving a couple of unearthly yells, slunk away in the brush, and I can assure you that I had no desire to follow him to see where he had gone."

IRELAND'S DEAD KINGS.

Most of Them Succumbed With Their Boots On.

In Whitaker's Almanack for 1893 there is a short and succinct account of the kings of Ireland, dating from the Milesian conquest in 1300 B. C. There is apparently no record of the fate of the first two kings; they were probably translated. But from the year 1285 B. C. to the Christian era out of 169 kings fifteen died of malignant distemper or plague and the rest were either killed in battle or died other violent deaths.

From the Christian era to the reign of Henry II. of England the record is not more promising. There were apparently seventy-eight kings; of these thirteen died natural deaths, that is to say that they presumably did not live long enough to enable them to share the fate of their predecessors and successors; one was drowned in a fog; one had thirty sons, in itself enough to cause death; one was choked by a fish bone; three were killed by "thunderbolts," but as the three reigned successively it is not unreasonable to suppose that the "thunderbolts" were but "rocks," "hefted" by the hands of aspirants to the throne; the remaining fifty-nine succumbed to the inevitable assassination or death in the battlefield. Happy Ireland!

Another Four Hundred.

It is generally thought that the saying, that the only people in New York worth knowing can be numbered by 400, was originated by Ward McAllister, but it can be found in the Bible, Acts v. 36, which speaks of Theudas boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves, who were scattered and brought to naught. The verse referred to reads as follows: "For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about 400, joined themselves; who were slain, and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered and brought to naught." Another verse worth mentioning in this connection is from 1 Samuel, 22: "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them, and there were with him about 400 men."

A Misadventure.

Girls should avoid conversational risks. A couple of maidens, who had been entertaining an ultra-elegant gentleman of an older set than their own, to their immense satisfaction, said, in their simple exultation, after he had withdrawn to the hall, and, as they supposed, left the house, "I thought he'd never go, didn't you?" A remark in which the young man, who had not yet departed, failed to detect the compliment. Perhaps, too, he saw a chance to impart a useful lesson, for he promptly returned to the drawing room and exclaimed, "Please don't say that yet?"

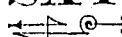
Odoriferous.

Going through a picture gallery lately, with an acquaintance, Addie Leppard Ferris, the illustrator, came to an example of the realistic school, a revolting subject, treated with great candor. One of the surrounding group, as they approached, murmured ecstatically: "How strong!" Mrs. Ferris swept one comprehensive glance at the canvas. She turned to her companion, with her dainty handkerchief raised to her nose: "Strong!" she repeated; "I should say it was! Come away."

Fruit and Health.

Lemons, grapes and tomatoes are most valuable from a medicinal point of view, and if the uses of such fruits and their juices were persevered in there is every reason to believe that not only cancer, but many other diseases of a similar nature with which the skill of the surgeon and physician are unable to cope, might be actually cured, or so much alleviated as to insure a longer life.

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THE HAT BOY.

How He Remembers the Man Whose Headgear He Cares For.

The man in the light suit was in a hurry. He was hungry. His matrimonial cocktail had been down precisely nine minutes, and was beginning to be self-assertive.

The individual in uniform by the dining-room hat-rack, caught the tile man in the light suit tossed him, gave a quick glance at the back of the light suit disappearing in the dining-room entrance, placed the hat in a row with a score of other tiles of all shapes and sizes. Half an hour later the man in the light suit emerged from the dining-room slowly and with an expression of satisfaction, for the cocktail had succumbed to the attack of coffee, porter-house steak, chops and other concomitants of a good breakfast. The hat is now adjusted, the cigar lighted and the individual in uniform added a silver coin to the pile in his pocket.

"The ability of the hat boy to remember different faces and heads and the hats that go with them," said the clerk, "is marvelous. Out of the hundreds who daily pass into that dining-room, strangers, transients and permanents, he never makes a mistake and returns the wrong hat. I confess I myself am perplexed at the wonderful memory and faculty of association, which is the chief recommendation of the average hat boy. One would imagine that in a rush he would hand over the wrong hat, but he never does. However, that is all he has to do, and as his position depends upon his accuracy he soon becomes an expert in his particular line."

TOMBSTONE.

How This Gold Prospecting Town Came by Its Name.

Richard Schieffelin, of Los Angeles, who was at the Palmer in Chicago lately, attracted considerable attention by his peculiar Western attire and long, flowing hair. Mr. Schieffelin was famous a few years ago as the discoverer of Tombstone, in Arizona. He was a poor prospector on the Arizona desert in search of gold, which he believed was located in the southern part of the territory.

After getting a "grub stake" at a store in Yuma he started out alone to cross the arid waste lying west of Yuma. As he left the town he was told that instead of finding gold he would find his tombstone. For weeks the daring prospector struggled on until his provisions were nearly exhausted.

One night, while camping beside a small, dry stream, he was obliged to dig in the sand of the river-bed to get water, and while thus employed unearthed several nuggets of gold. The next day he staked his claim and started back to Yuma, where he reported that he had found his tombstone, but that it was lined with golden nuggets. From this the present city of Tombstone sprang, and today "Dick" Schieffelin is one of the wealthiest men in Los Angeles.

Japanese House Mats.

Japanese house mats, says Miss Bird in her work on Japan, are as neat, refined, and soft a covering for the floor as the finest Axminster carpet. They are five feet nine inches long, three feet broad, and two and a half inches thick. The frame is solidly made of coarse straw, and with very fine woven matting, as nearly white as possible, and each mat is usually bound with dark blue cloth. Temples and rooms are measured by the number of mats they contain, and rooms must be built for the mats, as they are never cut to the rooms. They are always level with polished grooves or ledges which surround the floor. They are soft and elastic, and the finer qualities are very beautiful. They are as expensive as the best Brussels carpet, and the Japanese take great pride in them, and are much aggrieved by the way in which some thoughtless foreigners stamp over them with dirty boots.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, during a sermon at the Bloomingdale reform school at New York, scored the directors of the world's fair for their alleged decision to open the gates of the fair on Sunday. If such a course is taken, he pointed out, the great exhibition will be an ignominy.

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